How To Make Money From Your Ideas

Bluebook

25c
AUGUST

Put the Baby in a Packsack

Is camping in the wildwood a joy you've given up since you became a family man? Needn't be. Look at the Schmidts. (They're on page 56.)

Bluebook

AUGUST, 1954 Vol. 99, No. 4

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The short stories and novel herein are fiction and intended as such. They do not refer to real characters or actual events. If the name of any living person is used, it is a coincidence.

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POLITICS IS PEOPLE

By Robert Bendiner

The "tribute game" has at last touched bottom. This diversion, as newspaper readers know, is the custom whereby any organization, from the Brownies to the Spanish-American War Veterans, can get itself a spot of publicity by singling out a helpless celebrity for its "annual award." To William O. Douglas has come the unique honor of being voted the year's "outstanding" possessor of healthy feet. In a solemn ceremony in his chambers, the Supreme Court Justice recently accepted the coveted citation of the American Foot Health Foundation, the

Pulitzer Prize of the chiropodists' world. So we may rest easy, knowing that the laws of the land are in 18 good hands and 2 excellently preserved feet.

Watch the papers with a hawk-eye in an election year like this and sooner or later you'll see a little announcement that one or both of the major parties has opened a "school of politics." It is at such fly-by-night institutes of learning that fledgling candidates and lowly party workers may master the mysteries of their calling.

Roughly these seminaries bear the same relation to political science as a barber college bears to the French Academy, but they have their uses all the same. Since none of them, to our knowledge, has ever issued a catalogue, we thought it might be useful to suggest the following as a sample curriculum:

Political Geography. A quick survey course of any required area, with emphasis on local features, habits, and products. Designed to prevent the graduate from raving about "this magnificent city of Biloxi" when he happens to be in Natchez, or of pledging to lower the tariff on yogurt to an audience that thrives only on corn likker.

Political History. A parallel course offered to help students avoid such pitfalls as eulogizing General Sherman in Atlanta or telling jokes about Calvin Coolidge in Plymouth Notch, Vt.

Elementary and Advanced Flattery. Required for all students. Embraces the necessary techniques, from baby-kissing, through crowning beauty queens, to complimenting audiences on their unique and remarkable intelligence.

Doorbell-Ringing. An elementary course for precinct workers on how to crash a voter's living-room before being taken for a bill-collector or vacuum-cleaner salesman.

Promising and Counter-Promising. Advanced training in the science of contradictory pledging. Designed to turn out campaigners who, without blinking an eye, can offer to keep our boys at home and stop aggressors dead in their tracks anywhere in the world; to expand the services of the welfare state and balance the budget; to step up defense expenditures and lower taxes, etc.

Enroll now. Special attention to those who meet electoral college entrance requirements.

As a public service, this column is happy to keep readers posted on the cultural outpourings of the Government Printing Office. Among the works recently announced are "The Boy Behind the Pins, a Report on Pinsetters in Bowling

Alleys," "Keep Your Tile Drains Working," and an enticing little volume entitled "Ways to Cook a Rabbit." Sales of this last-named work are expected to go up when and if the Government Printing Office gets out a companion volume on "Ways to Catch a Rabbit."

Wind Over Washington

(from the Congressional Record)

SEN. NEELY (D., W. Va.) *has his own way of giving two gentlemen the lie:* On a journey through Europe many years ago it was my privilege to see two different pictures of Ananias. Recently I discovered a third picture of this caitiff in the Library of Congress in a book entitled "Sacred Pictures" by Morton. That book is in my hand. Thus three pictures of the most celebrated liar of antiquity are either in my vision or my memory. No two of these pictures look alike but they all look like David Lawrence and Albert Beeson.

* * *

SEN. NEELY *in the course of the same outburst pays tribute to Sen. Morse, the ex-Republican of Oregon:* Be it remembered that the political membership of the Senate is as follows: There are 48 Democrats. God bless them. There are 47 Republicans. God have mercy on them. There is one Independent . . . May he grow like a cedar in Lebanon, and may his be the consolation, for which he will have no competition here, of knowing that one with God on his side is always a majority over all those on the side of the aisle with whom the Senator still sits . . . Oh, beloved junior Senator from Oregon, most illustrious and solitary Cincinnatus of the West, let me urge you to flee from your Republican-encircled seat to the Democratic side of the Chamber as Lot fled to the hills from Sodom . . . And let all who will come and drink of the pure waters that flow from the never-failing fountain on the Democratic side of the aisle . . .

SEN. MORSE (Ind., Ore.) *explains his unwillingness to accept Neely's invitation to leave "Sodom":* I know of no way to convert unbelievers except to associate with them.

* * *

SENATOR GILLETTE (D., Iowa) *reaches back to the farm to describe the State Department's answer to an honest inquiry:* Their reply . . . was that a treaty was something they had to send to the Senate in order to get approval by a two-thirds vote. An executive agreement was something they did not have to send to the Senate. [It] reminded me of the time when I was a boy on the farm and asked the hired man how to tell the difference between a male and a female pigeon. He said, "You put corn in front of the pigeon. If he picks it up, it's a he; if she picks it up, it's a she."

PRO and CON

Joe Stalin on Our Dimes?

Some months ago you had an article on coins. Perhaps you could clear up something I've been wondering about.

On the new Roosevelt dime there are two very small initials under the bust of Roosevelt. These initials, easily seen with a magnifying glass, are "J.S." Since it is a commonly known practice to stamp coins with an abbreviation of the city in which the coin was minted, I thought the initials might stand for such a city. But to my knowledge there is no city with these initials in the U.S.

I've heard a rumor that F.D.R. told Joseph Stalin that if he, Roosevelt, ever had a coin with his bust on it, Stalin's initials would be somewhere on that coin.

Is there any fact in that rumor? If not, what does "J.S." stand for?

William S. Giles, Jr., *Houston, Tex.*

The initials are those of John Sinnock, the designer of the coin. Some American coins carry the designer's initials in minute lettering. The only mint marks that appear on current coins are S for San Francisco, P for Philadelphia and D for Denver.—ED.

Keyhole Controversy

"Live and Let Die" (May) was an absorbing story. But that keyhole in Mr. Big's drawer [through which he shot his enemies] was a whopper: 45 centimeters in diameter. That would be close to 18 inches.

I suppose it should have read: 45 millimeters.

W. M. Huff, *Claflin, Kan.*

According to our bifocals, Mr. Huff, you overlooked a decimal point. The keyhole was not 45 centimeters in diameter, but .45 centimeters, or about .18 inches. Admittedly a .18 bullet would be a small one—but large enough to considerably inconvenience an enemy when fired at close range.—ED.

Address all letters to: The Editor, Bluebook Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. All letters must be signed. None can be acknowledged or returned.

Moon Mystery

While reading Joseph Millard's "Why Astronomers Won't Talk About the Moon" (April), I kept wondering if Luna hasn't become a base for flying saucers. Signs of life and activity on our lone satellite don't necessarily mean the actual evolution of a lunar race.

When we rocket to Mars (as surely we will), I believe landings will be made on the smallish twin moons—Phobos and Deimos—before we attempt to set foot on the red planet itself. It seems to me that an intelligent race of aliens from outer space would land on Luna preparatory to intensive exploration of our world.

Logical, no?

Alex Saunders, *Toronto, Ontario*

I cannot understand why those brainy scientists seem to be stumped on some more or less obvious items regarding the moon. To me, it seems obvious that the moon is our younger brother, or sister, if you prefer.

Origin: Same as earth's, but several million years younger.

What it's made of: Mud, hot mud, in varying stages of cooling and solidifying. Those are not extinct volcanos you see on the moon. They are bursting mud bubbles caused by intense inner heat. This mud will in time change to sand, dirt and rock.

There will eventually follow rivers, lakes, oceans, mountains, flora and fauna. I believe the moon's stages of evolution will be relatively similar, with some important differences, to earth's (but will take less time—a small hot potato cools faster than a big one).

Earle J. Blakeslee, *San Gabriel, Calif.*

"Could we let it go for now? I'll be speeding by here on my way back . . ."

Stickler for Accuracy

The cartoon on page 3 of the April issue shows the interior of the ground floor of the Central Fire Station in Beverly, Massachusetts.

This is a four-door station, tailored to the needs of the Beverly Fire Department. Therefore, there's little chance that another station would have the same details.

The puzzle is: Did the artist draw this on the spot or is it imaginary? If the latter, then it's a clear case of telepathy.

Charles H. Cook, *Beverly, Mass.*

No telepathy involved. The artist, Peter Estin of Greenwich, Conn., was living in Manchester, Mass., at the time, drove to nearby Beverly because he wanted a big fire-house in his sketch. He made the drawing while sitting on a fire truck.—ED.

Brickbat Department

Having been a constant reader of BLUEBOOK for some fourteen years, and having observed its ups and downs in reading interest, I find your May issue has reached an all-time low.

Your comments printed on the editorial page, stating this issue is to be your future standard, are erroneous, I trust. If not, this reader will cross BLUEBOOK off his monthly reading diet.

Charles Winters, *Terrace Bay, Ontario*

Bouquet Department

I just had to write in and express my appreciation and approval of the May issue.

For quite a while there, I nearly gave up hope, and got out of the habit of buying the magazine regularly. I didn't vocalize on the subject, but I did not particularly care for BLUEBOOK as it was being published.

Now this issue comes out the way I like to see it. The stories are excellent. I especially liked "Live and Let Die," by Ian Fleming, and "The Ordeal of Bingo Little," by my long-time favorite, P. G. Wodehouse. In fact there wasn't anything in this issue that I didn't like, and it has been many moons since I could say that about any magazine.

The two columns of type is a good idea. It does make the reading easier, and somehow I feel like I had just met an old friend again.

Keep on with this policy and maybe you won't have to put in any advertising—you should get some of your former regulars like myself back, and perhaps pick up some new regulars.

Leo Hudspeth, *Salinas, Calif.*

Editor's Note:

Maybe the reason we've gotten together an especially compelling issue for you this month is that it's too damn hot, and we want to take your mind off the weather. Look at the line-up:

To cool you off in the ocean, there's the novel, "The Iron Skipper," by Verne Athanas. This is a fine swashbuckling sea-story which is also authentic since, says Athanas, "all major background details are based on fact and the general characterizations come from deeds once done.

"To me," Athanas adds, "this story proves the old saying that the more things change, the more they are the same. The authoritarian approach didn't work then, doesn't work now, and probably never will work in the future, and the man who insists on blind obedience is himself striding blindly into disaster."

We thought the piece on how to make money from your ideas would be of real value to you. And Ray Josephs should be the ideal guy to do it. After some years spent as a newspaperman and writing a couple of successful books on South America, Ray went to work in public relations—which meant coming up with ideas on how to help some large industrial concerns put over their products. It was just a short step from there to his forthcoming book for Doubleday—"How To Make Money From Your Ideas." The article on page 34 is an adaptation from the book. Who knows, maybe your quarter investment in this copy of BLUEBOOK will net you a million. A cool million.

Glynn Harvey, whose story you'll find on page 13, has been more or less enmeshed in golf for several years, starting when he was managing editor of *Golf World,* a weekly magazine. This led to his present association with Fred Corcoran, pro golf's No. 1 promoter, during which he has traveled the sunshine circuit as a tournament advisor.

He took the pledge of total abstinence from golf about a year ago in Beaumont, Texas, after foolishly consenting to play a practice round with pro golfers Beverly Hanson and Marilynn Smith. "When you stand up there and hit the longest ball you ever hit," Harvey explains, "then walk down the fairway and find the two girls 20 yards in front of you, it's time to put the clubs away and take up tobacco chewing." He did.

Tom Davis, now, he can take golf or leave it alone—which, translated, means he'd rather play than eat, only his wife, kids and the leaky faucet won't let him.

Tom, whose picture you'll find around here somewhere, put in 13 years in the newspaper business, from Chicago to Boston to Washington, D. C., until the Marine Corps put him in the magazine business. What happened was, he went in in 1943, hoping to be a combat correspondent—which gives us the only reason we've found so far to doubt his sanity—when somebody discovered he'd been an editor as well as reporter. So he wound up at a desk in Washington, on *Leatherneck* magazine.

Tom Davis

After that he was a magazine editor for seven years and finally, last September, he started free-lancing. He's doing fine.

This picture of him was made just before he took off in the Air Force's new fighter-trainer, the T-28. This, says Davis, is a very warm ship indeed; he flew it 460 nautical miles from one base to another in 120 minutes flat—"as fast as many of the fighters we used in World War II."

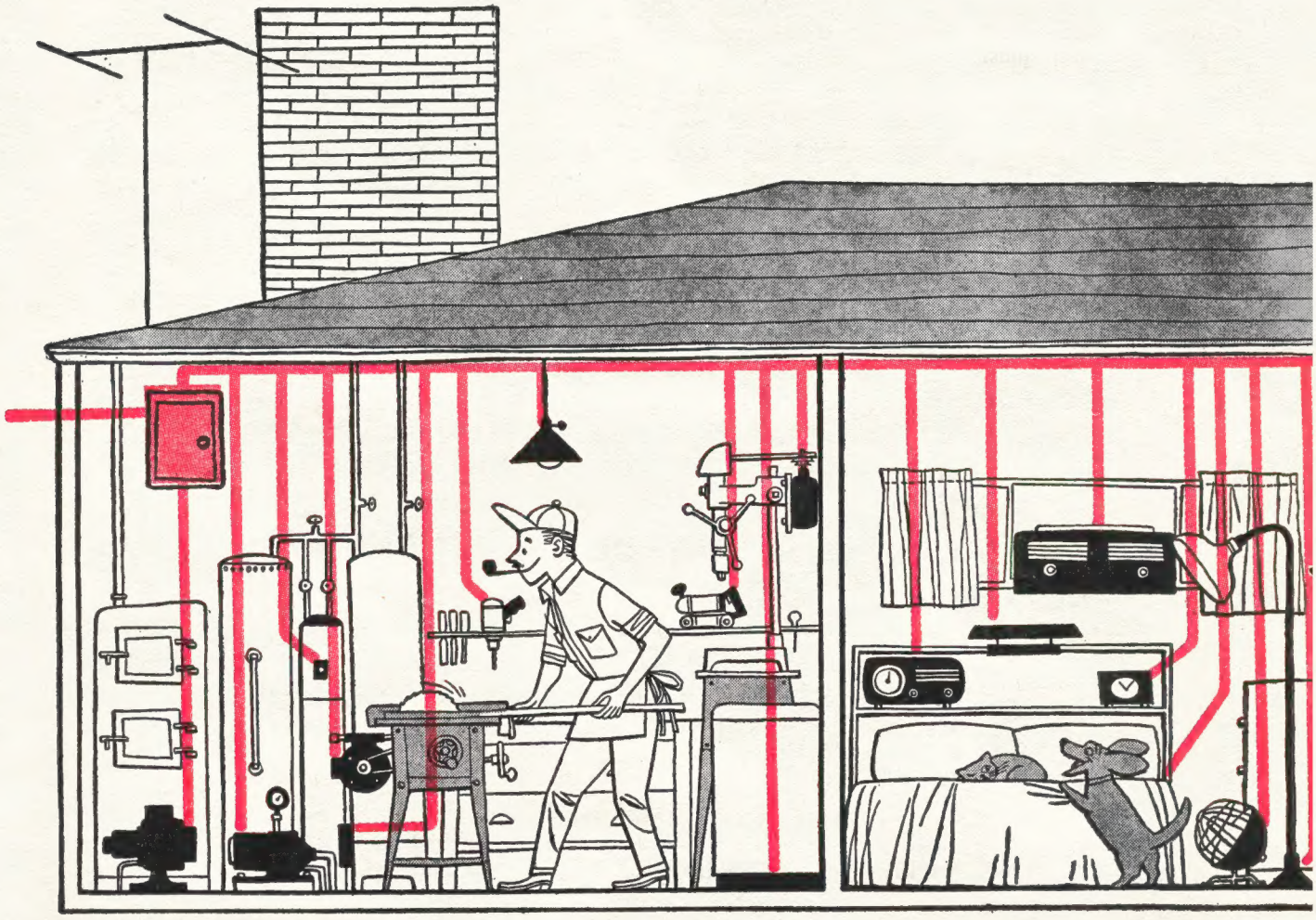
On page 64 we introduce a new writer, a thing we hope to do frequently. He is Noel Clad, and we couldn't believe he'd never been published before when we read his story, "Storm." We found it a pretty tense affair.

"I got the idea for this piece while driving through the Panhandle, en route to Mexico," he writes. "It was getting dark and we could see the lights of combines dotting the fields under threatening thunderheads. We stopped the car just as the storm broke to see if there was anything we could do. A heavy-set farmer shook his head with thanks. 'No need,' he said. His face was a mixture of wonder and gratitude. 'We got it done.' "—*A. F.*

BY GEORGE SCULLIN

Nine out of ten houses in the U.S. are improperly wired for 1954 living. One result is that many are going up in smoke. How's yours?

IS YOUR HOUSE WIRED FOR TROUBLE?



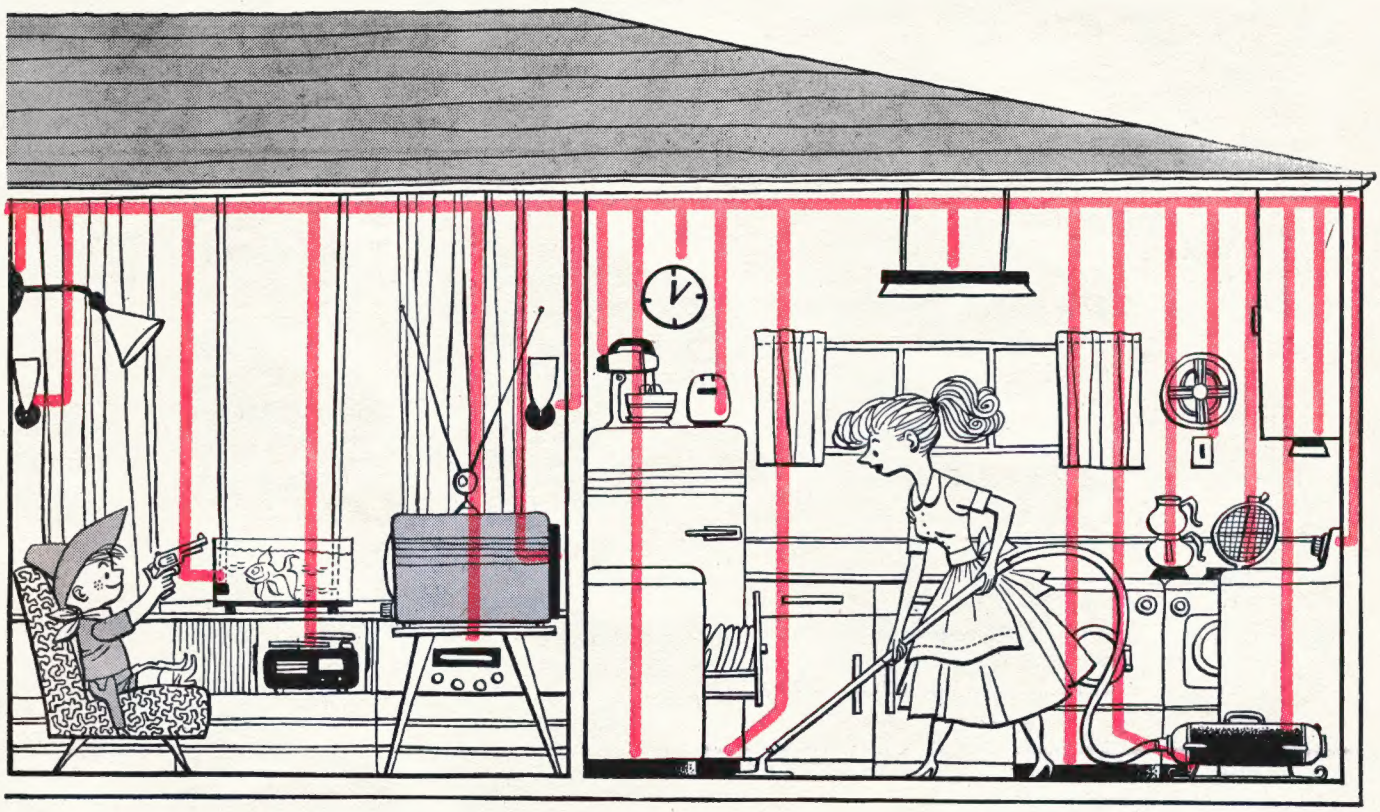
MAN WE KNOW got tired of replacing fuses in the electric line that served his kitchen not long ago. All he had on it was a toaster which drew 1100 watts, an electric coffee pot at 1000 watts and a radio at 300 watts. But the fifteen-ampere fuses kept blowing out, so he put in one for twenty amps. Worked fine for awhile —the fuse carried the 2400-watt load beautifully. Only trouble was the wire was designed to carry 1750 watts and it began to heat up. One day it heated too much and flashed near a pile of shavings inside the wall of a closet filled with neatly-hung clothes. The house burned down.

Last year electricity caused more than a quarter of a million fires, at a cost of more than a quarter-billion dollars in damages. Your home, thanks to modern living, is probably a likely subject for such a fire right now—nine out of ten are.

Home wiring is in a fantastic mess, and getting worse by the minute. Wiring ten years old is obsolete. Wiring five years old is inadequate. As for the tiny percentage of wiring that is adequate for today's needs, it will be inadequate tomorrow, and obsolete five years from now. Here's why:

Back in 1925 there were thirteen million wired homes in the country, and the electrical consumption was 350 kilowatt-hours per customer. By 1945 there were twenty-nine million wired homes in the country, and the consumption per customer had jumped to 1300 kilowatt-hours. By the end of 1953 there were forty-two million wired homes in the country, with the consumption figure rocketing past 2500 kilowatt-hours. By 1960 the estimate is that each customer will be using 4,000 kilowatt-hours. That represents a torrent of power three times greater than the house of 1945 was wired to take, and twelve times greater than the home owner of 1925 ever dreamed about.

To meet this vast new demand the electric power industry has been building new plants all over the country and the appliance manufacturers have been turning out more and more labor-saving devices that are better and better. The new power is being delivered to your house in fine shape; inside your house the new appliances are beautifully wired and insulated and are as safe as a bank vault. But what about the link between—the wiring in your own house walls?



How many appliances have you added in recent years and how much have you beefed up the circuits to meet the increased demand? If you're like most people, you've been content to keep pace with progress by changing fuses when they blow. If you have to change fuses often, if your lights blink when the refrigerator goes on, if the radio hushes when the toaster starts, you probably have inadequate wiring. And it's your baby, nobody else's.

The power company's responsibility ends when it delivers the power to your fuse box, or "electrical service entrance." The electrical contractor's responsibility ends when he wires your house according to the building codes of the day. There's a rub there. Most wiring codes are still written in terms of forty-watt bulbs and a battery-powered doorbell. The appliance manufacturer's responsibility ends when he turns out an appliance that operates perfectly when supplied with appropriate amounts of electricity. You are responsible for all the wiring inside your house—and if current surveys are to be believed, you're probably about three circuits short.

Out in Chicago, for instance, Edward H. Wigdahl, chairman of the Wiring Modernization Committee of the Electric Association, reports that his committee found a full million homes not only inadequately wired, but in desperate need of up-dating to the tune of a minimum $100 per home. The accuracy of his findings is confirmed by a report from the National Adequate Wiring Bureau, a non-profit organization. The bureau's engineers estimate that if only $50 in wiring can be added to the twenty million homes that need it, not only would the home owners be better served but that industry would reap a billion-dollar backlog in extra business.

Swank and Inadequate

Apartment dwellers are no better off. Witness the plight of scores of New York's ultra-modern apartment houses, built within the last few years. Although their wiring is infinitely more up-to-date than required by the antiquated building codes, and includes the advanced thinking of famous architects, it is still so hopelessly inadequate that millionaire tenants are forbidden such common conveniences as window-sill air conditioners.

Wrote one landlord with no visible sign of embarrassment: "The average air-conditioning unit creates an overload on the existing wiring in the building so as to create a hazardous condition and give rise to a constant threat of fire with resultant injury to persons and possible loss of life.

"Therefore we cannot and will not permit any air conditioning units to be installed in the apartment in which you reside."

It takes no stretch of the imagination to see that the manufacturers of air conditioners are not made any happier by such decisions. Nor are they the only ones affected. Manufacturers of all heavy-duty appliances like big power tools for the home workshop, deep freezers, clothes dryers, electric ranges, and color television see their sales being brought up short by an inadequate length of wire in the home.

Actually the fire hazard presented by this inadequate wire is a serious but minor part of the problem, as will be explained later. The part that hurts you more is the fact that when circuits are overloaded, nothing works right, not even simple light bulbs. To explain why this should be so, electrical companies like to compare the flow of electricity with the flow of water.

How Wiring Starts Fires

The comparison has its advantages and its serious limitations. The main idea is that the amount of water and the amount of electricity flowing into a house is limited by the size of the service entrance. When the water main leading to the house is small, and all the faucets are turned on, the amount left to trickle out of the shower in the guest room is apt to be very small indeed. And when the electric service entrance is small, and several appliances are going at once, it is reasonable to assume that the amount of electricity left to trickle into your new electric drill won't have enough punch left to drill holes in a sponge. But there the comparison ends.

Low pressure on over-tapped water pipes may be exasperating when it won't spin the lawn sprinkler, but it is not dangerous. No valves burn out, and no faucets start to smoke. Electricity, to personalize it for a moment, is more temperamental. It is a force represented by the equation E (Voltage) equals I (Amperes) times R (Resistance). Resistance is the hot-head in the equation. He becomes incandescent when forced into the tiny filaments of a light bulb, or red hot when forced through the filaments of a toaster. At full strength he also brightens the picture in the television set, and in all types of electric motors he converts heat into energy to drive them at full speed. But he absolutely refuses to be crowded. Try to squeeze him through a wire too small for his size, and he turns his energy to heat. Unlike water, which will try as honestly as it can to reach all faucets if only with a drop, Resistance refuses to work honestly at all if overtaxed. Instead, he sulks, fumes, and smolders. He won't use the strength left in him to try to turn a motor, but prefers to burn out the brushes and armature. He reduces the illumination in a 150-watt bulb to a few candles, blanks out the television screen, burns out condensers, and then, if everything is in working order, blows out the fuse.

How Many Outlets for You?

	CONVENIENCE OUTLETS	SPECIAL OUTLETS	PERMANENT LIGHTING	SWITCHES
LIVING ROOM, BEDROOMS and GENERAL LIVING AREAS	1, at least, every 12 feet, placed so that no point along floor line of usable wall space is more than 6 ft. from an outlet.	Required for FM Radio Television	1 Ceiling Light (2 in long, narrow rooms) Wall, cove or valance lighting may be substituted	
DINING AREAS	1 for each 20 feet of usable wall space, with one located near hostess' chair.		1 Ceiling Light over table	
KITCHEN	1 for each 4 feet of work counter 1 for refrigerator	Required for Electric Range Dishwasher-Disposer Home-Freezer Clock Ventilating Fan	1 Ceiling Light 1 over sink Others over work counters as needed	1 on latch side of each frequently used doorway
LAUNDRY	1 at washing area 1 at ironing area 1 for hot-plate	Required for Automatic Washer Electric Drier	1 at washing area 1 at ironing area	Rooms with entrances more than 10 feet apart should have multiple control switches
UTILITY ROOM	1 at workbench 1 near furnace	Required for Fuel-fired Heating Equipment Electric Water Heater	1 for each enclosed space 1 at workbench 1 near furnace	
BATHROOMS	1 adjacent to mirror	Required for Built-in Heater	1 on each side of mirror 1 in enclosed shower compartment	
ENTRANCES	1 weatherproof near front entrance		1 at front 1 at rear	1 inside front 1 inside rear
HALLWAYS	1 for each 15 feet of hallway		1 at least; 2 in long halls	
STAIRWAYS			1 each at head and foot	1 each at head and foot
CLOSETS			1 for each closet over 3 ft. deep	
PORCHES, TERRACES, PATIOS	1 weatherproof for each 15 feet of usable outside wall		1 for each 150 sq. ft. of enclosed porch	

NOTE: The requirements given here for number and placement of outlets, lights and switches are the bare minimum requirements. For additional suggestions and more details, ask your electric power supplier or an experienced electrical contractor about the accepted Standards of Wiring Adequacy, approved by the National Adequate Wiring Bureau.

It is when everything is not in working order that the danger of fire mounts. When the circuit consists of wire and fuses of the correct size, an overloading can only result in a weak performance of the appliances before the fuse blows. This is bad enough, because you have been cheated of the perfect performance your lights and appliances should give you. But what has been happening inside your walls where the concealed wiring runs past an old mice nest, a papier-mache wasps' nest, some dried-out tarpaper insulation, and some old wood shavings left over from construction days? Resistance, of course, has been heating that wiring up, and making everything around it tinder-dry, but as long as the correct fuse is in the fuse box, it and not the wiring is the weakest link in the circuit. Long before the wiring gets heated to the danger point, the fuse gets heated to the flash point, and when it vaporizes in a nice flash of white heat, the circuit is broken. (Much the same thing happens when an overload trips a circuit breaker.)

But put in an over-size fuse and it is no longer the weakest link—the wire is. A recent case shows what happens: A young man working on his boat in the basement did not have a convenient outlet for his electric drill, so he rigged up an extension cord. His basement was well wired—except in the matter of convenience outlets—and so was his electric drill. But the extension cord consisted of a length of wire removed from an old electric clock. It just couldn't take the difference between powering a pair of tiny clock hands and an electric drill. When the flash came, it was right over an open can of paint. End of boat. End of house.

Since you're the responsible party in this affair, what do you do about it? Well, the electrical industry has come up with some alert answers:

In your house you need, the industry says, three kinds of circuits. You need General Purpose Circuits to take care of such old-fashioned items as light bulbs, radios, and toasters and such other knickknacks as were the soul and substance of the industry back in 1925. Then you need Small Appliance Circuits capable of dishing out a total of 2300 watts to serve such items as refrigerators, small washing machines, vacuum cleaners, small power tools, and portable appliances like sun lamps, casseroles, and electric blankets. And then you need Individual Circuits for such power-drawing items as deep freezers, electric ranges and water heaters, ambidextrous washing machines, air conditioners, clothes dryers, and such workshop tools as you might need to build a more adequately wired house.

What the electric appliance industry would like to see—and it looks reasonable—are enough General Purpose Circuits of 1750 watts each to light the house thoroughly with fixed lights, and still provide current for convenience outlets at least every twelve feet around the room. Boil this down to living needs, and it turns out to be one GP Circuit for every 500 square feet of floor space.

In a living room, for instance, it would work like this: Six floor and desk lamps totaling about 800 watts. At least one of the floor lamps would be controlled by switches placed at each entrance to the room, a bit of convenience that eliminates walking over roller skates, baseball bats, and other living room necessities that are always encountered in the dark while hunting for a light switch. The other desk and reading lamps would be plugged into convenience outlets which can be had to accommodate anywhere from one to three plugs. The outlets would be placed wherever needed, like on the mantel for a mantel clock and radio, but never more than twelve feet apart. The idea behind the twelve-foot arrangement is that most lamps and appliances come equipped with a six-foot cord; with such outlets you would never need an extension cord.

When Fuses Refuse

According to a home-economics expert, the surplus outlets are needed for the vacuum cleaner, television set, phonograph, electric fan, movie projector, aquarium heater, and a few luxury items like a glass heating tray for hot toddies. She also notes that in any well-managed home, the tendency is to move the furniture to block the outlets, and in her ideal home no furniture could be moved to block one outlet without revealing another.

In any event, it is seldom that all lights will be in use simultaneously, nor will the vacuum cleaner, 125 watts; the fan, 100 watts; television, 300 watts; radio, 100 watts; and phonograph, 200 watts, all be running while you show home movies, 700 watts. If they are, the blowing of the fuse will be an act of mercy.

The GP Circuits in almost all old homes and in too many new homes are strung with No.

Typical Appliance Wattages

Automatic Toaster	1100 Watts
Coffee Maker	Up to 1000 "
Waffle Iron or Sandwich Grill	Up to 1000 "
Mixer	100 "
Radio	100 "
Television	300 "
Built-in Ventilating Fan	100 "
Electric Roaster	1650 "
Refrigerator	150 "
Automatic Hand Iron	1000 "
Ironer	1650 "
Floor Lamps (Each)	150— 300 "
Table Lamps (Each)	50— 150 "
Fluorescent Lights (Each Tube)	15— 40 "
Vacuum Cleaner	125 "
Portable Heater	1000 "
Portable Electric Fan	100 "
Electric Bed Cover	200 "
Mechanism for fuel-fired Heating Plant	800 "
Dishwasher-Waste Disposer	1500 "
Waste Disposer alone	500 "
Automatic Washer	700 "
230-volt Electric Clothes Drier	4500 "
Electrostatic Air Cleaner	60 "
Home Freezer	350 "
Water Pump	700 "
Built-in Bathroom Heater	1000-1500 "

14 wire. This old-fashioned stuff, designed to carry the load when the output of a power station varied with the amount of water in the old mill pond, appeals strongly to electrical contractors for two good reasons; (1) it complies with antiquated building codes, and (2) it is cheap. As stated before, however, it can take only 1750 watts and still leave any margin of safety. It *must* be protected by a fifteen-ampere fuse. But hundreds of thousands of home dwellers, tired of replacing blown fifteen-ampere fuses, have remedied the situation by using twenty-ampere fuses which permit 2300 watts to flow into a No. 14 wire. It cannot be stressed too firmly that that is just asking for it.

Modern wiring technique calls for a No. 12 wire (the lower the number the thicker the wire) on all GP Circuits and Small Appliance Circuits. This is designed to carry 2300 watts and still leave an ample safety margin, and it takes no life-long student of economics to realize that a few extra dollars for adequate wiring is cheaper than pawing through the ashes for a charred insurance policy.

The home workshop and the kitchen are the natural habitat of the Small Appliance Circuit. For example, an automatic toaster needs 1100 watts, or almost half the wattage of a GP Circuit for itself. An electric refrigerator in action draws only 150 watts, or no more than the kitchen light, but for a second or two while getting started, it may draw up to 1200 watts, or enough to blow the fuse if the line is already tapped by other appliances. The automatic hand iron draws 1000 watts; an electric roaster, 1650 watts; a waffle iron, 1000 watts; and the dish washer, 500 watts. Along about the time the coffee is percolating, the toast toasting, the bacon grilling, and the left-over-from-last-night dishes being rushed through the mill, the Small Appliance Circuits can get busy enough to start the local power company looking for another water fall. They can also start a lot of wires to smoking in the inadequately wired home.

Power Tools Can Be Dangerous

Strangely enough, the home workshop becomes electrically dangerous only when heavily wired tools are hooked up to No. 14 or thinner extension cords. Few craftsmen, including amateurs, will deliberately overtax tools that cost enough to cripple the beer allowance for months to come. Nor does the lone worker often have more than one machine going at a time, whereas his wife, of necessity, may be using several.

In tooling up the home workshop, the general idea is to provide adequate lighting from a GP Circuit, and enough Small Appliance Circuits to provide convenience outlets for your portable tools. You will need plenty of outlets. The project has yet to be designed, be it a jewel box or a basement-built yacht, that does not require the craftsman to work at all angles from all corners of the shop. Permanently mounted tools like lathes and saws should have their own private outlets, not only because they need a lot of power but also because, like the refrigerator, they hit the juice hard when they start up.

How do you figure how much wiring you need?

Add up the wattages of the various lamps and appliances which you reasonably, and unreasonably, expect to be drawing current simultaneously, and then break this down in terms of 1750-watt General Purpose, 2300-watt Small Appliance, and heavy duty Individual Circuits. If you are the nine-out-of-ten home dweller, you will find yourself about three circuits short.

Are You Underwired?

Check your fuse box, or electric service entrance as it is somewhat loftily called. If three wires or a heavy cable lead into it from the local electric wire pole, you still may be all right. If only two wires lead into it, you are under-powered before you start. Just fifteen years ago, two wires were enough, but in the light of today's 2500 kilowatt-hours per customer, they are tantamount to piping water into your house through a garden hose. But go ahead anyway, and figure out what your electrical needs actually are, plus what they are very apt to be only a couple of years from now.

Then call your local electrical contractor and ask him for the truth. Remember it is cheaper to do it all at once than one circuit at a time, stringing wire between the walls being one of those things that should not crop up to haunt a man too often. But do not, in spite of all the urging of the electrical people, project your planning too far into the future. That way lies madness, as witness a friend of ours. He got out all the charts and graphs showing the increase in home consumption of electricity. Starting out with Ben Franklin's machine to electrocute turkeys in 1750, the graph goes up at a reasonable angle until 1945, whereupon it begins to take on a rocket-like trajectory.

His eyes bugging slightly, our friend projected his graph up to 1964, and discovered his home would be consuming enough electricity to have lighted a town of 5000 people, including two nickelodeons, back in 1915. He needed to project his graph only two more years—it was leaning a bit backward by this time—to discover the ultimate appliance he would need for his basement, and it was at this point that the men in the white jackets gently took him away. The appliance? Muscle Shoals.

—By George Scullin

MEDICAL REPORT

By Lawrence Galton

SNIFF THE TROUBLE AWAY: To some five million people, the month of August spells misery. They're the victims of hay fever—which is caused not by hay but by ragweed, and is marked not by fever but by running nose, smarting eyes, itching ears. In the past, many have been helped by desensitization treatments and antihistamine or other medication. But others have had to go on suffering until the first frost killed the weed that plagued them. For this latter group in particular, there's good news: McGill University physicians report that the hormone, ACTH, in a new and highly purified powder form, offers effective relief when simply sniffed up the nose. They describe a typical case in the Canadian Medical Association Journal. The patient who had an eight-year history of hay fever unrelieved by other treatment could taste food on the first day of sniffing, breathe freely on the second day and, thereafter, with only a sniff every three or four days, remained free of all symptoms. A number of people with asthma and severe arthritis have also been helped by sniffing ACTH

HABIT-BREAKER: In severe alcoholic and drug-withdrawal conditions, pyrahexyl, a synthetic drug resembling marihuana, has proved helpful. Seventy patients with post-alcoholic conditions were given small doses of the drug by mouth three times a day when they began to feel severe hangovers. Within two hours after the first dose, 84 per cent of them felt much better, both mentally and physically. Continued use of the drug for three to five days kept them from feeling miserable while they stayed off alcohol. Twenty-two of forty-one patients who had been addicted to barbiturates, morphine, demerol and other drugs also benefited. The report appears in the *North Carolina Medical Journal* (vol. 14, page 520)

GOOD FOR HEART, PURSE AND PALATE: If you have to stick to a low-sodium diet because of high blood-pressure or heart trouble, you'll welcome news of a low-sodium fresh milk. The ordinary kind contains so much sodium that powdered milk has had to be used in low-sodium diets. The new milk, processed so that 90 per cent of the sodium is removed, tastes like ordinary milk. And it costs about 40 per cent less than the powdered types. Now on the market in Los Angeles, where the county heart association had a hand in its development, it is being licensed for manufacture by major milk companies across the country, should soon be available to you locally.

NIGHTTIME CRAMPS: Leg cramps at night sometimes become so unbearable that the victim has to jump out of bed and pace the floor to get relief. Yet the cure is often quite simple, according to a recent editorial in the doctors' journal *Modern Medicine*. Leg cramps may mean a calcium deficiency. So, drinking more milk every day, thus stocking up on calcium, may be all you need to do to avoid the cramps.

FOR YOUR WIFE: If she's between twenty and fifty, she may have, periodically, a peculiar and bothersome form of acne. Many women, regularly every month, break out in firm, painless red pimples—usually no more than six at a time, mostly on the chin and sides of the face. The pimples hang on for about three weeks, there's a brief interlude of clear skin and then out pops a new crop. If your wife is bothered, progesterone, a female hormone, may be the answer. Most of ninety-five women who received tablets or injections of progesterone were freed of the outbreaks. According to a report in the *Archives of Dermatology* (vol. 69, page 356), the medication was used only for a few days each month. After two or three months, many women remained free of acne without further treatment.

BRIEFS: A new drug, Diamox (Lederle), shows promise against glaucoma, a serious eye disease . . . Cleft palate is best repaired after a child is four, not before, say Northwestern University experts . . . An allergy-free insulin for diabetics, already on the market in Denmark and Britain, may soon be produced here for patients who get hives or other allergic reactions to ordinary insulin . . . For ligament and tendon strains and discomfort, a local injection of hydrocortisone brings fast relief, British doctors report . . . Pro-Banthine, a relatively new drug, gave prompt relief to 118 of 129 ulcer patients, and X-ray studies showed evidence that ulcers healed faster, according to investigators in *Gastroenterology* (vol. 25, page 416).

Like all medical advances, those reported here are not 100 per cent cure-all. Only your doctor is qualified to judge whether a new development may help in your own particular case. For further advice, see him.

The Hustlers

The world seemed filled with sunshine and suckers for Perseus J. Riggs, promoter. Then his trained golfer took one gander at that glorious girl.

By GLYNN HARVEY

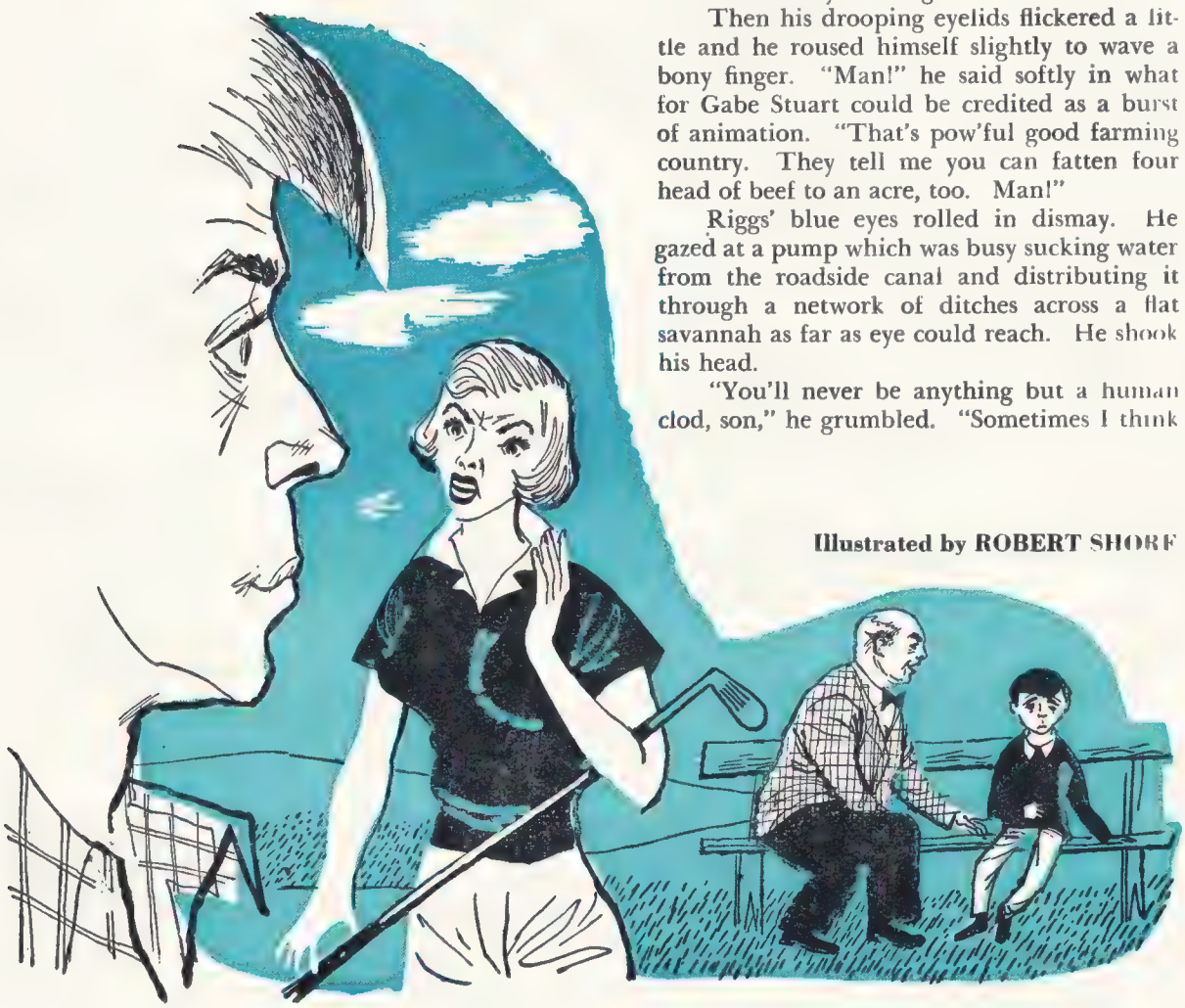
"AH, FLORIDA, I love you!" exclaimed Perseus J. Riggs removing one pudgy hand from the wheel of the Cadillac to make a gesture which embraced several hundred square miles of the Everglades. "Calico Jack and Billy Bowlegs are dead but the spirit of piracy lives on. The cutlass and boarding iron are rusting in the mangrove swamp, but the Jolly Roger still flies from our forepeak. Eh, Gabe?"

Concluding his apostrophe, Perseus J. cocked his head and squinted sidelong at his companion, a lean and tousled young man who was staring moodily at the flashing countryside. Gabriel Stuart's long thin face registered absolutely nothing.

Then his drooping eyelids flickered a little and he roused himself slightly to wave a bony finger. "Man!" he said softly in what for Gabe Stuart could be credited as a burst of animation. "That's pow'ful good farming country. They tell me you can fatten four head of beef to an acre, too. Man!"

Riggs' blue eyes rolled in dismay. He gazed at a pump which was busy sucking water from the roadside canal and distributing it through a network of ditches across a flat savannah as far as eye could reach. He shook his head.

"You'll never be anything but a human clod, son," he grumbled. "Sometimes I think



Illustrated by ROBERT SHORE

maybe I ought to take you back to Arkansas and sort of ease you out on that haystack campus where I found you."

Gabe Stuart's gray eyes came awake. He turned to examine the older man thoughtfully, lower lip drawn down like a small boy debating a spasm of rebellion.

"Sometimes I reckon maybe I ought to go back there anyway, Riggsy."

Riggsy looked sharply at the youth. "Here now!"

He jerked his eyes back to the road. He grappled for a moment with the Cadillac which, with nobody watching, had threatened to try a racing dive into the canal.

With mechanical matters again under control, he returned to the spiritual problem at hand.

"What kind of talk is that, Gabe, boy? We're cleaning up. It's just like a license to steal. Another month like the last one and you can go back and buy that cow college. Stop talking like an idiot child and just keep working on that short game."

Gabe Stuart uttered a noncommittal grunt and returned to his dreamy study of the beans and escarole which marched off endlessly through the rich black peat. Perseus J. Riggs, with the troubled look of a parent who has just found a girl's compact in the back seat of the family sedan, whirled the Caddie over a wooden bridge and bore down on the accelerator.

He was familiar with Gabe's dark moods but they never ceased to harass him. He had the uncomfortable feeling he was sheltering a viper in his bosom.

PERSEUS J. RIGGS regarded himself as a promoter. The victims of his promotions, taking an uncharitable view, preferred to regard him as a hustler. In fact, there were several prominent golf clubs whose members, after due reflection and a post-operative audit of their checking accounts, had declared him *persona non grata* on grounds of straining his guest privileges.

Riggsy simply had a rare faculty for unearthing flawless young golfers in obscure recesses of our broad land. These talented young men he would take under his wing and see that they were introduced properly—and at a comfortable distance from their native haunts.

By shrewdly investing in the young man's special talent, Riggsy managed to live in a constantly expanding social and financial universe, proving that both Einstein and Barnum, in their own ways, were right.

He had found Gabriel Stuart on the campus of Ozark A & M, an institution of limited curriculum but blessed with splendid golf facilities, thanks to an eccentric alumnus whose post-graduate adventures in animal husbandry in Texas had been considerably altered by the discovery of oil on his farm. Riggsy had snatched Gabe from the very maw of education and transported him to Florida. Here he had justified Riggsy's initial investment by amiably trimming the cerise slacks off sundry monied playboys whose enthusiasm for golf far outstripped their abilities.

As the hustler, Perseus Riggs contrived the matches and, as the gambler, left no casual bet uncovered. Now, as the successful promoter, he could admire the silken purr of the Cadillac and the satin sheen of its finish as he piloted it carefully through the rutted approaches to Pahokee, a dusty farming community under the lee of Lake Okeechobee. Another three hours would bring them into St. Petersburg, opening up another rich vein of ore on the Gulf Coast.

THE Caddie crept into Pahokee and turned down the wide, sunbaked main street. Riggsy nosed the car into the curb and flicked the switch. He stretched his cramped bulk and yawned, rounding off a wide gulp with a long, contented wheeze.

"How about it, Gabe? A sandwich?"

"I reckon so."

The young man straightened from his jackknifed position and, opening the door, swung out onto the street. He was a tall, Lincolnesque youth with an indolent grace in his movements. His face was narrow and harsh-featured, the tanned skin drawn drumtight over prominent cheek bones. His eyes, gray and steady, peered lazily from beneath heavy lids, and a great shock of cornsilk hair overhung his forehead like a shaggy awning.

He slouched off beside the lumbering figure of his Svengali, who led the way into a small restaurant and up to a pair of counter stools.

"What'll it be, Gabe?"

Perseus J. Riggs, by nature a gregarious soul, nodded affably to the counterman, a gaunt citizen into whose leathery mask a thousand Florida suns had baked a complicated network of wrinkles.

"A Western and a bottle of milk," said Gabe.

Riggsy pushed the fly-specked menu away.

"Make mine the same, friend."

He removed his linen cap and settled it again far back on his balding head.

"Nice little town you have." He smiled at the man behind the counter, the ingratiating smile of Perseus J. Riggs, locker-room crony.

Moody Cameron, proprietor of Moody's Restaurant, considered this observation for a moment, then agreed.

"Reckon we like it," he drawled, "or we wouldn't be here."

He padded off to shout the orders to a massive Negro woman in the kitchen. He returned and, putting one foot on an empty lard can, lounged back on the ice-cream box, picking his teeth with a matchstick.

"Kind of quiet though, I suppose." Riggsy picked up the thread of the conversation again. Moody Cameron shrugged.

"There's them who like it quiet."

Effortlessly, Perseus J. Riggs slipped into the cracker-barrel role. He started probing beneath his fingernails with the edge of a match cover.

"Yep, nice little town. If it was mine I'd say let 'em have their tourists over there on the beach. Guess you folks feel the same way."

The restaurant owner considered this carefully. "Don't need 'em out here," he replied at length, "We make ours in farming."

Gabe Stuart, who had been gazing absently at the street, swung around.

"They say you can fatten four head to an acre out here. Is that right?" he asked. His gray eyes were fixed intently on Moody Cameron like a divinity student awaiting the resolution of his last lingering doubt by a noted theologian.

The proprietor nodded sagely.

"Son, we do better'n that," he said with finality. "Why, we ship cattle to Texas. You ain't from Texas, are you?" He squinted anxiously at Gabe.

Perseus Riggs rocked back on his stool and slapped the counter.

"Can you beat it! Here's a kid who could be the greatest golfer in the country—and what does he want to do? Raise cows!"

Moody Cameron's mouth quirked.

"What's wrong with raisin' cows?" he asked.

Riggsy rolled with the punch and covered up.

"Nothing, my friend. Nothing at all. A fine healthy outdoor life. But so is golf and this boy has a talent for golf. Don't like to see him just throw it away, that's all."

THE man behind the counter reached out with a hairy paw and captured a buzzing fly which he disposed of on the floor.

"That's a right interesting game, golf," he remarked politely.

Perseus J. Riggs grinned. "President Eisenhower seems to think so, too."

"We got a new course here in town ourselves," said Cameron lightly. "Not much of a one, I guess. Just a little bitty ol' thing."

Perseus Riggs slipped out of his cracker-box toga and became the properly alert hustler.

"Y'don't say? Think of that, Gabe." He turned to Gabriel Stuart, who was lost in bucolic reverie. "They have a golf course here." Then he shook his head regretfully.

"Too bad we're pushing on to St. Pete," he murmured. "Sort of like to look it over."

The counterman waved a hand toward the street.

"It's jes' down the street a coupl'a blocks." A bell tinkled and he padded off to pick up the sandwiches. When he returned, Riggsy's blue eyes were shining innocently.

"Don't suppose there's anyone around who might play a few holes with Gabe here?" Riggsy asked. "I don't play myself since my accident and I don't guess he'd find much fun playin' by himself."

The restaurant owner placed their milk before them.

"Why shore," he said. "There's Billy Crabtree. His maw runs the place and Billy's always around there. Probably lick the tar outta you, too, young man," he said to Gabe.

GABE said nothing, just went on chewing methodically at his sandwich. But Perseus Riggs dropped his fork with a clatter.

"That a fact, now?" he said softly.

Moody Cameron nodded. "That young'un is right handy at this golf," he declared. "Ain't nobody roundabout can beat him." He drew off and studied Gabe Stuart intently. "Don't know about this boy here, but with never seeing him play, I think I'd bet that Billy could beat him. Ain't nobody ever come through here yet that Billy can't beat him."

Riggsy's hand trembled as he put down his milk. He coughed discreetly.

"I don't know if it's my fault or Clark Gable's, but the flame isn't there any more."

"Well now, friend," he said smoothly. "It's just possible I might be happy to accommodate you with a little wager. I'm mighty proud of my own boy here."

Three men sitting at a table directly behind them halted their conversation and were listening intently. Now one of them arose and stepped to the counter, a stocky, sunburned man in faded khaki work pants and washed-out khaki shirt with an old felt hat riding his shock of gray hair.

"Excuse me, mister," he said, "but I couldn't help overhearin' your talk. If you have any bettin' money to spread around I'd sure 'nough like to take a piece of Billy."

Perseus Riggs surveyed the newcomer from head to foot with a bland smile. "Perseus J. Riggs is my name, friend," he said extending a fat hand.

"This is Sam Wakefield," explained the restaurant man. "He's a grower out here."

"Well, now." Riggsy peered dubiously at Wakefield's shabby clothes. "Just how much do you fancy your boy's chances?"

The grower dug into his pocket and came up with a thick roll that brought Gabe Stuart upright and made the bland blue eyes of Perseus Riggs glaze. Wakefield began to thumb fifties from the wad, then stopped and rubbed a muck-stained thumb over the stubble on his chin.

"Guess mebbe I ought to let you name it, Mr. Riggs," he said slowly. "I don't rightly know what you can afford, but jes' to keep it on a sportin' level I was thinkin' about a hundred or so?"

RIGGSY stared at the farmer, then at the roll of bills. His features settled into a placid mask and he smiled urbanely.

"Let's make it two hundred," he said silkily. "I kind of like round figures."

Sam Wakefield shrugged.

"The rounder the better." He peeled off the notes and laid them on the counter. He started to return the roll, which showed no appreciable reduction in size, to his pocket but was stopped by the outstretched hand of Riggsy who, recovering from his astonishment, sounded battle stations and broke out the Jolly Roger.

"And perhaps another—ah—hundred," he cooed. "Just to cover the cost of wrapping and handling, as we say."

The farmer glanced over at his two erstwhile companions who were watching.

"Ah'll meet every raise, Mr. Riggs," he said quietly, "but Ah don' like to be a hawg. Mebbe the other boys would like to take some fresh Nawth'n money. An' Moody, why don't y'call Alice Ann, and see can Billy play? Make it for five o'clock."

The restaurant man headed for the phone.

Wakefield turned to Riggsy. "If that's all right with you, Mr. Riggs. I gotta get back to the fawm with a load of fertilizer for the men. Might take an hour or so."

Perseus Riggs bit his lip in annoyance.

"That's pretty late, friend. We're headin' for St. Pete, you know, and we still got a piece of drivin' ahead of us."

Sam Wakefield brushed aside the objection.

"Shucks," he said, "the match won't take long to play. You kin be in St. Pete by nine o'clock, easy . . ."

Riggsy slid a covert wink at Gabe Stuart.

"Looks like you're makin' it worth our while to stick around," he murmured.

By the time Moody Cameron returned from the telephone, Sam Wakefield and his two colleagues had matched $500 of Riggsy's capital and the money lay on the counter in two neat stacks.

"We'll jes' let Moody here hold the stakes, if that's agreeable."

The restaurant proprietor swept up the banknotes and deposited them in the register.

"Talked with Alice Ann," he said over his shoulder, "and she said Billy would be there. Matter of fact, he's out playin' now."

Riggsy beamed.

"Might's well go down and look over this little bitty ol' course, Gabe." Perseus Riggs climbed behind the wheel of the Cadillac and *vroomed* the motor as Gabe slid in beside him.

They drove down the street past a jumble of scabrous store fronts. At the end of the second block, they came to the Okeechobee Golf Club.

Riggsy braked to a violent stop. "Gabe!" he cried. "Do you see what I see?"

Occupying the entire corner lot was a miniature course with its giddy rainpipe and water-barrel obstacles. A rustic sign over the entrance identified the place as the "OKEECHOBEE GOLF CLUB."

"The man *said* it was just a little bitty o' course," murmured Gabe Stuart, breaking a long silence.

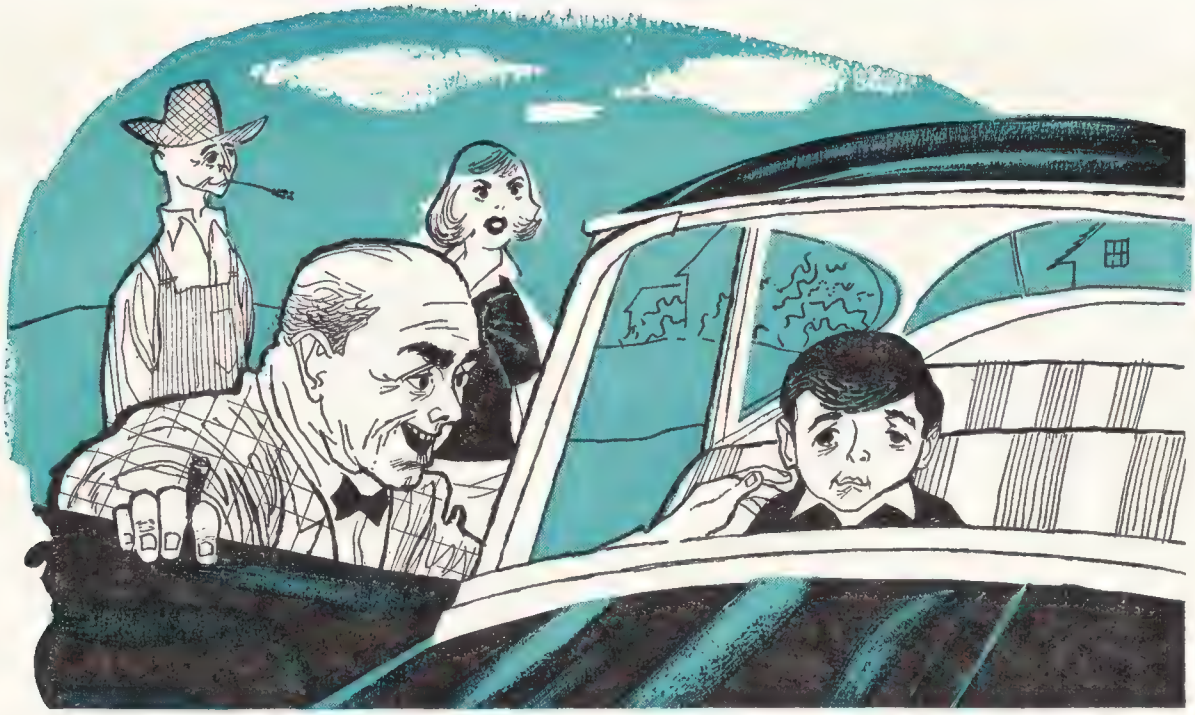
Riggsy pointed to an earnest young devotee, about nine years old, who was lining up a ticklish shot through a long tunnel.

"And I'll give three-to-five that's Billy the Kid," he groaned.

THEY studied the scene gloomily until an impatient motorist behind them clamored for action. Gabe waved a hand to the road ahead.

"St. Petersburg went thataway, Riggsy."

Perseus J. Riggs snorted. "And leave my money here with these thieves!" He let the car drift into a parking place before the entrance to the Okeechobee Golf Club. He sighed miserably. "Let's face it, Gabe. We've been had!"



The cheers flattened on a note of uncertainty when Perseus J. Riggs opened the car door and the local champion refused to budge. His face was an interesting study in chalk white.

They sat together wordlessly while the urchin with the butch haircut and wildly flowering sport-shirt calmly batted the ball through the tunnel, up a short ramp, over a shallow ditch, around a banked turn, and into the cup.

"Ain't nobody come through here yet that Billy can't beat him," said Gabe, mimicking the cracker drawl of Moody Cameron.

His companion slumped back against the upholstery. "Shut up, will you? I got to think."

The screen door of the golf shop opened and a young woman emerged. Gabe murmured appreciatively and even Riggsy left off his scheming to straighten up and stare in admiration. Obviously, she was exactly what the designer had in mind when her scanty white shorts were drafted on the cutting table, and the way she embellished a simple sleeveless jersey was a stark reminder of the basic structural differences between the sexes. Finally, a tangle of black curls, caught up in a casual knot with a red ribbon, framed an oval face of delicate beauty.

"Can that be Billy's mother?" exclaimed Riggsy.

"Oh, Mother!" breathed Gabe.

Perseus Riggs opened his door.

"LET us reconnoiter," he said, but the other door already had closed and he had to quicken his pace to catch up with Gabe Stuart at the entrance to the little bitty ol' playground. He bellied past his young protégé and swept off his cap in a courtly bow.

"Mrs. Crabtree?"

The girl smiled, adding a flashing array of teeth and two deep dimples to the scale already overweighted in favor of her selection as Miss Palm Beach County of All Time.

"*Miss* Crabtree," she corrected him. "My friends call me Alice Ann."

Riggsy made another and deeper bow. "A friendlier man than Perseus J. Riggs will be hard to find—unless it would be my young associate, Gabriel Stuart."

Gabe's gray eyes, as he stared at Alice Ann, had the fixed look of a man just going under ether. "I'm glad," he managed to blurt.

The two little black arches over Alice Ann's eyes rose slightly. "You're glad?" she exclaimed. "Of what?"

Gabe's shoulders heaved and fell in a long, devout sigh. "Glad you're *Miss* Crabtree."

It was now the girl's turn to gaze steadily at him.

Riggsy coughed delicately. "And this," he pointed to the lop-eared youngster who was watching them curiously from the center of the golf course, "must be your brother Billy, isn't it?"

Recognition suddenly dawned in Alice Ann's wide eyes. "Oh," she exclaimed, "then you're the men who are going to play Billy?"

Riggsy aimed a stubby thumb at Gabe. "*He's* the one. I'm just his caddie."

He turned to stare at Billy who, resuming his game, casually stroked the ball through a maze of pipes, caromed it off the fairway wall, and rolled it into another hole. Perseus J. Riggs

repressed a shudder and began to fan his brow with his linen cap. He turned back to the girl. "Doesn't he ever take *two* strokes on any hole?"

Alice Ann laughed a bright, tinkling laugh. "Oh, yes," she said. "Sometimes two or three times a round."

Gabe smiled at Alice Ann, a slow-breaking smile that must have carried a lot of voltage. She colored slightly and her lips parted but she uttered no sound.

"The more I see of this country the better I like it," said Gabe. Then he added quickly, "I mean, everything looks so fertile. That is—" He blushed and stammered a little. "The land looks so rich . . . and everything . . ."

Alice Ann's grave dark eyes were uplifted to his. "We grow the finest of everything out here in the Glades," she said.

Gabe's glance swept the girl from head to toe. "So I've noticed," he breathed.

Their eyes met again and locked in one wild moment of mutual comprehension. Out of such explosive moments great panics are born. It was Riggsy, emerging from his trauma, who broke the spell with a paternal hail to young Billy Crabtree. The boy gathered up his ball and approached them, a sturdy youngster with wide, candid eyes. He was punishing a great wad of bubble gum and paused every several steps to inflate a mighty chicle balloon that temporarily obscured his features.

"Billy," said Perseus Riggs, sounding like a department store Santa Claus, "this is Gabe. You and he are going to play a little game of golf this afternoon."

Billy Crabtree dismissed his opponent with a curt glance. He pointed to the Cadillac, moored at the curb. "That's a Caddie, ain't it?"

"Sir," chided Alice Ann.

"Ain't it, sir?"

Perseus Riggs laughed a booming laugh and laid a fatherly hand on the boy's shoulder. "That's just what it is, all right," he said. Suddenly, his laughter died and he looked down sharply at the youngster. A deep and distant light flickered in his eyes and his voice, when he resumed, was laced with syrup.

"And I'll tell you what I'll do," he went on with scarcely a pause. He eyed the boy shrewdly. "You just give Gabe here the ball and club to practice up a bit and I'll take you for a little ride. Maybe even let you steer it some. How'd you like that?"

"Oh, boy!" Billy Crabtree thrust the ball and club at Gabe and started at a gallop for the exit. "Let's go!"

"I'm coming." Santa Claus Riggs was laughing again, booming his heartiest. With a wink and a wave, he followed the youngster.

"Don't you make a nuisance of yourself, Billy," Alice Ann cried after them.

"I won't." Billy's thin voice came floating back from the sidewalk where he was wrestling with the door handle of the automobile.

Alice Ann smiled at Gabe, a dazzling smile that raised the devil with his metabolism. "He's a real boy, all right," she sighed.

Gabe nodded absently. "And you're a real girl, all right."

He leaned perilously close and Alice Ann edged away, but not angrily. She dimpled prettily and indicated the club and ball.

"Maybe you'd better get in a little practice."

Gabe looked blankly at the implements of the game, then grinned. "Maybe I'd better."

But the call of the wild goose is a thin, quavering tenor compared with the roaring call of gene to gene. And a slowly descending sun found Gabe Stuart still anchored securely on the stair of the golf shop, admiring the exquisitely chiseled profile of the girl seated beside him. That's where the first arrivals for the widely heralded golf-match found them, too.

By the time Sam Wakefield and his two fellow-punters pushed through the throng at the entrance, Gabe had learned that Alice Ann and her widowed mother operated the miniature golf course as a device for meeting rent and grocery bills. And Gabe was at the point of disclosing his cherished dream of some day turning the first furrow in farmland of his own.

It was Wakefield who blundered into their fragile dream world. "Ready to go there, young feller?" He cast a look around. "Where's Billy?"

Alice Ann leaped up in surprise. "For goodness sake," she exclaimed. "They should be back by now. Where do you suppose they went, Gabriel?"

Gabe arose more slowly, a growing uneasiness in his craggy face. He stared off over the heads of the throng that was gathering along the rim of the fence that bordered the course. There was no sign of the Cadillac among the cars at the curb.

"Oh, no," he said softly to himself. "No . . . he wouldn't . . ."

Sam Wakefield glanced quickly at him.

"Wouldn't what, sonny?"

"Nothing."

Gabe turned to Alice Ann and felt a stab of anguish at the suspicion that was kindling in her eye. He turned away, unable to meet the silent accusation.

That was when he saw the Cadillac slide into an opening in the ranks of parked cars. Gabe felt a heavy burden fall away.

"Here they are now," he said, facing the girl and Sam Wakefield. "They just went for a

little ride." But his heart was pounding under his ribs and he was breathing heavily.

A cheer went up from the crowd when it spotted Billy. But the cheers flattened on a note of uncertainty when Perseus J. Riggs opened the car door and the local champion refused to budge. As a matter of fact, the local champion seemed to show a singular lack of interest in alighting. He simply sat there, slumped against the leather cushions, slack-jawed and glassy-eyed. He finally yielded to Riggsy's tugging and hauling and stumbled, wobble-kneed, from the car. His face was an interesting study in chalk white with just a delicate shading of puce.

"Billy!" Alice Ann uttered a stricken cry and scampered to meet her brother who was being propelled through the entrance by a solicitous Santa Claus.

"Nothing serious, my dear," comforted the hearty voice of Perseus Riggs. "The lad just seems to have a touch of malaise. Too many goodies, I'm afraid. But he'll be bouncing with health in a little while. Didn't realize he had a weak stomach. A little castor oil and a good night's rest should do the trick."

Billy Crabtree tottered weakly from Riggsy's grasp and fell into the loving arms of his sister. "I'm sick," he whimpered. "My stomach—"

Alice Ann glared at the drooping bulk of Perseus Riggs. "Y-you fiend!" she gasped. "You —you *baby poisoner!*"

Sam Wakefield moved up, flanked by his two cronies. "What kind of business is this, Riggs?" he asked, a dangerous edge to his voice.

Perseus J. Riggs was a portrait of outraged innocence. His wide blue eyes ranged appealingly from one to the other. Then his massive shoulders heaved and sagged, completing the picture of abject misery.

"The boy said he'd like a soda," he said, his voice thick with emotion.

"He bought me five sodas," wailed Billy. "An' six chocklit bars . . . an' licorice sticks and watermelon . . . an' a coke an' a root beer . . . an' some peanuts . . . an' . . . ow-oo . . . my stomach!"

Wakefield thrust his face into Riggsy's. "So that's your game, is it?" he snarled. "Figure y'can't win honest, so y'gotta feed the kid a mickey!"

Riggsy raised a protesting hand. "Please, Mr. Wakefield—"

The farmer slapped it down. "Y'know durn well Billy cain't play in that condition. And if he could he wouldn't have a chance." He stared at Riggsy with smoldering eyes. "Ah got a good notion to keep yoah money and jes' chase the both of you outta town!"

If Perseus J. Riggs was abashed by the tirade he gave no indication. With a smile of saintly forbearance he raised his hand again and his voice, when he spoke, dripped with unction.

"If I may say a word, Mr. Wakefield." His florid face was a study in compassion. "By the strict terms of an honest wager, of course, your player appears to be—ah—defaulting. However, I was never one to press an advantage—particularly when I must confess to a certain small feeling of guilt in this whole matter."

"You kin say that again, brother," snapped Wakefield.

Perseus Riggs feigned deafness. "So under the circumstances I'm willing to call the match off and just refund all wagers."

"Oh, you are, are you?" Riggsy was cut off by a treble voice. Alice Ann, after leading Billy to a sideline seat, pushed her way back into the group and faced the hustler with flaming eyes. "First you drug Billy with candy and junk, and now you figure you'll weasel out of a bad bet. Well, it isn't going to be that easy, you big slob. I'm here, and if it's all right with Sam and the boys, I'll substitute for Billy and whip your ploughboy myself!"

She was right up in Riggsy's face now, waggling a carmined forefinger under his nose. Gabe Stuart thought she never looked lovelier. He sighed ecstatically.

Alice Ann turned to Sam Wakefield. "Will you back me, Sam?"

The grower grinned and patted her on the shoulder. "You jes' bet Ah will, Alice Ann. And so'll the other boys."

Alice Ann nodded and whirled on Gabe. Her lip curled and in her dark eyes a tide of hatred seethed and surged. "Get your bat and ball, Lover Boy," she raged, "and follow me. If I forget myself and brain you with my putter, I'll take a penalty stroke."

She picked up a putter from the rack, took a ball from the trough, and strode firmly to the first tee. Gabe watched her go in silent admiration. From behind she made him think of Marilyn Monroe. He uttered another long sigh, picked up a club and ball, and strode after her.

It was no contest. On the first hole Gabe's tee shot was a three-cushion masterpiece that slipped drunkenly into the correct tunnel, kicked erratically off a pebble and trickled into the hole. On the second hole Alice Ann began to sniffle, and on the third real tears crept down her cheeks. She lost both holes in mounting panic.

The crowd, wedged against the fence, was painfully silent as Gabe, groping in a new golfing dimension, managed to win five successive holes. It was clearly apparent that Alice Ann, overwrought and fighting a record case of the yips, couldn't sweep a basketball off the end of a dock.

Even Perseus Riggs had ceased barking "Attaboy, Gabe!" and had drifted off to a deck chair, looking thoughtful. Sam Wakefield, after a few ineffectual attempts to slow Alice Ann's emotional runaway, subsided in another chair with his colleagues and followed the proceedings with a jaundiced eye.

Gabe, looking more and more wretched, tried desperately to lose a hole. But the harder he tried the more Alice Ann's game unraveled. Once, he murmured words of comfort but his opponent turned on him like a tigress.

"Shut *up!*" she raged. "You—you con man, you!"

And this outburst released a real torrent of tears.

THE match ended, providentially, on the tenth hole with Gabe winning, 10 and 8. Alice Ann, her face white and strained, raced for the golf shop and locked herself in. Muffled sounds of distress came from the little shack. Gabe Stuart stood rooted in the center of the course, staring after her. The putter swung limply in his hand and his harsh features were screwed up in a look of anguish.

He felt a hand plucking at his elbow. "Come on, Gabe. Let's get out of here." It was Riggsy's voice, but it lacked its usual vigor.

Another voice, equally sepulchral, cut in. "S'pose Ah gotta pay off on this," said Moody Cameron. The restaurant man was standing beside them, counting off bills. "If it was mine, though, I'd shore holler foul on you birds."

Gabe continued to stare at the golf shack. "Gosh!" he muttered. "What came over *her,* anyhow?"

Moody Cameron flung a sour glance at him. "Well, son," he drawled. "Y'might's well know what y'done here today. Y'jes done Billy Crabtree's education fund out of five hundred dollars, that's what."

Gabe stared incredulously at the man. "I *what?*" he exclaimed.

The restaurant owner extended a wad of bills to Riggsy who made no move to take them. He, too, peered curiously at Cameron.

"Y'see, boy," Cameron continued, "we got sort of an arrangement here in town. We was all pretty fond of Billy's daddy. An' when Lew Crabtree's tractor fell over on him an' his widder started this heah golf course, the town sort of adopted Billy as a project." He looked off into the gathering dusk where the throng was beginning to disperse quietly. "We got to bettin' on Billy against all comers, with all the winnin's goin' into the pot for Billy's college education."

He appeared to be casting around for some additional remarks, then abruptly abandoned the subject.

"Heah," he said gruffly. "Take y' money."

Perseus J. Riggs cleared his throat noisily and turned away, locking his hands behind his back. But Gabe Stuart, after a moment's hesitation, snatched the bills and wheeled toward the golf shop.

He mounted the stairs and hammered on the door. "Alice Ann!" he shouted. "Open up!"

From within the shack the sound of keening struck a new decibel rating.

"Open up, Alice Ann! I want to talk to you."

The sounds of lamentation increased. The door remained closed and bolted.

A look of righteous anger suffused the lean, harsh features of Gabriel Stuart. He stared blankly at the door for a moment, then drew back a pace. A large Ozark foot was raised and a muscular Ozark leg drove it forward in a horizontal plane. There was a thin whine of nails being shredded from their base in solid wood, and the door flew open. Gabe Stuart entered over the shrill protests of a beautiful, sob-wracked girl.

He reappeared in the doorway, scowling at the small cluster of morbidly curious. Then the door slammed shut again and Gabe and Alice Ann were alone.

Moody Cameron turned to Perseus J. Riggs. "Now what?" he demanded.

Riggsy's angelic features settled themselves in comfortable folds of flesh. A soft, strange light glowed in his eyes. "Weren't you ever young, Moody?" he asked gently. "Or were you born carrying a veal cutlet from the kitchen?"

THE door of the golf shop opened and Gabe Stuart faced them. "If you want to get to St. Pete tonight, Riggsy, you'd better get started." His voice was wound up tight, like a golf ball. "Just put my bags out on the sidewalk. I aim to stick around here a spell."

He popped back and the door closed again behind him. Riggsy and Moody Cameron exchanged swift glances.

"What's goin' on heah?" asked Moody in a querulous voice.

The fat man sighed sadly. "Guess I'm gonna have to get me another golfer," he said. "This one's fixing to get married and raise cows, looks like."

The restaurant proprietor snorted. "Who to? Alice Ann?" he scoffed. "After what he done to her jes' now? Why, I'll bet you she wouldn't marry him if he was the last man on earth."

Perseus J. Riggs snapped to attention. The dreamy look in his eyes faded to be replaced by the cool, clear light of reason.

"Are you givin' any odds, my friend?" he murmured.

—BY GLYNN HARVEY

Baseball's Better than Ever

The level of power and skill today is far above that of the past, says this veteran in answer to last month's article by Frank Frisch.

BY GEORGE (Specs) TOPORCER

MAYBE I'm getting way off base in disputing the opinions of fellows like Frank Frisch and Ty Cobb on anything that has to do with baseball. After all, these Hall of Famers were two of the greatest and brainiest players of all time. Just the same, I must disagree strongly with them when they say, in effect, that baseball ain't what it used to be.

You may remember Ty Cobb's blistering attack on modern baseball in a magazine article two years ago. Now along comes the Fordham Flash with a similar denunciation of today's game in last month's issue of BLUEBOOK. Are they justified in their criticisms? I don't think so. In fact, I'd say that analysis would prove today's game to be bigger and better than ever.

Cobb and Frisch would have us believe the old-time players were smarter, knew their trade more thoroughly. Cobb refuses to concede anything to the present-day player, contending that the old-timers were better pitchers, hitters, baserunners, and fielders. Frisch insists the old-timers perfected plays which are rarely used today.

It's difficult to believe that Ty or Frank are exercising their usual good judgment by making such claims.

Is it reasonable to suppose that baseball players have failed to improve as much as athletes competing in other sports? Of course not. For confirmation of the superiority of present-day athletes, take a look at the vastly improved marks

Gil McDougald of the Yanks is run down between first and second in a smart, exciting play by the Nats.

in track and field. In the past forty years the 100-yard dash record has been lowered by three-fifths of a second, the 220 by over a second, the mile run by over eleven seconds, and so on up through the longer distances. The mark for the high jump has risen a half dozen inches, the pole vault over two feet, the running broad jump by approximately three feet, and proportionate increases have been made in the shot-put and other weight-throwing events.

In golf, tennis, bowling, basketball, hockey, or any other sport, you will find a far greater percentage of top-notch performers today. Baseball is certainly no exception.

Frisch claims that the "cut-off" play, used successfully by the McGraw-managed Giants, has become a lost art. The "cut-off" play, in case you are not familiar with it, calls for the shortstop to line up with the outfielder's throw to third whenever the batter singles with a runner on first. If the shortstop knows the throw cannot cut down the runner going to third, it is his job to intercept it to prevent the batter from reaching second. As Frank points out, the Giants executed the play successfully on two occasions in their World Series against the Yankees back in 1921, each time retiring a Yankee runner at second for important outs.

Granting the Giants were well drilled in the "cut-off" maneuver, there wasn't another team in the majors that had perfected it in those days, and the Yankees ran headlong into this "sucker play" in that series, indicating a lack of knowledge of its function.

But following McGraw's example, every team in baseball soon made it a standard play on defense, and now use it in routine fashion every day. So Frank's contention that only a few clubs make use of the "cut-off" amazes me. Many minor-league clubs are adept at it, and it is one of the teaching "musts" in all farm-club organizations.

It is significant that McGraw master-minded every move made by his players. He even went so far as to signal experienced catchers before every pitch. Evidently he had little confidence in the ability of his players to think for themselves. Does that indicate that the players of those days were smart performers, or made a deep study of their jobs? I think not.

Marks that Will Never Be Matched

The arguments in favor of the old-time players are invariably based on the fact that they set records which are almost impossible to match. Cobb for instance, wants to know why there used to be several players who batted above .350 and even over .400, and why those marks are unchallenged today. Then he points to great pitchers like Walter Johnson, Grover Alexander, Christy Mathewson, Ed Walsh and others, all of whom set marks that will never be equaled.

This all sounds quite convincing until we examine other facts and intangibles. But first, I would like to ask Ty a pair of pertinent questions: If the pitching in those days was so superior, how do you account for the fact that Lajoie, Jackson, and you were able to bat over .400, and others better than .350, especially when the pitchers had the advantage of using a dead ball?

Conversely, if the batting was so superior, how were those pitchers able to set marks like Walsh's 40 victories one season, Johnson's 96 over three successive seasons, and Alexander's and Mathewson's 94 over a similar span? And how about the sixteen shut-outs Alexander hurled in one season while pitching in the Phillies' bandbox park, and Cy Young's incredible lifetime total of 511 victories?

A glance at the 1917 *Spalding Guide* discloses that Cobb's team, the Tigers, led the American League with a club batting average of .259, a mark which would have been still lower if Cobb hadn't hit .383 that season. The Reds led the National League with .264. Last year the Yankees and Dodgers led their loops with respective averages of .272 and .285. Don't these figures indicate that there are more good batters today, and that it is only because of keener competition that the best of them fail to hit for the astronomical marks of Cobb, Jackson, Lajoie, Speaker and others of the good old days?

Ty argues that Joe Jackson—who hit .400 in his first year in the majors—and several others would have batted over .500 if today's white, lively pellet had been in use. Probably they would have. So would Ted Williams and Stan Musial back then. But today, despite the lively ball, there are several reasons why even a mark of .360 becomes a herculean task.

For one thing, the modern player is called upon to play a constantly shifting day and night schedule of games. Eating and sleeping at varying hours each day makes it difficult to maintain snap and fire over a long period of time. Note that Ted Williams, who in 1941 became the last player to reach the charmed .400 circle, did not have to bat under lights that season at Fenway Park.

Then there's the sacrifice-fly rule. Stan Musial told me two years ago that he figured he lost ten to twenty points each season as a result of its elimination. In any event there can be no doubt many points were lost during the years the sacrifice-fly rule was not in use. The rule, as you probably know, was revived this season.

And the fielders of today cover more ground, make good use of much better gloves, and play on better-kept diamonds. Don't minimize the effect on the batters of this superior fielding. If the defense robs a hitter of only one hit each

Frank Frisch, one of the flashiest second-basemen of all time, in 1922.

week, a .400 batter would drop below .360. The modern hitter is also called upon to face better pitchers day in and day out.

So, if we combine night ball, no sacrifice-fly rule, better defensive play and tougher pitching, it should not be difficult to see why modern batters have failed to reach the stratospheric figures of the past.

Homeric Feats

Comparative statistics rarely prove anything. Just the same, some logical conclusions can be drawn from them, since the lively ball was in use during the 1920's as well as now. Team batting averages were 20 or more points higher in those days, but there were far less home runs, and it wasn't because some of the parks were larger. For instance, the White Sox belted 74 homers in 1953. Playing in the same park in 1926 they had only 26 round trippers. The 1926 Yankees, with the Yankee Stadium exactly the same as the present home of the world champions, hit 121 homers, 47 of them by the one and only Babe Ruth. Last year's Yankees rapped out 139. At the Polo Grounds, where distances to the fences are still the same, the Giants belted 176 homers last year as against only 73 in 1926. Isn't this proof that present-day players have improved in power?

As a teammate of Rogers Hornsby, whom I regard as the greatest hitter of them all, it was my privilege to witness the most sustained batting spree ever attained by an individual. From 1921 to 1925, Hornsby's total five-year average was an incredible .402! In three of those years he batted over .400, reaching an astronomical .424 on one occasion. Another great hitter, George Sisler, batted over the .400 mark on two occasions, but despite their greatness, you can't make me believe that either of them would have matched those records today. The .300 hitters were a dime a dozen in the 1920's. Even I, an ordinary hitter, batted as high as .324 one season.

Pulling for Good Results

Both Frisch and Cobb deride pull hitters. Why? Results are what count, and some of the best hitters have pulled the ball consistently, among them Babe Ruth, Ted Williams, Hank Greenberg, Chick Hafey, Lou Gehrig, and a host of lesser lights.

Cobb flays Joe DiMaggio and Ted Williams for being pull hitters, and Frisch says that Ted would have batted .500 if he had learned to hit to left field. Maybe so, but doesn't it occur to them that if these two had started to hit to left, the opposition would have shifted accordingly and thus minimized the strategy? And couldn't the time spent mastering hitting to the opposite field destroy the fine timing so necessary in pulling a ball?

The net result of such a change might easily be that a good pull hitter would not only hit home runs far more infrequently, but his average, instead of increasing, might actually decline.

No—I don't think Ted Williams would improve his life-time average of .347 by pushing the ball into left field. That mark is the fourth highest of all time, better than the averages of great hitters like Hans Wagner, George Sisler, Eddie Collins, Al Simmons, Larry Lajoie, Stan Musial, Paul Waner, and a flock of other fine, straightaway batters. And Ted didn't hit .406 in 1941 by hitting to the opposite field.

What about the pitchers? Well, they had the advantage of throwing a dirty, seldom replaced, dead ball. They were permitted to throw spit balls, emery balls, shine balls; they could tamper with the ball by slitting it with their belt buckles or razor blades; and all in all they had a pitcher's paradise. Some of the great ones, as previously mentioned, were able to amass splendid records.

Yet the top batters were still able to bat .350 and up over .400. It's a cinch, then, there must have been a lot of soft pickings in the batting orders. It just can't be otherwise.

The pitchers of today throw harder, have a deeper knowledge, and have a more varied assortment of "stuff." Most of the old-timers weren't smart enough to make use of their freak deliveries, sticking strictly to a fast ball and a curve. There was only a handful of spit-ball pitchers, and the shine ball was the secret weapon of just three pitchers, Russell Ford, Eddie Cicotte, and Hod Eller. It wasn't until years

later that anyone but Mathewson threw a "fade-away"—which was nothing more than the common screw ball used by three-quarters of the pitchers today. And they also throw knuckle balls, sliders, fork balls—anything to throw batters off stride and destroy their timing.

The old-timer scoffs at the many bases-on-balls issued by today's pitchers. There's an answer to that, too.

First of all, present-day strategy calls for many more intentional passes, swelling the total considerably. This is because infielders are now more adept in making double plays. But beyond that it must be realized that with the lively ball, and the resultant greatly increased danger that the batter will hit a home run, the modern pitcher can't afford to make mistakes and consequently grooves far less pitches than the old-timer. He faces better hitters day in and day out, and finds no soft spots in the lineups. He is forced to use a variety of pitches, making it still more difficult to master control. If he had nothing to do but throw the ball over the plate, as in the past, you can be sure his control would eclipse that of the old pitchers.

Incredible Control

Of course, there aren't any pitchers around who are likely to equal the control records of Christy Mathewson and Grover Cleveland Alexander. Each had a stretch of over 60 consecutive innings, the equivilant of about seven full ball games, without permitting a base on balls. But how many Mathewsons or Alexanders have there been? Those two craftsmen could just about toss a ball over the plate in their sleep. In fact, believe it or not, Alexander did just about that in a game at Philadelphia one sunny afternoon.

Alex, who was plagued with occasional epileptic seizures, was stricken by one just as he finished a wind-up. His reflexes caused him to go through with the pitch without any realization that he was doing so. The ball arched up to the plate like a Rip Sewell blooper pitch. And to the amazement of everyone, including Phillie batter Don Hurst, as the ball dipped over the plate for a perfect strike, Alex slumped to the ground. Willie Sherdel, another Cardinal pitcher, put our thoughts into words when he said in awe: "How does he do it? We have trouble getting the ball over while we're at our best, and that guy throws a strike while he's unconscious!"

As for base-stealing, statistically it appears that the base-stealer of yesteryear was far superior. But consider the facts: The vast increase in home runs has naturally minimized the value of a stolen base, resulting in only a fraction of the attempts made in earlier years. The total of bases stolen has been reduced even further by the increased efficiency of pitchers in holding runners close to first, and the greatly increased strength and accuracy of catchers' throwing arms. Yet even against this better defense, the *percentage* of successful thefts is probably just as high, perhaps higher, than in the old days.

The increased speed of the average player, plus added know-how, accounts for this fact. Like the pitching and batting averages, comparative base-stealing figures of the two eras form small basis for measuring skills. The Giants of 1911 stole 347 bases, an all-time record for a team. Yet in sheer speed they would be no match for the 1953 Dodgers, who stole only 90.

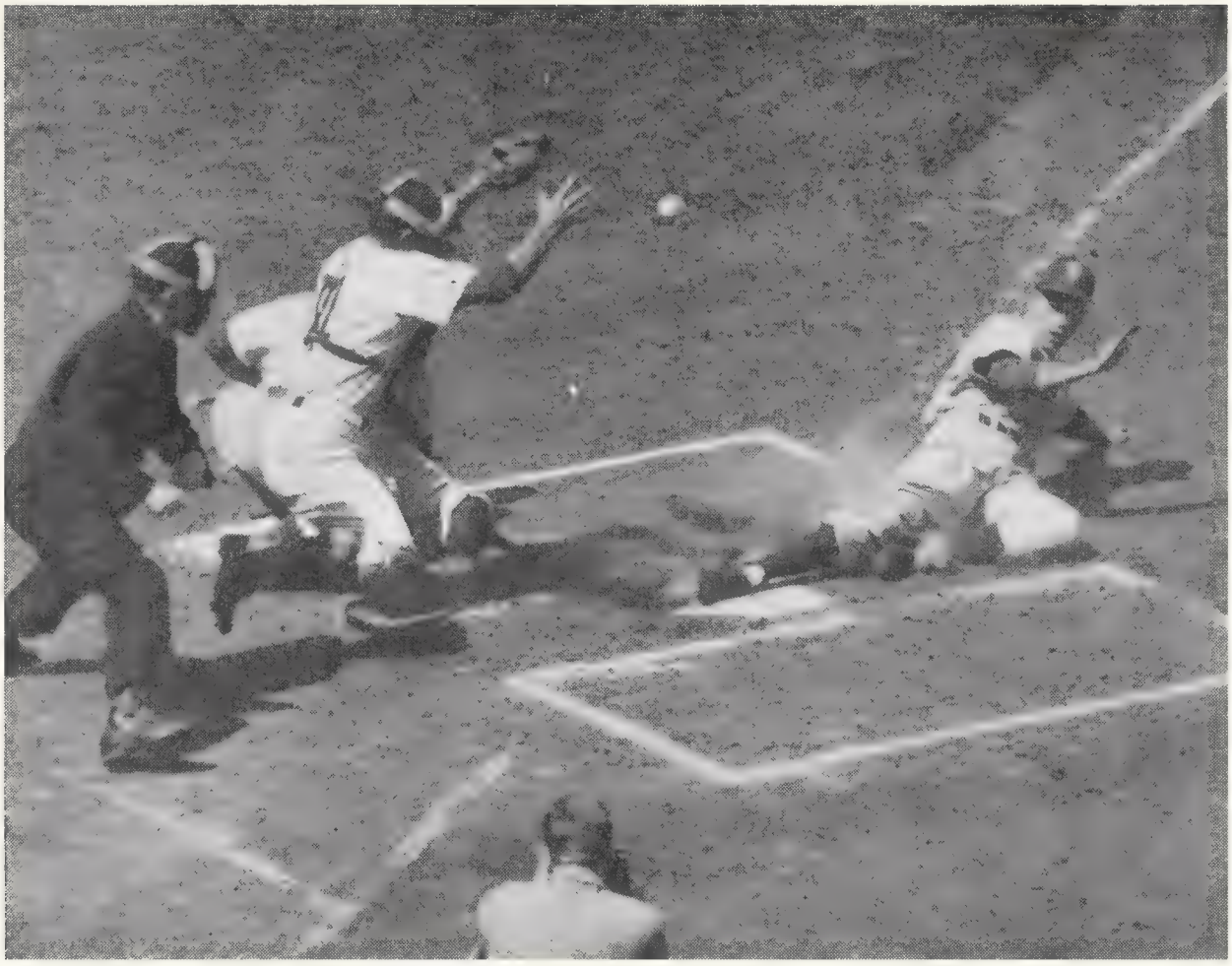
Even if they ran as often, is there any reason to believe that those Giants could have stolen anything like that total today? Or that even Cobb, Clyde Milan, or Eddie Collins, all of whom stole well over 80 bases in a season, could equal those marks now? Not a chance.

Frisch starred in the years following the advent of the lively ball in 1920. Its introduction brought on a radical change in the style of play, with individual and team batting averages soaring, and base-stealing declining. The decade which followed became more or less a trial and readjustment period. Nevertheless, in the normal course of progress, baseball skills improved. How can Frisch, or anyone else, feel that baseball has stopped improving since his era?

Listening to Frisch and Cobb you get the impression the old-timers lived and thought nothing but baseball during their waking hours. That's so much malarkey. Yes, a few managers, like McGraw, insisted on the players reporting at the home ball-park each morning. However, the main reason for this was to enable the manager to check on their physical condition. Those were the days of good, two-fisted beer drinkers, and poker-playing which lasted until the wee hours of the morning. Sometimes there were workouts, which the players loathed, but these were usually routine batting-practice sessions, nothing more. They served as a method of punishment for the team due to the misbehavior of a few, or as a questionable means of bringing a team out of a slump. Since most slumps are brought on by staleness, it is difficult to understand how this added drudgery accomplished anything worthwhile.

The Rest Cure

Today, teams usually report two-and-a-half hours before game time. Games average another two-and-a-half hours, perhaps a bit longer. That means the players are on the field approximately five hours for single games and over seven-and-a-half for double headers. They already spend too much time on the field and managers know that players usually benefit more by a day of rest than by added work. Cobb, when he was hitting well, would only come out on the field at the fag-end



Stealing home, Phillies shortstop Granny Hamner slides in as Cub catcher Toby Atwell leaps for the pitcher's throw-in. Stolen bases are fewer today—but not for reasons you may think.

of the visitors' batting-practice sessions, a half hour before game time. He'd take four or five swings—and that was all. Why tire himself out with lengthy practice drills?

When Ty and Frank stress how hard the old-timers worked, take it with a grain of salt.

Because Cobb was a fierce competitor, hustling and fighting for every conceivable advantage while on the ball field, old-timers invariably point to him as a fine example of a type lacking among present-day players.

There's no doubt about Ty riding roughshod over his opponents. I remember vividly one spring day back in the early 1920's when our Cardinal team played an exhibition game against the Tigers while traveling northward. The game was played at Augusta, Georgia, Cobb's home town. In the last half of the sixth inning in a scoreless tie, Cobb singled and attempted to steal second, but was cut down and waved out by Cy Pfirman, a young National League umpire. Irked by the decision, Ty instantly tossed a handful of dirt in Pfirman's face. Pfirman had no recourse except to eject Cobb from the game. When he refused to leave the field, a riot ensued and play could not continue. Enraged, Ty entered Pfirman's dressing room and blackened his eye.

I'm sure the incident is one which Ty regretted, yet it gives an indication of how, even in an unimportant exhibition game, Ty fought as hard as if it had been a World Series contest.

But Cobb was not typical of the average player of that day. Yes, they were a rough, tough, tobacco-chewing lot, and abused umpires far beyond the limitations permitted now. However, there were a good number of shirkers among them, which isn't true today. Competition for jobs is the reason, as well as a better understanding of what it means to themselves if they fail to hustle.

Proof that players of today play a more heads-up brand of ball is not hard to furnish. Frisch should remember the Daffy Dodgers, who

committed every conceivable type of base-running skullduggery. On one classic occasion they actually had three runners occupying third base at the same time!

Does he remember the confusion a good majority of the players had with the tricky infield-fly rule?

Does he remember the Fred Merkle incident, when for the second time that season a player failed to touch second base after a single as a runner jogged in from third with what should have been the winning run? Incidentally, that Merkle play cost the Giants a pennant.

And how many times did players attempt to steal a base already occupied, as did Red Faber, with the bases full in a World Series game?

Scientific Coaching

Being human, players make occasional mistakes today, but they are less common than in the old days. There are basic reasons. Nobody helped the old-timer. He was almost entirely on his own. Contrast this with the supervision and instruction of the present era. For instance, managers used to have one coach, who often was chosen more as a custodian of the baseballs and companion for the manager rather than as a competent instructor. Clubs now carry three or four carefully selected coaches who aid greatly in player development. Each has important, specific duties. The Yankees have Bill Dickey to help the catchers, Jim Turner to instruct pitchers, Frank Crosetti to aid the infielders, and a couple of years back had Tommy Henrich to coach the outfielders. A good part of the Yankee success can be attributed to their work. The same holds true of other clubs.

From start to finish the player of today is under constant guidance. Major-league organizations are imbued with one idea, to find real talent and then develop these boys into big-leaguers in the shortest possible time. Due to the far-flung farm systems now in vogue, they control the contracts of thousands of minor-league players, therefore choose their minor-league managers objectively and with the idea that they will be teachers as well as managers.

Not so in the old days. Instead, the independent minor-league owner usually made the most popular player his manager, regardless of whether he had leadership or teaching qualities.

There is one point on which I am in complete accord with the opinions of both Frisch and Cobb: too many present-day youngsters lack real incentive. The underlying cause is, they are not made to earn their way. Everything comes easy. They aren't "hungry" like the old-timer. The parents buy them automobiles while they are still in high school. They become big shots as soon as they toss a few baskets, score a few touchdowns, or pitch a no-hitter. Then they are given scholarships in colleges, are subsidized only for athletic purposes, receive terrific national publicity if they do well, and sometimes are paid handsome bonuses to sign professional contracts by competing organizations.

This business of giving youngsters huge bonuses is one of the biggest mistakes of modern baseball. It not only dulls incentive and results in cut-throat competition between major-league organizations, but has far-reaching and damaging effects in other ways.

Take the Johnny Antonelli case. Due to intensive bidding, the boy was paid a bonus in excess of $50,000 and, at his dad's insistence, was assigned directly to the Boston Braves roster in mid-season. As a bonus player, he was too expensive for the Braves to send down to a minor-league club. That made it necessary to farm out one of the Brave players to make room on the club roster for Antonelli.

Imagine the feelings of that player. He was indignant, and rightly so, at having worked his way up to a major-league berth only to be supplanted by a green youth just out of high school who had not earned his chance and could not possibly help the club in their pennant fight.

A philanderer is a man who likes to take liberties without surrendering them.

—By D. O. Flynn

As expected, Antonelli did little else than pitch batting practice for the rest of the season and certainly had his development retarded by a lack of schooling in the minors.

But that was only the half of it. Several teammates of the demoted player resented the move, and there was friction in the ranks. Then, led by Bob Elliot, a few insisted on salary raises, basing their demands on the theory that if the club could afford over $50,000 for a youngster who had yet to make the grade, it could afford to give appreciable raises to established stars. They had a good argument and from all accounts won their point.

Other players, using the same argument, became stubborn holdouts the following spring and were only mollified after being granted increases well beyond normal expectations. All in all, Antonelli's venture developed into a real headache for the Braves' front office.

It is even possible the downfall of the club stemmed from the signing of Antonelli, for after winning the pennant in 1948 they faded rapidly and were a dismal club until they were revitalized by the shift to Milwaukee last season.

Antonelli, a modest, industrious, ambitious boy, was an innocent victim of all this, and it is to his credit that he did not permit his incentive to be stifled. By hard work he has now developed into a real big-league pitcher.

Well, I've been discussing players of the past and present. But how about the game itself? Do the fans want to return to the game of the past? To more sacrifice bunts, base-stealing, and greater use of the hit-and-run play?

Going back to the dead ball of Cobb's days would accomplish that purpose, but I never hear any clamor for such a change. On the contrary, attendance marks have doubled, and in many cases trebled those of the dead-ball era, indicating clearly that fans like the present-day type of play. To the fan, the home run is the supreme achievement of the game.

Free hitting and added home runs are far more exciting to the fans than a stolen base or a bunt. Games are always in doubt, and surely a 7-6 game, with the score see-sawing back and forth several times, produces more thrills than a 1-0 or 3-1 game. Fans appreciate good pitching, yes, but they aren't thrilled by it unless a no-hitter is in the offing. Free hitting also makes more good fielding plays possible, contrasting sharply with strike-outs, pop-ups, and soft grounders when pitching dominates. No, there never will be a return to the dead ball.

Comparing the present game with that of Frisch's day is a bit different. His era had the lively ball, too. The average scores of games were about the same then as now. The only difference I can see is that home runs have increased, while stolen bases have decreased. However, the decrease in stolen bases is quite negligible, for in the 1920's each team averaged only one more stolen base every four games than today's clubs. That doesn't indicate any radical difference in the style of play, and to offset this slight decline in stolen bases, the fans now see many more home runs, which have a far greater appeal to them than stolen bases.

Very Few Demons

When you hear the old-timers talk you get the impression that every former player was a demon at placing the ball on a hit-and-run play. That just isn't so. The Giants, due to the McGraw influence, had more than their share, but most clubs rarely had more than one or two who were adept at it. Perhaps Frank will recall that in 1927, when we were teammates at St. Louis, we did not have a single player who could be considered outstanding in this department of play.

Frank points out that the two leagues drew a peak of over twenty million fans in 1947 and only fourteen million last year. He disdainfully casts aside the real, economic reasons for the sharp decline, and instead blames it on the shortsightedness of baseball operators. According to him they have been lax in keeping abreast of the times by failing to emulate movie-theater owners in providing plush seats for fans at ball parks. Well, theaters offered plush seats long before 1947 and it did not affect peak attendances in those years. Also, despite plush seats, the movies' theater attendance has declined even more sharply than baseball's.

When Parks Were Rugged

Frank also contends that clubs now play in antiquated ball parks. Why, Frank, they are palaces compared to those we played in thirty years ago! Don't you remember Baker Bowl in Philadelphia, Sportsman Park in St. Louis, and Braves Field in Boston? Most of the playing fields today are kept in much better condition. Parks are much cleaner, are in much better repair, and are always freshly painted. Rest rooms are better, ushers are neater, refreshments and service are superior, and covered grandstands now replace dilapidated wooden bleacher seats. Don't these things indicate present owners have kept abreast of the times?

Let's hope that Frisch's dream of glass domes covering the entire playing field, foam-rubber cushioned seats, nurseries where you can park the baby, special underground garages capable of housing thousands of automobiles, and other wonderful improvements, will come to pass. But don't bet on it. Even a Tom Yawkey, a Spike Briggs, or an August Busch might find the costs prohibitive.

Foam rubber seats, yes. Larger playing areas with farther fences when new parks are built, fine. But underground auto-parking facilities would cost almost as much as new parks, and so would the glass-covered domes.

Moreover, while it's true that such domes would save rain-outs, I have a feeling that playing on an enclosed field would have a startling effect on the game itself. I doubt that such huge areas could be properly air-conditioned, and without artificially cooled air, players and fans would swelter. Air resistance to the ball would be changed, whether thrown or batted, and might change the flight of the ball. Most likely it would become difficult to throw a good curve ball. So the idea, even if it could be financed, may be entirely impractical.

Maybe I'm a traitor to the old guard. I, too, have rosy memories of former days, and of traditions stemming from the deeds of great stars, many of whom are no longer with us. But in the face of the overwhelming evidence, how can anyone who isn't swayed by prejudice reach any conclusion other than that baseball is bigger and better than ever?

The defense rests. —By George Toporcer

The man had become an animal.

Suddenly, there in the jungle gleamed the machine

that could lift him again to glory.

BY EDWARDS PARK

Kanaya's Zero

A BOILING tropical thunderhead reached for the lowering sun and obscured it. Shade was painted over the valley and the brazen heat of the Dutch New Guinea jungle began to ebb.

Life stirred. A wild pig appeared abruptly at the bed of a dried-out brook, pawed the shrunken mud, grunted and wheeled off into the forest. A death adder inched itself tortuously along the jutting branch of a bush. A flight of cockatoos rose like a white cloud from the treetops, circled and then settled back into the twining leaves.

At the edge of a brown clearing the tall *kunai* grass parted and another kind of animal stepped forward, poised alertly, eyes searching and ears tuned to danger. It stood on two legs. It was sun-bronzed and sinewy, its skin gleaming with sweat. Hair grew from its head, falling straight and black to the shoulders, and matting the cheeks and chin where it ended in a tufted beard. The black, slanting eyes sought an enemy, found none and came to rest, again, on the airplane. Silently, step by step, First Lieutenant Ito Kanaya, Japanese Imperial Army Air Service, moved into the open.

Kanaya had discovered the plane one week before. It stood in a crude shelter at the head of a long valley, where, presumably, it had once been forced to land. The grass had been cleared around it and a thick layer of thatching had been

Illustration by FRANK LACANO

Lacano

carefully bound to its wings, its fuselage and engine and tail. A carved wooden idol had been hung from the propeller spinner, but it was gone now. Gone with the natives whom the drought had driven away.

For a week, Kanaya had eyed the plane, torn between his heightened instinct for danger and the bewildering power of memory. For as he had stared at the machine, tracing with his eyes the contours of wings and rudder, the bulge of the cockpit canopy under its cocoon of grass, he had been obsessed by the half-forgotten scenes of his former life. He had remembered faces and voices and laughter. He had remembered his own name and his rank and the name of his squadron—the "Squadron of the Leaping Brook."

Now, at the end of a week, the memories were too real to be denied. And so he walked, furtively, towards the plane, sweating with animal fear, his hand on the worn knife-blade which was jammed in his one article of clothing —a pigskin strap around his waist.

Standing beside the plane, he was enthralled by a new sensation: the smell of high-octane gasoline. It penetrated the closed recesses of his mind, releasing a new reservoir of memories. He could feel again the exaltation of flight, the scream of speed, the tug of forces upon his body. Tentatively, he reached out a hand and touched a bit of the smooth, warm aluminum, uncovered by the thatching. A strange sickness overcame him, tightening his throat so it was difficult to breathe. He squatted under the wing to let it pass.

He stayed beside the plane for half the night. And the next evening, after the heat of day had passed, he returned to let the old associations come back.

And so for many nights—until the old life became more real to Ito Kanaya than the time that he had lived as an animal.

THE first indication of this change was Kanaya's discovery that he could no longer eat beetles. They made him feel sick. This was a serious matter, for his supplementary foods, breadfruit and various roots and berries, were hard hit by the drought. He knew that if he could not eat beetles, he would grow weak and he was desperately afraid of weakness. His memory, now so assertive, brought him pictures of the months immediately following his escape from the great Japanese bastion of Wewak on the North coast of New Guinea. He had slipped away into the terrible swamps just before the Australians overran the base. But he had been weak. He had been revolted by the jungle and its price for survival. He had gone through dreadful sicknesses—of mind and body—and somehow he had emerged from them as a part of the jungle itself.

Now the plane was causing those early qualms to reappear. It was bringing him out of the jungle again—back through the barrier of revulsion.

One night, as Kanaya sat in the cockpit of the plane (he had ventured that far), he had the knowledge that the machine had brought him irrevocably back to manhood and that hard, purposeful work might be his only way to avoid the sicknesses of this rehabilitation.

He was a man. Therefore he must do something. It was as simple as that.

An aim was not hard to find. After all, he was a officer of the Sun-God—an eagle of Nippon. His duty was to die destroying the enemies of the Emperor.

SITTING in the cockpit, Kanaya knew what he must do. His weapon was at hand—a device which he had been trained to use with proficiency. He must restore it, fly it to an American stronghold, and dash it and himself to pieces against a vital spot. Only thus would he redeem himself for his long negligence as a soldier.

The plane was a Japanese Army type of Zero called by the Allies an "Oscar." It was a slender, low-wing, snub-nosed fighter with a radial engine and an extremely high rate of climb and maneuverability. It had been flown out of Wewak by a warrant officer when the base was about to crumble—on the same day, in fact, that Kanaya struck out on foot. It had been landed in this valley with the gas tanks three-quarters full in the feverish hope that somehow it could be used in the counterattack which seemed, to the well-indoctrinated Jap, inevitable.

The warrant officer had been captured and killed by natives. His shrunken head adorned a long-house in another valley. The counterattack had never materialized and the Oscar had been idolized by the mountain tribesmen. Their protective adoration had had almost the same effect as the "mothballing" process which was even then being applied to American planes of the same vintage. Under the thatch covering there was little rust. The gasoline was still in the tanks, although around the edges it was tending to become gelatinous. There was still oil in the crankcase.

A team of American aviation mechanics would have written the plane off. Ito Kanaya quietly set about, all alone, to get it into flying condition.

Unfortunately, the Japanese pilot knew little about the intricacies of an aircraft engine. He had learned the rudiments in ground school and then had been shoved through his course as quickly as possible to bolster the fading air

strength in New Guinea. He knew how to check his magnetos before take-off—and that was about all.

Realizing that this might be a long job, Kanaya removed the thatch, first, from only the engine. There was no sense getting the rest of the plane rusty. With his knife, he unbuttoned the cowling and exposed the big fluted cylinders with their maze of wires and tappets and protuberances. There was little outward sign of disintegration and the man's hopes rose. He applied his weight to the steel propeller and succeeded in turning it through a few times. Then he returned to study the engine again. His task could not be as easy as this. Something must be wrong with the machine. He would trace the processes of internal combustion, he decided, and track down the flaws that were hidden to his novice eyes.

Gasoline, he remembered, was drawn into a carburetor and mixed with air. The resultant vapor was sucked into the cylinders and exploded. He traced the gas line to the carburetor and his heart sank at the enormous complexity of that device. He remembered his crew chief saying once that most engine trouble was caused by the ignition, not the carburetor. Perhaps he should leave the latter strictly alone.

But it might pay to clean it, he decided. He looked at the crude knife in his hand, and at the nuts that studded not only the carburetor but every part of the engine and he felt hope desert him. What was the use? He was helpless without tools.

He squatted under the wing musing at the fate which had teased him and then jilted him. Animal-like, he was resigned to it. Yet, manlike, he wondered if there wasn't some way he could escape it.

Suppose the engine did run—even without cleaning or repairs. Would the plane hold together in the air? At least he could find that out. He cut away the thatch from ailerons and elevators and tried moving them with the controls. They worked, but he couldn't see the control cables—couldn't tell how rusted they were. He explored the wing surface and found that certain panels were removable—by turning "buttons" such as those that latched the engine cowling. Here he could use his knife as a screwdriver. He unbuttoned all the inspection panels and found that the aileron cables were exposed and accessible. Carefully he checked them and found them good.

Uncovering the fuselage, he found similar panels there. He checked the elevator wires and the rudder—and suddenly stumbled on something which made his whole project seem feasible.

For, when he removed one fuselage panel, he uncovered, not a "window" through which he could reach the cables, but a small tool-box with a complete kit of wrenches.

With trembling fingers he removed them and laid them out on the ground. He selected a small one and attacked the nuts on the carburetor. With some difficulty he was able to loosen them. But he was hampered in his work by the failing light. Surprised, he looked about him and discovered that the sun had set behind the mountains to the west, that the quick tropical night was almost upon him. The day had gone faster than he had thought possible. He rolled up beneath the wing and slept on an empty stomach.

In the days that followed, Kanaya found time always passed too quickly. He begrudged the minutes spent foraging for food and water. He became so absorbed in the complex intestines of his Zero that even his jungle instincts began to wear off. One morning he awoke to find the tracks of a wild pig within ten feet of where he had slept. His subconscious alertness had become so dulled that he had never even twitched in his sleep. If the pig had been an enemy . . .

Faced by his increasing defenselessness against nature, Kanaya could only work harder and faster to complete his escape. He cleaned the carburetor and with some trouble replaced it. He scoured out the gas lines, which were becoming clogged with a gummy residue. He used tough leaves and the peeled stems of vines for his cleaning utensils.

Reasonably sure of the soundness of the carburetion system, he turned his attention to the ignition—the plugs and wires, magnetos and battery. The latter was a useless, molten lump of acid-eaten metal. He left it where it was. He would need no lights or radio or guns for his journey. What disturbed him was the evidence of rot along the insulation of the wires. It seemed that anything containing rubber had tended to deteriorate. Seeing this, he was suddenly struck by a thought which shocked him. The wheels! They had been encased in thatching and he had not yet looked at them. Hastily he removed the grass and felt a cold hand grip his heart. The tires were squashed uselessly, split and almost petrified. Those wheels would never roll enough to build flying speed.

Sick with despair, Kanaya sat and thought. There must be some way to provide a rolling surface for those wheels. Wood? Not with his limited array of tools. Grass?

Grass! It might work. Bundles of *kunai* grass lashed to the rim of each wheel might hold the weight during take-off. They wouldn't be needed for a landing, he thought grimly.

But how could he raise the wheels in order

to cut away the rubber and substitute grass? Possibly a long pole might serve as a lever. But it would have to be green and strong and the prospect of hacking down a green gum-tree with only his knife seemed heartbreaking to Kanaya.

There was another way. He searched the nearby creek-bed for large rocks, staggered back to the plane with three of them and carefully fitted them beside the wheel so that they came to bear on the wheel fairing. Now, if he could dig away the earth under the wheel, without disturbing the rocks, he could get at the tires.

It took him a week to complete the job. He dug carefully with his knife, fearful that he would undercut the rocks and cause the whole weight of the plane to collapse onto his thrusting hands. He wound thin faggots of eight-foot *kunai* grass around the concave rims, binding each layer with wire-tough vines. At first he misjudged the compressibility of the grass. When he filled in the hole under the first wheel and let his makeshift tire take the weight, it flattened out uselessly. He had to replace his rocks, dig out again, and add more bulk to the wheel.

When the job was finally done, he felt a surge of pride. He looked at the crude grass tires and at his bleeding hands and smiled.

Kanaya now had another material to use in his engine repairs. The two rotted tires held inner tubes made of Indo-Chinese rubber, and strips of it could be rolled around the badly insulated ignition wires. It was a tedious job—cutting a length of inner tube to fit, rolling it tightly and binding it with vines—but in this way he restored his ignition system.

Ito Kanaya was so absorbed in the relatively easy and satisfying job of cleaning the spark plugs one morning that he was not at first aware of the change which had come over the hot, dry earth. Then, looking up to wipe sweat from his eyes, he saw that it was raining—gently and steadily. At first the implications of this event eluded him. Then, noticing that already the grass seemed less brown, he realized that with the ending of the drought the local tribesmen would migrate back to this valley and would certainly pay their respects to their plane-god.

For the first time, Kanaya was racing against time.

This knowledge led him to cut short his work and prepare immediately for his flight. He finished the last plug, replaced the cowling, removed all the thatching, and fitted the crank into the gravity starter. It turned sluggishly and he bent his weight against it and heaved it around until the whine turned to a scream. He pulled the engager and watched breathlessly as the prop wheeled protestingly. It turned four or five times but failed to fire.

Kanaya was not worried by that. It would have been a miracle if the engine had caught on the first try. But when he failed to get a spark in twenty-seven tries—he kept at it all day—he felt a new, sick despair. Somehow, he had failed. Somewhere, he had missed a vital link in the process of internal combustion.

The next day the rain still fell and the grass was noticeably reviving in the muddy soil. The natives would be on their way home.

The Japanese removed the engine cowling again and rechecked the stubborn power-plant. The carburetor smelled of fresh gasoline, even after a night. Perhaps he had spoiled the adjustment. Leaving the cowling off, he leaned the mixture control, cracked open the throttle and spun the starter again. No spark. He sniffed the carburetor and shrugged. As far as he knew it was doing its job. At least fuel was reaching it.

"The trouble is usually in the ignition." The old rule of thumb came back to him. He went for the tool-kit and dismantled the magnetos.

He learned a lot that day. Painstakingly he cleaned both magnetos, checking the winding of the wires, tracing the path of the spark through condenser, distributor, booster magneto, ground and switch. When darkness fell, he slept beside the plane, the ignition system still exposed. Not until the middle of the next day did he have things reassembled.

Stowing the tool-kit again, Kanaya began to realize how close to the end of his rope he had come. The stubborn refusal of the plane to respond to his devoted care had worn down his confidence. And physically, he was limp with fatigue and undernourishment, for his me-

"Well—what'll they think of next—lady burglars!"

chanical adventure had drawn him away from the tedium of foraging for food.

Wearily, he buttoned down the last panel, drained the condensation from the fuel tanks, cracked the throttle and tugged at the gravity starter. When the propeller had made four or five revolutions, he turned on the switch and repeated.

The propeller churned slowly to a halt, gasping raw gasoline from its exhaust stacks. No spark.

Kanaya climbed slowly to the cockpit and changed the setting of the mixture control. Then, for a moment, he sat on the wing, his head in his hands, a great lethargy flooding through him.

When he looked up, he found a native staring at him.

The man was very short—a pygmy—and naked except for the bead-and-bone decorations around his neck and through his nostrils. He looked at Kanaya without expression and then, suddenly, he was gone—so quickly that the Japanese wondered if he really had been there.

KANAYA jumped from the wing, his muscles tensed. Beyond the shelter where the plane stood there were tracks in the fresh mud.

He whirled back to the Zero, plunged the crank into its socket and heaved. Higher and higher rose the screaming pitch of the flywheel. With a quick hand, Kanaya engaged the engine. The scream descended, the prop wheeled, slower and slower—and then, just before it came to rest, there was a choking cough and a wisp of white smoke from the stack. Kanaya's heart lifted. It had fired.

Blinded with sweat, shaken with fear, the man hurled himself on the crank again. And this time, the engine shook itself with a sudden explosion, gasped for breath, fired three times like a machine-gun burst, blew flame and smoke from its stacks, choked, blasted again and caught on most of the cylinders. The wings trembled, the wheels inched forward on their grass tires.

Kanaya leapt for the cockpit and opened the throttle. There was no time for a warm-up. As the plane lurched forward out of its shelter, he could see the pygmies in his mind's eye, closing in. But nothing interfered with that ludicrous, stumbling take-off.

With its engine misfiring, its oil pressure dangerously high, its tires tearing themselves to shreds, the little fighter bounced across the valley floor and tottered into the hot air. And Ito Kanaya, the man who had been an animal, laughed aloud into the whipping wind.

There was no hydraulic system left in the Zero. The fluid had leaked away. So Kanaya flew low with wheels down, his senses tuned to the halting voice of his engine. He scraped over hills and scurried through valleys, moving south. His course was instinctive. South was where the enemy lurked and to strike them was, after all, his purpose. Quickly, he pieced together his plan of attack. He would come in low—out of necessity—and would be thundering down the strip before anyone knew it. He would pick out a group of planes parked tightly the way the Yankees liked to do and fly straight into them. With luck he could take out eight bombers at once.

Having made the plan, he tried to dismiss the thought from his mind. But always the picture returned of his own little Zero disintegrating in a mushroom of fire and smoke. His triumph blown to pieces. Machines shouldn't be important, he knew. They were merely tools. Yet as he listened to the engine—his own engine—smoothing out as it warmed up, a frightening spirit of rebellion came over him.

It was not only the prospect of destroying his machine that was unpleasant. For his association with the Zero had been a two-way street. The man had rebuilt the machine and the machine had revived the man. With the aid of the Zero, Kanaya had dragged himself from bestiality to manhood. Was death the next inevitable stop?

Huddling in the cockpit, the wind drying the sweat of his bare body, Kanaya knew his answer even as he pondered the question. He knew that he was not only a man, but a better man than he had ever been. He had demonstrated ingenuity and self-reliance. He was too good to die.

He banked the Zero, changing course to intercept the coastline. Wewak had fallen to the enemy, but there were other bases farther west where he could land, could receive the praises of the commandant and feel his superiority to other pilots. . . .

IN May, 1954, an old, weatherbeaten Japanese "Oscar" was found by the Dutch native commissioner fifty miles South of Hollandia, Dutch New Guinea. It had landed on a small, half-forgotten airstrip which had once been a Jap auxiliary strip. Its landing had been remarkable considering that there were no tires on the wheels—only a few strands of *kunai* grass bound to the rims. The gas tanks were empty.

Local natives assured the commissioner that no such plane was on this strip two weeks before. And a set of tracks leading from the plane were still fresh. As though the pilot had fled as the Dutchman approached. The tracks disappeared in a dense arm of the jungle where only an animal could live.

—BY EDWARDS PARK

BY RAY JOSEPHS

Author of the forthcoming book, "How to Make Money From Your Ideas" (Doubleday)

How to turn Hot Ideas into Cold Cash

Lots of people come up with million-dollar ideas, but few know how to make them pay off. The secret of hitting the jackpot lies in nine key steps.

A money-making idea can hit you while you're taking a shower, fooling around your workbench or trying to figure out why an expensive piece of equipment doesn't operate as it should.

In fact, it can come from almost anything you see or do. Richard C. Drew got the idea for Scotch Tape when he heard a car painter swear about the mess made by a masking tape used to keep one color from overlapping another on a refinish job. Leo Peters dreamed up Pak, the squeezable plastic container in which uncolored oleomargarine is easily and quickly colored, while sitting in the kitchen at home. Ole Evinrude hatched his big outboard motor idea while picnicking. Seems he was worn out rowing to get his fiancee a container of ice cream and figured there must be some better way of propelling a small boat than bending the back.

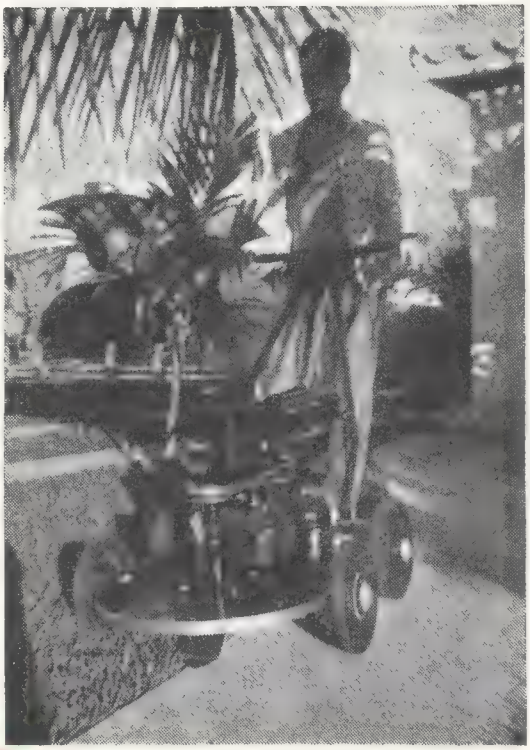
In the world of profitable ideas, formal education isn't essential, nor does age seem to matter. William Perkin was only eighteen when he thought of analine dye. William Kersley had but one year of high school education when he developed the electric blanket. The Polaroid camera was conceived by Edwin H. Land while in school. And Recordak, a widely used microfilming technique, was cooked up by a bank employee tired of endless copying while handling other people's checks.

Many of the best ideas arise from sheer laziness. If you dislike doing things the hard way, and add a little of your own imagination, you may have the winning combination. King C. Gillette got tired of honing his old straight razor —and worked up the safety, plus a steady market for blades. William M. Stuart had trouble getting paint colors right—and figured a method that permits accurate mixing of almost 1,000 colors in minutes.

All of these ideas have paid off big. Peters, for instance, reportedly earns up to a million a year from Pak. The pay-off on patents, incidentally, comes to over $300 million annually—and half of the 30,000 new patents issued last year were to non-professionals. Which shows that pros have no corner on all the good ideas.

You don't have to be an inventor, or unusually inventive, to develop ideas that can put you in the chips. No matter what your job—in a factory, shop or office, selling or working in a service business—there are plenty of opportunities. In fact, the four classes of ideas that you're

Some ideas that paid off. *Above:* An auto refrigerator which attaches under dashboard. *Right:* A mower that mows the lawn and trims the edges at the same time. *Below:* A float boat for kids that cannot capsize. It carries up to 120 pounds.



most likely to succeed with are: (1) Ideas related to your job; (2) ideas from your hobby; (3) ideas for the home; and (4) ideas for toys and novelties.

Almost anyone who keeps his eyes, ears and mind open can come up with a good idea now and then. But turning that idea into greenbacks is an entirely different proposition. I know, because I've tried it myself, not once, but half a dozen times. I've also personally investigated hundreds of case histories for a new book, "How to Make Money From Your Ideas," to be published by Doubleday next month.

In the course of this investigation, I discovered nine key steps that others have found successful in advancing their ideas from concepts to currency. If you follow these steps, as described below, you'll stand a better chance of being equally successful.

1 ***Find out if the idea has already been patented.*** It may seem hard to believe, but often people get ideas, spend months or years perfecting and testing them, win approval of friends and start dreaming about yachts and polo ponies, when suddenly they discover somebody else has not only had the very same idea—but gotten it patented. You can save yourself this headache by having a search made *as soon as you've worked out your basic approach.* Waiting until your idea has been perfected may be too late. Your bank can recommend a reliable attorney to make this check at the U. S. Patent Office in Washington. Generally, he'll find some prior patents on similar ideas—but he'll be able to tell you what distinctive features of your idea may be patentable. Also, whether it's worthwhile perfecting the idea and subsequently filing a patent petition with exact, fully-developed specifications and claims.

A preliminary patent search will cost from 15 dollars up, depending on the invention and extent of search. Be sure to get a written limit from the attorney before you tell him to go ahead.

Even if you can get to Washington, I don't recommend your trying to make the search yourself. You'll find 2,500,000 patents on file, and even figuring out classifications takes experts. Consider bottle openers, for example. Uncle Sam calls them "receptacle closure removers," and there are over a thousand related patents in twenty-two sub-classifications.

If you don't want an attorney's search, you'll find main libraries in twenty-two major cities have patent files. They're not complete to the last detail but can give you good leads. A couple of hours going through copies of the official *Patent Office Gazette* is also helpful. Look up or send to The Commissioner of Patents, Washington 25, D. C., for a free booklet called, "General Information Concerning Patents." This describes how to get a patent and gives data on drawings, models, infringements and fees. Another booklet, "Guide for Patent Draftsmen" (15c), sets forth rules that apply to drawings accompanying patent applications. You can get it from Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C.

Remember, a search won't reveal other patent applications in the works. And getting a patent isn't sure protection either. If your idea is for a novelty, toy or gadget, a fast-moving competitor can often copy it with slight changes and skim the cream off the market before you can drag him into court to prove your claim. That's why many men simply apply for patents—then push ahead on the other steps. Moreover, not every idea which can be patented is worth the $350 and up it usually costs. General Electric, no slouch on protecting its own interests, only goes ahead if they feel an idea has a real chance.

Bear in mind you can only get a patent on something that has been reduced to practice—and that works. A mere idea or suggestion as such can't be patented.

2 ***Determine whether a similar, nonpatented idea already exists:*** Since many ideas aren't patentable, a patent search won't necessarily tell you that an idea similar to yours isn't already on the market. Keep two things in mind: Maybe somebody has come up with an idea so good that yours hasn't a real chance. On the other hand, maybe someone has a similar product, but it isn't half as good as yours. Here's how to find out:

make it easy

Planning to build a backyard barbecue this summer? You can make it more attractive than the usual outdoor fireplace and at the same time eliminate some of the heat that rolls up into your face. Make a solid wall in the front of the fireplace, and place the fire door and the clean-out door in the rear section.

Mrs. C. W. Chew, Brighton, Ill.

Help the other fellow by passing along tricks and gadgets you've dreamed up for making work around the house easier. **Bluebook** ***will pay $5 for each "Make It Easy" published, but none can be acknowledged or returned.***

a) ***Study trade magazines and books:*** No matter what field your idea is in, one or more of the 1,700 U. S. trade publications probably covers it and can tell you what new ideas are around. Your local library has many such publications and the names of others are listed in directories, including N. W. Ayer's Directory of Newspapers and Periodicals and Standard Rate & Data. Also check: The Industrial Arts Index, which keys material on science, industry and engineering ideas in 200 periodicals; The Vertical File Service Catalogue, which classifies clippings, catalogues, reports and pictures.

b) ***Contact manufacturers and distributors:*** From names you'll find in the foregoing sources, pick those working in areas closest to your ideas. Write company heads directly. Present yourself as a potential customer rather than a prospective rival. Request literature, data and prices. You'll be surprised how much information they'll supply. Once your idea is developed past the preliminary stage, you can write successful people in the appropriate field, asking specific questions. You'll find they're often flattered to share their experience with beginners, if you stick to the point and supply a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

c) ***Write associations or specialized agencies:*** If your idea is for *handicraft items:* American Craftsmen's Educational Council, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *toys:* Toy Guidance Council, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *job improvement:* National Association of Suggestion Systems, 122 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; *Armed Services:* National Inventors' Council, Washington 25, D. C.

d) ***Check government agencies:*** There's hardly any idea category on which Uncle Sam hasn't a group of extremely useful publications, most costing a dime to a dollar. Your library has guides to the best. Or write Superintendent of Documents, U. S. Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C. State your interest as directly as possible, ask for material you can order. Copies of booklets can be examined free at U. S. Department of Commerce field offices in leading cities.

Study data you obtain, plus samples of similar items, and measure against your own idea. Maybe you've thought of a new barbecue grill. Finding what's wrong with those already available should suggest improvements for yours. Or perhaps you've thought up a different kind of magnetic mop, an adjustable screwdriver, or a window shade that can be easily darkened or lightened — all these, incidentally, are much needed items. See what others have done and try to think up ways to make your product lighter, stronger, more streamlined, easier to clean, store or handle. Constantly seek these and other "pluses." They can make the difference between an idea that dies on the vine and one that really blossoms out in greenbacks.

3 ***Find out whether your idea is really wanted or needed.*** You just can't rely on your own judgment. For we're all too likely to get enthusiastic about our own ideas. Here's the best way to proceed:

a) ***Make your own field survey:*** Go to typical potential purchasers. Forget how bright you were to think up your idea—or the troubles you've had getting it into final shape. Check to see if it appeals to buyers' basic desires—for security, greater personal happiness. Does it make work easier, provide entertainment, instruction, amusement? Does it make a guy feel good? These are what the merchandisers I checked call "fundamental buying motives"—the real reasons most people shell out, for things other than food, clothing and shelter.

b) ***Check those who will have to sell it:*** For example, let's consider yours is an item that might be handled by department stores. First go through the stores and see what they have along the same lines. Then prepare a Fact Book with advantages, disadvantages, price ranges of products or services similar to yours. Note what they stress in their ads, catalogue, labels, and stack it up against your own idea. Finally, talk to department buyers—sporting goods, home supplies, toys. You'll find they know the ropes, can give you good leads. And, as you'll discover later, they'll also provide effective introductions to manufacturers.

c) ***Consider an independent fact-finding organization:*** If your idea is sufficiently advanced, talk to a small active marketing or advertising agency in your own community. They usually have a finger on the buying pulse. Remember, many people go to a great deal of trouble and expense—even to manufacture and sale—on ideas so hard to market that chances of success are infinitesimal. It's one of the commonest errors, even with the pros. Last year inventions were issued for revolving spaghetti forks, shooting fly swatters, electric high-water alarms for bathtubs, and two-handed gloves for lovers. Patents were about as far as most of them got. For their markets just didn't exist. Bear in mind: A patent costs money, is no guarantee of sales.

4 ***Size up the potential market:*** Many a good idea has gone over in one market, flopped miserably in another. Obviously, an idea for a new fishing-rod attachment might flop completely if introduced in an area with few lakes. And better buggy whips or beard curlers aren't exactly today's rage. But less obvious have been mistakes like introducing oil-burner gadgets in areas where almost everybody used coal; homeowner ideas in neighborhoods with 90 per cent

renters. Here's how to determine the potential market:

a) ***See what similar things are already big sellers:*** Personal visits, calls, questions will give you lots of information. An area with lots of busy auto-supply stores tips you off to interests of its people. So will toy, hardware, variety and department store heads; merchants who advertise strongly in local papers; local business men's associations.

b) ***If it's an item that might go via mail order:*** Check magazines and papers specializing in mail-order ads. Then send out inquiries. You'll be amazed what a buck invested in fifty two-cent postcards will show you about what others already have on the market.

c) ***Contact local Chamber of Commerce:*** If your idea has anything to do with local business, your own Chamber of Commerce Executive Secretary is an information gold mine. He can realistically tell you who else is in similar lines, who succeeded, who failed, local needs. Other sources: your local banker, newspaper editor.

d) ***Visit Department of Commerce field office:*** These offices have excellent free data on almost every kind of customer. Their representatives often know what people have bought and might buy. If there's no office near you, write directly to Department of Commerce, Washington 25, D. C. If your idea involves *food,* try the Department of Agriculture's Marketing & Production Administration, Washington 25, D. C.; and your State Department of Agriculture.

5 ***Watch your timing:*** Your idea, offered at one time, might flop badly. Put on the market at another time, it could be a hit. The profitable and recently popularized Silex coffee maker is a simple adaptation of the thermal fountain developed over one hundred years ago. At that time, however, people just weren't interested; nobody made a dime. Almost a century ago, Middle Western railroads installed air conditioning, much like today's. They soon dropped it as a needless expense, however, because they figured people *had* to go by train or stay home. It wasn't until automobiles provided competition that the idea came into common use. Or consider vacuum cleaners. First invented in 1859, they didn't become really popular until World War I. It was the scarcity of servants and the desire of housewives for help that made people willing to pay for them. Bread slicers were around ninety years ago—but it wasn't until the thirties that they became hits.

I'm not suggesting you wait one hundred or even five years to go ahead with your idea; but watch your timing. If things get tougher with business, cost-cutting ideas will be more in demand. If things get better, there will be a bigger call for luxury items. The increasing number of children being born each year, the moving to suburban-development homes, means big new markets. And the fact that more people are living longer should give any ideas you have for goods and services for older people a break. Seeing what's needed and being there with your idea *at the right time* will, as much as anything, help put it across.

Remember the first ballpoint pens? Coming in a post-war, pen-hungry period, they sold like Marilyn Monroe calendars. Later, ballpoints were improved. But by that time, the market's cream had been skimmed off. It was the same with home permanents, improved foam rubber pillows and many chlorophyll products.

6 ***Price it right.*** If your idea will cost more than *most* people can afford, it may sell as a luxury item. But you'll miss America's profitable middle market comprising 80 per cent of potential customers. Here are some good ways to determine what people might pay for your idea:

a) After you've found who might be interested—and where they're located—make a survey of no less than fifty strangers. With a model, if available, or a good written description, show them the idea, describe its advantages and ask what they might pay. Then check your costs—based on a conservative estimate of what you think sales might be over a three-month period. If the total cost is greater than half the retail price, you won't have much chance. When a store charges one dollar for an item that costs fifty cents to make, the difference isn't profit by a long shot. It costs money to handle, stock, advertise, display and sell. Profit may actually be closer to three cents. Many items selling for a dollar actually cost fifteen to twenty cents to produce—and couldn't cost more or there'd be no profit for the maker, distributor and ultimate retailer.

b) Consider this: You may have a terrific new idea for car windows. But General Motors figures that even a five-dollar extra on every one of its Chevrolets or Pontiacs runs into millions annually. Every idea submitted or developed by its staff has to be figured against how much it will cost and whether *enough* people will pay for the extra. To get five dollars more from a customer means the item couldn't cost more than one dollar to make—and preferably less.

c) If your idea provides an item or service more cheaply, your possibilities of success are automatically increased. Main reason many ideas that first seem world-beaters don't work out is that the cost of putting them into effect turns out to be far greater than the *probable* return. Note that word "probable." Business men aren't good gamblers—at least not with their own dough.

WORDLY WISE

Monkey

Folk-sayings and proverbs of many nations include references to the talkativeness of women. Most of these were probably originated by some male who wished to take a sly dig at his mate.

This attitude was reflected by early Italians who cast about for a suitable name for a strange little animal introduced from Africa. Shriveled and grotesquely ugly, the little creature walked about on its hind legs, chattering incessantly. Men who saw it agreed that it resembled nothing so much as a prattling old woman.

So they applied to the beast their nickname for such a dame, *monicchio*. Passing through French into English, the term emerged into modern speech as *monkey*.

—By Webb Garrison

d) How and why your idea will be purchased affects price. People often pay more for things bought on credit or as gifts. And you may be asking too little. One department store, introducing a cosmetic line, found that women passed up cosmetics costing fifty cents or less. Felt anything so cheap couldn't be very good. On the other hand, if your idea is for a gadget, try concentrating in the ten- to ninety-eight-cent range. Try to bring the price down by changing materials, designs or packing two to a box. And don't overlook replacements. Many a good idea sells at a low price so that the maker will get replacement sales.

7 ***Decide the best marketing method:*** Once you have reached this stage, your ideas may be so good you'll want to start your own business. But while I don't want to discourage you, that isn't always easy. In most cases, it ought to be considered only after you've exhausted all other methods. Because we have so many distribution channels – department, variety, specialty and neighborhood stores, supermarkets, drive-ins and mail, radio and television sales—you'd be smart to first take advantage of existing means. Here are the possibilities:

a) ***Sell outright to an established manufacturer:*** In some cases, this is the best course, especially with novelties, gadgets and toys which need strong merchandising campaigns. The boys who provide capital and know-how not only expect a share, but a major part of earnings. Still, it saves you borrowing or investing. Tip: Since proceeds from outright sale may be taxable in one year, have your lawyer check whether your return can be spread over more than one year.

b) ***Lease on a royalty basis:*** This provides you with earnings for as long as your idea sells, without your further activity. But don't insist on too high a royalty or you'll get a turndown. Five percent of the retail price is excellent. Royalties depend on manufacturers' costs of tooling up and marketing. Big firms rarely try to pressure you into any deal—usually urge you to seek other offers. If you've really studied your potential market, you'll be better able to get good terms.

c) ***Get somebody to make it for you:*** Reputable subcontractors with machinery, raw material sources and know-how often work for cost plus a percentage, can give you lots of help and good advice. They're anxious to aid newcomers get started in hopes that they will develop into steady customers. Remember: You don't have to make every part of a product yourself. Consider buying parts and combining them, or having them combined for you. You can even get others to do some of the selling job. For names of subcontractors, see trade papers, associations, Chambers of Commerce. Also the booklet, "Selling the U. S. Market" ($1), sold by the U. S. Department of Commerce, Washington 25, D. C.

8 ***See the right people:*** If you decide to present your idea to a manufacturer, here's how to find the right one:

a) ***Get leads from stores carrying items in the same field as your idea:*** Most will help you if you make your reasons clear. Some also

will provide good introductions for their own customers.

b) ***Get names from trade publications:*** Current and back numbers, special editions, are helpful.

c) ***Business directories:*** See McRae's Blue Book Annual, listing important manufacturers and wholesalers by names and products. Thomas Register of American Manufacturers indexes product makers' trade names, commercial organizations. Standard Advertising Register has names and addresses of manufacturers listed by products and by location. Or send sixty-five cents to the Superintendent of Documents, Washington 25, D. C., for the Bulletin of American Business Directories. For names of manufacturers of household items, see National Housewares Directory. Remember: Don't limit yourself to firms making products just like yours. Look for those that have both the manufacturing and distributing facilities your idea needs.

d) ***Check specialized invention publications:*** The Greenleaf Guide, Port Washington, N. Y., ($2) covers the patent field. Inventors' Sales Bulletin, 450 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill., ($2) lists firms interested in new product ideas, products for which improvements are needed or inventions wanted, available equipment and processes.

e) ***Get introductions through Chamber of Commerce:*** These groups plus municipal development bureaus know many manufacturers seeking new ideas and products that can profitably employ their facilities.

f) ***Promoters and developers:*** There are some reputable organizations in this field looking for new ideas. Gadget-of-the-Month Club, 6600 Lexington Ave., Hollywood, Calif., and Bing Crosby Enterprises, 9028 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif., sometimes will manufacture or develop an idea. Or they may refer an idea to a manufacturer who will put it on the market with their backing or endorsement. They, in turn, receive a royalty.

g) ***Specialized consultants:*** Typical is Sol Balsam's New Product Enterprises, 213 N.E. 2nd Ave., Miami 32, Fla. It counsels people with ideas gratis; has been successful in establishing local businesses and placing meritorious ideas with outstanding manufacturers on a royalty basis. Other reputable consultants and patent brokers can often get you introductions, better terms, financial and other aid. Be sure you first check with your local Better Business Bureau and Chamber of Commerce; there are lots of phonies in this field.

h) ***Use showcase programs:*** Many local television and radio stations have new idea programs. One of the best: "The Big Idea," on DuMont. It presents half a dozen new ideas weekly, has often led to contacts that pay off.

9 ***Present your idea effectively:*** When you're ready to see any of the foregoing people, be sure you do these things:

a) ***Be certain you've developed your idea as far as possible.*** Don't expect the manufacturer to finish it. Put it down in writing and then make your contacts.

b) ***Write an interest-provoking letter:*** Show you've soundly considered this particular firm for a special reason, making clear how or why your idea offers them good possibilities, its purpose, use and potential market. Describe present patent status. Then ask for a definite appointment.

In nine cases out of ten, you'll get a date or request for further data. Some firms insist that you sign a release. General Motors, Chrysler and Ford, for example, don't even want to see your idea unless it is already patented and you sign a statement that they will be sole judge of its worth to them. That's because they've had so many nuisance lawsuits over ideas on which they've already been working. They require preliminary dealings by mail. Bear in mind that most reputable firms will deal fairly with you. If uncertain of reputation, check via your own bank or local Better Business Bureau. Don't sign anything without your own lawyer's O.K.

c) ***When you get your appointment:*** Show up on time. Concentrate on your idea's selling points. Don't overwhelm them with too many—five or ten good ones are enough. Keep others in reserve. Use models and drawings if possible. Since the former may be expensive and impractical, good clear, graphic drawings can be effective. Firms that specialize in making models and drawings are listed in the classified section of big-city telephone books.

d) ***Have everything you're going to put across written out.*** Summarize highlights first, then supporting evidence. Don't take for granted that everything will be clear to others just because it is to you. Try your material on people who have no knowledge of your idea. If they can correctly explain it to you, then you know your description is sound.

e) ***Be prepared to leave a selling package:*** One good approach is to buy or make a heavy cardboard portfolio or kit. Inside, number each sheet of paper so anyone who sees it can understand it. Many an idea has to be passed through several people before there can be an O.K. Get a receipt when you leave it.

f) ***When you get an offer:*** Be prepared to act. Check your own lawyer and set your sights at a conservative level.

You now have the road map other people have used to travel the highway to financial success. So, if you follow the directions carefully, and have a sound idea as a vehicle, you may soon be well on your way. —By Ray Josephs

A SHORT SHORT STORY

One For the Road

BY BRUCE McKIE

OLROYD PEERED through red, swollen eyes at the cheap Russian clock ticking sullenly on the wall. Grudgingly it swam into focus of his tortured sight and confirmed what he already knew: that he had not much time left to live.

Seated across the desk from Olroyd, Colonel Andrei Volkanin of the Soviet special security division interpreted his glance and smiled.

"I know what you are thinking, capitalist spy," said Volkanin. He spoke in Russian for the benefit of the two uniformed guards who stood behind Olroyd, with their hands on their machine-pistols.

"You are thinking," Volkanin said, "that before long you will be dead. You are no doubt busy telling yourself that you have had bad luck, such as might happen even to the most experienced of us, even to I, Volkanin."

Olroyd's eyelids drooped and the weariness rolled over him in waves. I could sleep the sleep of a lifetime, he told himself—and a wry smile twisted his lips at the sardonic humor of the thought.

"Why do you smile, capitalist spy?" asked Volkanin. "Does it amuse you to be caught by your own stupidity?"

Olroyd shrugged. "I don't call it stupid to trust in a man who is later broken down by torture to betray me," he said in perfect Russian.

"Torture?" Volkanin smiled blandly. "The traitor Fedor Goudonov was not tortured. He was merely punished, as a traitor should be."

Volkanin sighed artificially. He lit a Russian cigarette, a wan, filter-like tube of cardboard with little more than an inch of tobacco at the end of it. "So you see," he said, "we know all about you, *Monsieur Whitman.*"

Olroyd smiled inwardly. Whitman was his code name on this assignment, and in the satellite countries there were others like him, planning,

working, organizing the underground resistance that would one day cause the Red tide to ebb. Directing them all, from an unobtrusive office in an oddly-shaped building a continent away, sat the amazingly ingenious person known to the men who served him as Mr. Poe. Mr. Edgar Allan Poe.

Olroyd was one of Mr. Poe's best operatives. That was why he had been given the most dangerous job of all, getting in touch with the growing body of anti-communists within the Soviet Union itself. He had worked hard, and lived dangerously. Now he had come to the end of the road, and he was weary.

He wondered who would replace him. Perhaps Longfellow, who was now in Bucharest. It all depended, Olroyd thought, on whether Volkanin was able to decode the lists. They were a complicated mnemonics code, and only Olroyd knew how to decipher them. Before Volkanin realized that, Olroyd would have to use the button.

Olroyd licked his dry, cracked lips. "Since you know who I am," he said quietly, "I should like to receive sentence as soon as possible."

"And so you shall!" laughed Volkanin. "So you shall, my dear Whitman—if that is your name. But first, my poor, bungling capitalist spy, you must answer some questions."

He removed from its holster the heavy Luger he wore on his hip, and placed it under his broad peasant's hand, barrel pointing toward Olroyd. He looked at the two Uzbek guards. "You will leave us," he snapped. "The matter I am about to discuss is too confidential for your ears. I will call you when I wish the prisoner removed."

When the two solemn Uzbeks had departed, Volkanin opened a drawer in his desk and took out a black bottle of rank Caucasian wine. He raised the bottle to his lips and took a long swallow. "Now," he said in English, "we will talk about the lists I found in the room where you lived. I beg you to answer intelligently because you are very near death, and the manner of your death is entirely of my choosing. If you are stubborn, you will be treated in a most unpleasant fashion, and I assure you that you will find yourself glad to tell us everything."

Olroyd leaned back in the low, wooden chair in which he sat, facing Volkanin. Under cover of folding his arms the fingers of his right hand sought, and found, the first button on the sleeve of his jacket. It looked the same as the button next to it, but it housed a soft keratin capsule containing enough of a certain tasteless vegetable poison to kill several men quickly, painlessly and efficiently.

"I will provide the answer to everything," said Olroyd softly, and the nails of his thumb and index finger freed the capsule from its covering.

"You are being intelligent," said Volkanin with an ingratiating smile. "Your country will be sorry to lose you. A good operative is worth much to those who use him. Yes, I am sure you will be a great loss, even as I would be under such circumstances."

Olroyd's eyes narrowed. A good spy is almost indispensable to the people he serves—sometimes so indispensable that they take no more risks with his life, and make him a spy-catcher instead. That's what Volkanin was—a spy-catcher, a master spy so valuable to his country that they now used him to unmask the spies of other countries.

Olroyd's eyes flickered to the black bottle on the desk. He felt a fierce exultation rise above his weariness. He cleared his throat.

"I know that what I have for you will be the climax of your career, Colonel Volkanin," he said. "But I am tired, and my throat is dry. Perhaps if I could have a sip or two of your most excellent wine . . . ?"

"Of course," replied Volkanin eagerly. He pushed the bottle across the table.

Olroyd reached out with his left hand and took the bottle. He raised the bottle, and swiftly passed his right hand across the mouth, as though wiping it clean. The tiny keratin capsule dropped into the dark wine. Slowly it began to dissolve. Olroyd raised the bottle to his lips, clenched his teeth, and pretended to swallow. He swished the wine around in the bottle, and passed it across the desk to Volkanin.

"Now . . ." said Volkanin impatiently, toying with the Luger.

"You promise me that the end will be swift?" persisted Olroyd.

"Of course, of course," said Volkanin irritably. "You have my word."

"Very well, then," said Olroyd, and he smiled. "Let us seal our bargain by drinking to it."

"Ha-ha!" cried Volkanin. "By all means. Let us, as the American soldiers used to say, have one for the road!"

"That's right," said Olroyd. "That's right, Volkanin. One for the road. And then—the answer to all your questions."

Volkanin chuckled. He picked the bottle up, and gulped thirstily of its contents.

"Vadna!" he bellowed, and passed the bottle to Olroyd.

"Bottoms up," said Olroyd, and his hands were steady on the bottle as he slowly drank one long, last toast to democracy.

—By Bruce McKie

READ ALL ABOUT IT...

By JOHN T. DUNLAVY

STEEL

STEEL is not a natural metal. It is made by adding carbon and other metals to iron at tremendous heat. Steel was used by early Egyptians, Assyrians and Greeks using a process not unlike modern methods. The actual discovery of the steel process is not known but generally attributed to the Chalybes, a Scythian tribe who lived near the Black Sea around 1000 B.C.

SCIENTISTS estimated recently that the world has sufficient iron ore reserves in the ground to last about 825 years at present rates of consumption of iron, steel and allied metal products. About one half of these reserves are in the Western Hemisphere. However, there are comparatively little reserves of important steel alloys; for example there is only enough tungsten to last 125 years and only enough chromite to last 47 years.

SLAG, formerly considered a waste product of steel manufacturing, is today sold at about $1 per ton and used in retaining walls, dams, railroad ballast and the like. Each ton of coke burned in steel manufacture produces the following by-products: 8 gallons of tar; 20 pounds of ammonium sulphate; 6,000 cubic feet of gas; 3 gallons of light oil and a small quantity of ammonia. These are then used in the manufacture of many other products.

THE average four-door sedan requires 3,500 pounds of steel. Some 160 separate varieties of steel are employed in over 1,000 different forms. Body, hood and fenders account for 1,651 pounds; the frame for 300 and the balance is in the motor, gears, and other parts. Some 93,000 pounds of steel are used in the average railroad Pullman car. Nearly 8,000 pounds of steel are used in the construction and equipment of a typical home. About 225 pounds are used in a modern refrigerator.

WORLD production of steel was 254,700,000 tons in 1953. The United States produced 43.8% of this or 111,600,000 tons. U.S. steel capacity is at an all-time high—124,000,000 tons a year—or better than half a ton per person. From 1900 to 1950 a total of 2⅓ billion tons of steel was produced, more than half of it in the 15 years from 1935 to 1950.

ALL railroad rails today are made of steel: no iron rails have been made since 1911. A modern rail section is 33 or 39 feet long and may weigh as much as 52 pounds per foot. Rails must not vary by more than 1/32 of an inch in each 33 feet to be acceptable to the railroads. In the United States there are 70 million tons of steel railroad track covering 400,000 track miles. An average steel rail last 18½ years; but straight ones may last as long as 30 years while those on curves may wear out in less than half that. If the entire U.S. freight tonnage of last year, 1.2 billion tons, were carried over a single rail experts estimate it would be worn down by only 3/10ths of an inch. The T design of rails was originated in 1831 and has never been materially changed. Each rail has stamped on it the date and place it was made, the process used in its manufacture and other data to give its full history.

STAINLESS steel is created by the addition of up to 12% chromite to molten steel. It has a hard, dense surface which is not readily contaminated by radioactivity which is why so much of it is used in atomic energy plants. Cutlery stainless heals itself when nicked due to a protective film of chromium oxide 2/1000ths of an inch thick which will instantly form a new protective covering over any nick or scratch. Stainless is used by some surgeons to patch or replace bones because the metal withstands body acids and will not poison the blood.

To fill a typical 1,300-ton steel blast furnace and operate it for 24 hours some 70 to 80 freight cars of raw materials are required. Of these 47 cars would be iron ore; 23 of coke; 10 of limestone and 6 of slag. This blast furnace would then produce 18 ladle cars of steel; 30 ladle cars of slag and one ladle car of coke breeze.

COLD rolling of steel was discovered by accident 80 years ago in the U.S. when a worker carelessly let a pair of steel tongs slip through a pair of heavy rollers. Cold rolled steel is actually rolled at room temperatures.

STEEL experts envision a new type of steel based on synthetic atoms which will be rust proof, colored, lighter in weight but ten times stronger than present steels and workable enough to be used in clothing, home furnishings and the like.

the RAVISHER

By VICTOR H. JOHNSON

He was young, strong, successful, and handsome. He strode into that quiet Maryland community like a king—and brought havoc.

HE was the most formidable looking male to walk into my tavern for some time. Six-foot-two, twenty-nine years old, about 190 pounds, he wore a khaki shirt with the collar open, riding breeches, and high-laced boots. His deeply tanned face was too blunt to be classically handsome, but it was good-looking in a rugged way, with heavy dark brows and long lashes, and a small but luxuriant mustache.

No one had to tell us who he was. Fresh from constructing a bridge in Florida, he was the engineer who'd come to our Southern Maryland community of Shad Point to build one across to Hobb Island.

"Yes, sir?" I said, walking to where he stood at the end of the bar, looking the place over.

"You got any Scotch over there, bartender?"

The stranger went down 10 points in my estimation—as strangers often do when they open their mouths. Surely, he could see the Scotch; there were seven bottles of it out in plain sight. Also, I wasn't a bartender. I was Mr. Willets, owner of The Pleasant Hour.

I pointed a finger to the Scotch shelf. He named his brand. "Straight," he said.

While I was complying with the order, he was appraising his surroundings further. It was Saturday afternoon and the big crowd of Saturday night steadies had not yet drifted in. But there was a good sprinkling getting an early start.

"Want to make it for the house, bartender?" the stranger asked.

There was no hesitation in my reply. "Sure. If you'd like." My business is selling whiskey.

But as I proceeded to carry out the generous offer, I knew that I was not dealing with a superman. Supermen don't buy drinks for the house. I am well acquainted with men who do. Somewhere in this fine-appearing specimen was a weak spot.

"Compliments of whom, sir?" I asked, when the round was ready to roll.

"Cord Holland." He hitched one of his big shoulders casually in the direction of Hobb. "I'll be throwing that bridge across to the island."

"Oh, indeed!" I exclaimed, as if I'd never heard of the idea before. "Well!"

I made the round and everybody's glass was replenished except that of Charles Stuart, who had been passing the time with me before the engineer came in. Charles wasn't in my place to drink; he had been fishing and, since his luck was good, he had stopped in my place to share his string. Enough rock and perch were in the icebox to keep the Stuarts and Willets in fish for some time to come.

"How about that fellow?" asked Holland, noting that Charles was not drinking. "Isn't he having a drink?"

I could see one of those things coming up that sometimes arise when strangers come half-cocked into our community. All that the stranger saw in Charles Stuart was a tall, almost gangling man of twenty-five, dressed in old moleskin pants, an ancient brown slouch hat, a blue shirt, and a pair of brown clod-hoppers. Had the stranger looked closely, he would have noted the clean-cut mouth and nose, the slow-moving but intelligent gray eyes, a countenance almost slumberous in its sureness. Charles' family has only been kicking around Southern Maryland since 1634, when St. Mary's was founded. A more spectacular branch of the same family has already made a name for itself in Scotland and England by this time.

"Oh, he's not drinking," I said mildly. "He's just a fellow visiting here."

The stranger did not like this. "Not much profit in that for you," he ventured truculently.

Charles, I'm sure, knew that some little awkwardness was going on. Smiling, he walked toward us. "Mr. Holland," he said, extending his hand. "My name's Stuart—Charles Stuart. Thanks for the offer of the drink."

Holland smiled and stuck out his hand. He was left with no alternative. "Won't you have one—Mr. Stuart?"

"No. No, thank you just the same. Only drink the stuff when it's cold in a duck blind. Fishing, the sun keeps you warm." Charles was chuckling gaily. "I hope you won't be making too much noise on that bridge. A lot of ducks use the sound in winter. They'll probably think all the hunters of the Susquehanna are down here after them."

The engineer smiled. "I might give some thought to rubber pile-drivers and riveting hammers," he replied.

Illustrated by STAN DRAKE

"That might be an idea for old Harvey Firestone or U. S. Rubber," Charles answered with a grin. He bade a cordial good-by to everybody and went out to his car. When he had gone, the engineer said: "Who was that fellow?"

This was a question impossible to explain to a stranger. You could make him only partly understand. "Do you remember passing a big old brick house three miles up the road?" I asked.

"An old, old brick house, with a line of cedars coming out from it?"

"That's it—an old brick house with a cedar lane. You've seen a lot of land down this way since—houses, farms, tobacco barns, crab packing houses?"

"Shad Point, you mean?"

"Shad Point. That's right. That land—almost every acre you've seen, almost every house, farms, the packing houses, the store—that land all belongs to the father of that boy who was just in here."

ALTHOUGH it was small to tell about the Stuarts, it had the right effect. You could see the stranger thinking: *Another of those old gone-to-seed families. All this land, and the boy running around hunting and fishing like some yokel. They're full of pride and distrust of strangers, naturally. That is why the boy didn't have a drink with me.*

"I see," Cord Holland said. The black-browed face was scowling. "The local big-shot's son, eh?"

He was dead wrong, pitifully wrong. Charles would have had a drink with him as quickly as anyone else if Charles had wanted a drink. Strangers have been coming to Wade County for centuries. The Stuarts have nothing to fear from them. Strangers come and go, but the Stuarts stay on, no less poor for those who pass, and often somewhat richer.

"That boy's all right," I said, whipping the towel along the bar. "For eleven years before I bought this place, I rented from the Stuarts. During the whole time I never had a cross word—with any of them. And when I was ready to buy, they gave me the place at a fair price." I guess some of my annoyance showed. "They didn't bleed me just because there had been a war."

Slowly the scowling brows gave away to a grin. It was a smile that conceded nothing. Holland looked over the drinkers again. "Give us another round, bartender—for the house," he said. . . .

He was a mark that day and for many other days—or rather nights, for it was usually evenings that he came into The Pleasant Hour after the

bridge got under way. That first night, Sterling Deal and Zombie Harris affixed themselves to him. Sterling and Zombie would affix themselves to anything that bought whiskey. Less accomplished bums like Reed Cornell and Lester Tippett also joined the Cord Holland cult of worshipers.

And while I hate to say this, being an owner of a saloon that I try to keep respectable, the female trade picked up. First came the Deal and Tippett girls; then Grace Harris, buxom and stupid, with her giggling. Finally, even Sophia Paine came, with her buck teeth, her legs like a johnny-crane, and a bony ugliness so forbidding that poor Sophia lived only for those moments when some man blinded by drink would temporarily forget her unsightliness.

These were Cord Holland's first friends. He spoke their vulgar language, shared their crude jokes; he did the things in close places that exhibitionary men do to tramp women in bars. It seemed a contradiction: The great bulldozers clearing the approaches to the bridge, the huge trucks hauling steel, the coming of pile-drivers and air-hammers—how, indeed, could this coarse-minded man be the directing genius of all this giant activity?

He must have known that somewhere in my mind was this thought. For one night after he had drunk to stupor all the men and sent the tenacious Sophia home with a pinch, he said: "What's bothering you, Pop?"

I hated this name; had told him so. I did not answer him.

"I know," he said, leaning across the bar, quite sober. "It's all the bags that are hanging round the joint."

THIS was it—exactly what I hated. I did not want my place turned into a bawdy house. "We had very little of what's been going on lately until you started holding court," I said. "It seems to me, if I wanted to play the big frog, I'd at least get me some jumping mates I wasn't ashamed of."

It did not rile him, not the slightest. "You know, Pop, in my calling, you like to get to rock-bottom. Sophia, Grace, Effie, Coralene—" He grinned, leaving the names of the Tippett girls hanging.

"You're there, boy," I said caustically. "Just as rock-bottom as you can get."

"And from rock-bottom you work up," he said.

"You've got a long ways to come—before you strike even yellow clay."

He was leaning across the bar, no drink before him now. He had outdrunk and outlasted everything in the bar; there was no need for him to assert his mastery. "It will surprise you, Pop, when I start up," he said. "These old bags—I wouldn't touch one of them with a ten-foot pole. They'll drop off when I really start courting around Shad Point."

Part of this was true. He hadn't touched one of his current harem. Had he just taken one of them once to a car back-seat or a hayrick, this fact would have been all over Wade County. It would not necessarily have been Cord Holland who loved and told, either.

"When you start courting," I said, "I'm afraid that you're going to find yourself stuck right with your rock-bottom, boy. Every decent girl and woman at Shad Point already knows your company."

He grinned. "Decent girls and women?" he laughed. "A decent girl is one who has not been seriously exposed to temptation."

THERE was a school dance. From what I heard, Holland swung a foot as formidable as his wassailing. Everybody goes to a school dance at Shad Point. All of his old friends were certainly there. But it was not they who were barred from the dance floor.

It was Stella Shymanski who enjoyed that distinction. Stella is not what we call "old stock." Her people are kindly, hard-working, churchgoing. Her father has his own trap-nets and boat; he pays his debts promptly. He is called Cap'n Stanley. The Stanley is our American version of Stanislaus. The Cap'n is a well-earned term of respect.

Stella at the time was seventeen, with milky skin and soft yellow hair. She was tall, thin-ankled, with a bosom that definitely said seventeen. She was a dancer—a superb dancer. When she was a little child and other children were proud of their book recitations, Stella was proud of her dancing. She was not very good with books.

In Cord Holland she found a dancing partner. They leaped and jitterbugged and cut such wild capers that all the other young couples stopped dancing. They stood aside and clapped and beat their thighs. And when the principal and sedate parents rallied and drove the high-stepping couple from the floor, Holland took Stella into the night.

He finally brought her to my place—a rendezvous to which Gracie and Sophia no longer came. I asked her facetiously what she'd like to drink. "Me?" Stella said, looking at me as she used to when I passed the collection box in church and she put her kid nickel in. "I think—well, I'll have an Alexander, Mr. Willets."

I fixed her an Alexander, all right—it had all the alcohol she'd have got in a strawberry soda up at Plattsburg where they have such things.

And that's all she ever got, whether she had three or four Alexanders, while Holland was holding court with her as his queen in the midst of the male bums.

Then one night after I had not seen either Holland or Stella for over a week, Cap'n Stanley Shymanski came in. He is not a drinking man, but he was loaded to the gills from somewhere. A little gay at Christmas or Easter—oh, yes. But Cap'n Stanley drunk otherwise—never!

And they knew, those loafers knew. They were all hanging around waiting for Holland. He did not disappoint them. He followed Cap'n Stanley in to make his victory parade before his court.

"Pig!" Cap'n Stanley shouted, staggering toward Holland. Although Cap'n Stanley was born and raised at Shad Point, and we had never heard him speak anything but English, a stream of Polish curses broke from his lips.

Holland stepped aside. He caught the wobbly fist of the fisherman neatly on his elbow. He made no effort to strike back. "If you'll put it in English," he said, chuckling, "I might tell you whether you're right or wrong."

I was from behind the bar by this time. I shoved Holland back. "Get out!" I said, with the saloon-keeper's authority for breaking up fights. "Take a walk and come back."

I moved in and put my arm around Cap'n Stanley. Tears were running down his brown, weatherbeaten face. "The bushes," he said. His shoulders were shaking. "My daughter," he sobbed. "My daughter Stella. . . . My baby . . ."

Holland and his audience were back as soon as I got the fisherman headed for home. They had not gone far; only in the darkness beyond the locusts on the bank, a few feet from The Pleasant Hour. Cap'n Stanley was too drunk to see anything but what was in plain sight.

Holland was in fine fettle. His face shone. To his audience he told the details of his story:

He and Stella had been going to a spot on Hobb Island. Hobb Island is a beautiful island, looking with piny banks upon the Potomac. It is a lonely island, too. Birds sing there and but few visitors invade its wild reaches.

Cap'n Stanley had lain in wait. He broke upon them before anything could happen. "Hell!" exclaimed Cord Holland. "We hadn't even done anything—this time. I had just started to warm her up when the old man busted out of the bushes."

It was tennis that brought Helen Halliburton into the unhappy orbit. Helen was not a pretty girl—not of face, anyhow. Perhaps that is why she became a tennis fiend. Helen could stand on her hill and knock a tennis ball around all day.

There is not much tennis at Shad Point; indeed, until Helen, who picked up the idea at school, there was not one set south of Plattsburg on the peninsula. But when Mr. Halliburton, the storekeeper, knew his daughter wanted to play tennis, by George, he just up and had her a court fixed.

Helen had legs that looked good in shorts. A healthy and robust girl, she was a pretty sight in the morning and evening, when the day was cool, making her swift, barelegged charges. While none of the Shad Point boys ever ventured on the court (sometimes they would lean over the fence and tease her about stealing her net to catch fish), it was very easy for mothers to get boys to shop at Mr. Halliburton's.

Then the Shad Point boys tarried no longer at the Halliburton fence; once-needed girl players drifted away. Helen had found her a tennis partner, swift, agile, and fully familiar with the game. Before he went off in the morning to his bridge (which, incidentally, was going splendidly), Cord Holland would bat back the ball back and forth with her; and in the evening, until the late summer sun gave up the day, he'd be with the girl on the court.

Helen never came to The Pleasant Hour. She was not to be pushed around quite so easily as Stella; she made Holland carry her to the movies at Plattsburg, take her to get books from the library at the county seat. But had I sat in the back seat behind them each trip, I could not have been better informed.

At the tavern Sterling Deal would say: "How's that little project coming along, Cord?"

Holland would nod satisfactory progress.

Zombie Harris would say: "Got your anchors out yet?"

"Better than that," the engineer would answer. "I got the dynamite all planted. Just got to run the fuse."

"Appears to me, just looking at her, that there's quite a pile of dynamite there, too," chimed in Lester Tippett.

"A right good charge, I think," Holland answered. "We'll see—when it comes time to throw the switch." . . .

Within six weeks the boys held a special celebration. Holland gave the cue: a doubleheader for the starting round. They sang and they laughed and they talked and they paid no heed to other customers. Indeed, it seemed to me that Holland was using these simple-minded loafers as but tools to spread word of his conquests and manliness.

Tennis ceased on the one court at Shad Point. Quietly, the swift and brown-legged Helen was bundled off to the remote and protected life of a convent school for problem girls.

Holland told how he and Stella had been going to a spot on Hobbs Island. Cap'n Stanley had lain in wait. "I had just started to warm her up when the old man busted out of the bushes."

She had fared better than Stella, whose father had mottled her pale body with bruises that night when he went home drunk. We never saw Stella except at church with her family. She was forbidden to go to the post office or the store—or anywhere alone. . . .

Stretching up the peninsula from The Pleasant Hour is a black macadam county road. For the last mile-and-a-quarter, after the turn at Horncaster Gate, this road comes down in a straight line. Upon this road one Saturday with noon just passed, I heard hoofbeats.

I went out on the porch. Two horses were stretched out down the straightaway, coming like wild things. I knew them, of course. Easily identified even from a distance was White Prince; and by White Prince's side thundered the hoofs of Star, the Stuart black with the white forehead marking.

On they came in a dead heat, their riders crouched low. I could see Charles' old hat fanning Star and I knew that Elizabeth, up on White Prince, was pressing the black and her brother hard. I could not see which was leading—I was busy backing toward the safety of my door in case their charging mounts carried away my flimsy porch.

They wheeled up with a scraunch of hoofs and flying gravel. "Who was it, Mr. Willets?" called Elizabeth. "White Prince had it, now, didn't he?" She wore an old pair of denim dungarees, a blue work shirt that, judging from its size, was borrowed from her brother, and blue socks. Two Topsy pigtails dangled about her ears.

I only grinned for answer; the winning of the race was not important—to them or me. For me it was good enough to see this sister and brother come riding as they had as youngsters; good to see zest and life and family affection.

"Well, Bess, did Charles finally talk you into going fishing with him?" I asked, after we had inquired about the health and welfare of our respective families. We stood just off the porch of The Pleasant Hour.

"Not yet, Mr. Willets!" Bess exclaimed gaily. "He hasn't made that much of a loafer out of me yet. I wanted to go for a ride—he did, too, but wouldn't admit it. He says it seems foolish for a grown man to be riding a horse when a car will get him there so much quicker. We compromised—he discovered there was some fish-line and stuff he wanted to get out of his boat."

"I think Charles is afraid that White Prince is going to get ahead of Star someday," I said.

Around the corner of Halliburton's store came a black coupé. It drove up to the front of my place and Cord Holland got out.

"Well, Mr. Holland!" Charles said cordially. "I hear your bridge is coming along just fine."

"Not bad," Holland said. He had plainly seen the girl but he did not glance her way, but turned his interest to horses. "Some rather nice horseflesh you have," he remarked. "I didn't know there was anything like that around here."

Talk horses to any Stuart and you've got yourself a friend. Talk horses to Charles Stuart and he will talk all day.

"Who is he?" Bess Stuart murmured to me. Her brother had forgotten her.

What could I tell her? "He's the bridge-builder," I answered. "He's the fellow building the bridge across to Hobb."

You could see it all there in her face as she openly watched him: Admiration of his fine figure and strong face, surprise at his youthfulness, respect for his achievements. And by this time, White Prince was nuzzling Holland's hand.

Now Charles brought Holland over. "I don't believe you've met my sister," he said, and introduced them.

The engineer made a slight, courtly bow. "You know horses, don't you, Mr. Holland?" Bess asked.

"Horses?" Holland answered. "Well, I suppose I do, a little," Holland answered modestly. "There are few things that I like better."

Not ten minutes later, I saw Bess Stuart and Cord Holland go riding off together. Charles was going out to his fishing boat. Mr. Holland took this opportunity to show Elizabeth the wonders of his bridge and to indulge himself in the feel of good horseflesh.

Around the corner of the store they went with White Prince and Star. Elizabeth turned and waved back to me. Holland too raised a gay hand. Loathsomely gay.

"Benson—I'm afraid we'll have to let you go."

WHAT followed was not quite the same as with Stella, nor yet a repetition of Helen. Holland was at first talkative enough, but his court became strangely reticent. He received very little prompting. Even the rum-soaked brain of Zombie Harris seemed to sense Cord Holland was now pitted against something perhaps a little too big.

I cannot say what was in their minds. It might have been some vague fear, a half-buried instinctive awe risen to warn them. The odd gentlemen of Cord Holland's court knew the Stuarts; Holland didn't.

And they, like me perhaps, might have been actuated by another motive: the desire to see virtue triumph over evil. I know—it sounds old-fashioned, put that way, and it may seem odd coming from me, a saloon-keeper. But we had seen two of our Shad Point girls go down before the charms and maneuverings of this outsider. If Elizabeth Stuart succumbed, what had we left?

Getting little encouragement from his drinking cronies and plain hostility from me, our superman made a change of tactics. He became provocatively secretive. We'd see White Prince and Elizabeth go down to the bridge and not one word would be mentioned of her visit. We'd see the man and girl together in Holland's coupé, driving up the road in the evenings. And that would be all.

But I had an explanation—and a happy one. Elizabeth would be going back to school shortly. Cord Holland saw that his time was short—too short. Elizabeth, our Elizabeth, was holding!

Never, I'm sure, was there a saloon-keeper more anxious to see a college open. I casually learned from Bess what day she would leave for school. I looked at Holland each time after they had been together, searching for signs of victory. Each time I saw him, I had reason to feel prouder.

The day she went over and took the train from Plattsburg, he went up to see her off. But that night when he came into The Pleasant Hour, I knew that my faith had not been in vain. I felt like raising the American flag, exploding firecrackers, shouting, "Hurray!" I could not resist provoking him.

I did something foolish. I poured a double-header for all of Cord's crowd, him included. And as I set it up, I said, "Well, Cord, I guess you've seen the last of Miss Bess for awhile."

Something told me at once that I had made a mistake. For Cord watched me with those slow, sure, dark eyes of his and began to smile. "Consolation prize," I hastily added, indicating the drinks.

"Yes? Consolation prize for what?" All his crowd were watching him and their eyes were as intent on me.

"The bird that got away," I answered.

The slow smile widened. He shoved his drink back. "Sorry, Pop. If you'd consider it a victory shot . . ."

"Come now," I said, pushing the drink back. "You can't expect to win all the time."

Others besides Cord's crowd were watching now. In the smallness of the bar we were spotlighted like actors before an audience. "Suppose it should be victory?" Holland said. "Would you still put up the drinks, Pop?"

I was scared now; anxious, above all things, to get out of an embarrassing situation. "Only if somebody could prove it to me. And that would be hard to do."

"How do you feel about black and white?"

"Black and white?" That seemed ridiculous. "That's a pretty good way of proving things, usually—but where's any black and white in this case?"

He reached his hand into his back pocket and brought out a flexible leather-covered black book. I had seen it before and took it to be notes or figures connected with the bridge. He thumbed through to a date. "You can start there."

I STARTED there. It was the first day he had met Elizabeth; it told details of the meeting by The Pleasant Hour, the circumstances. It told these things truly. And on the same page: "Kissed Bess Stuart after impressing her with bridge. Resistance: 0. Response: 2300 volts. Estimated job time: 30 days."

I was rooted there, afraid to turn the page. "Go ahead, Pop," Holland said. "Turn over. But if you want to save yourself some time, I completed that little job six days ahead of estimate."

I glanced through other pages, comparing his entries with events I knew had taken place. There were references to the bar, to the weather, to rides I knew he had made with Bess. His notes told how he had moved into position to strike—like a tarantula creeping towards its prey.

"A very interesting sociological document, that," Holland said, speaking to his court as if they were students, but with his voice loud enough to accommodate the outsiders. "It is a commentary on the great American illusion of female virtue." He paused, letting his sarcasm sink in. Then he turned to me. "Suppose you tell the boys, Pop, how the job times compare."

"Compare?" I said, feeling a little ill. I still hadn't turned to that page where I knew the downfall of Bess Stuart would be recorded.

"Yes. The job time for Stella, and the job time for the storekeeper. The boys already know about the landed gentry."

I turned back the pages—back to the school dance and the beginning of Stella.

It was there, all right, as precisely written-up as an engineering survey. It was a pathetic story. I did not read it all, just snatched glimpses of Stella's struggle. It was like watching the match of a golden-haired child caged with a polite but ravenously hungry tiger.

"FIFTY-TWO days from the time of meeting, Pop, if you want to check the dates," Holland said.

"Yes," I agreed woodenly. The record showed that the tiger had first overcome the child back of Hobb Island, where Stella's father later found them together.

"You could at least tell the boys that you promised to marry Stella," I said.

He laughed. It was there in his own handwriting. "Stella was a very stubborn girl, Pop. But what's a little thing like a promise to get what you want?"

Helen Halliburton had fared no better. Nor did I have more reason to doubt the verity of every word. There were too many details, too much precisely written truth as I knew it to be true.

"Thirty-eight days on that job," Holland said.

I was sick. I was convinced of the truth, but the truth didn't make me free. It made me sick. I turned to the twenty-fourth page of Elizabeth, the day of her downfall.

No, there was no surprise. Poor Elizabeth had gone down like the others. It happened in the stable, where Charles Stuart had invited Holland to help himself to their saddle-horses. Where a more natural place for Holland to help himself to Charles's sister?

I returned the diary and shoved the drinks back, with a feeling of defeat and terrible dejection. "To victory, Pop?" Cord Holland inquired gaily, raising his glass.

"To victory—and hell!" I answered. "And the sooner you get there the better off the world will be!"

Poor ignorant stranger! Poor city fool! "You must understand this!" I said. "It is you who'll get a dose of lead if this ever gets back to Brick House!"

He was puzzled, nothing more. Certainly not frightened. It was impossible, I suppose, to

make him understand. "It was all right when Stella and the storekeeper's daughter went, wasn't it?" he asked softly. "But a Stuart—the seduction of a Stuart is too much for your feudal stomach, huh, Pop?" . . .

A nor'easter set in and I was glad. A nor'east storm is an event in itself. Somehow I felt it would slow down traffic and communication. Few people would be out traveling. So much less chance for evil word to spread.

I felt much better. I lit off a fire and listened to the wind blow and the rain beat on the roof. I served Cord's gang and many other customers in against the chill and weather. Perhaps by the time the storm had blown itself out, the incident of the black book would be chilled to extinction.

Then one noon I heard somebody dial the operator. I listened, expecting that the phone would go on, perhaps even give my ring, which was one long and two shorts. The drinkers had cleared out of my place to get their dinners.

The phone rang only once. But on a sudden impulse, I went over and eased up the receiver.

I recognized the voice of Charles Stuart. He put in a call to his sister at College Park. I knew I shouldn't, but I simply had to hear this—for my peace of mind, if nothing else.

"I'm sorry," a woman's voice answered. "But we can't seem to find Miss Stuart right now. Is there any message you'd like to leave for her?"

"Yes," Charles answered. "Please tell her to call her brother just as soon as she comes in."

The fat was in the fire now! Charles had heard something!

I TRIED not to show any concern that afternoon. It would not do for me to betray the fact that I knew Charles Stuart was asking questions. Even when the phone rang the Stuart three longs and two shorts—probably Elizabeth calling back her brother from school—I showed no more interest than at other times when drinkers were about.

Shortly after the ring, when all was comfortable and serene, I heard above the storm's howl the scream of brakes. Through the window I saw Charles Stuart's sedan grind to a halt outside. He was coatless and hatless at the wheel.

The room became still. It was that hushed dead stillness when something big hangs in the air and nobody knows how or when it will explode.

Into the door came Charles. He was wearing an old khaki shirt, collar unbuttoned. His brown hair was mussed by the wind and rain. He stopped at the door, shoved it tight, and stood looking over the room.

"Mr. Holland," he said, without giving a glance to anybody else present. "I want to speak to you." There was a kind of flatness to his voice. He did not move forward, but stood by the door waiting, his eyes never leaving Holland's face.

Holland looked back at him evenly. "Yes?" he said.

"Outside, Mr. Holland." Charles' voice was not raised. It was not angry nor bristling with fire. Yet every man in the room knew that a command had been given—no request.

Holland, smiling impishly, finished his glass. He did not hurry. With dignity and in his own good time, he walked toward Charles. When he came close, Charles opened the door, let the stranger precede him, then closed the door after them.

There was no talk. No one ordered a drink. Those who could see without moving stole a glance through the window. I did what a saloonkeeper usually does when the need to mark time is most urgent: I polished glasses.

Several minutes went by. The door opened. Through it came Holland. His dark-browed face was smiling broadly and his fine body swaggered with pride and triumph.

It took a moment for the bar to recover from the shock. But Holland's mastery of the situation was so obvious that relaxation began. "What did he want?" Lester Tippett ventured. They began to crowd around the victor.

"Give us a round, Pop," Holland said, casually taking his old place at the bar. He hitched a shoulder toward the outside. "Young Mr. Stuart demanded—yes, that was his word, *demand* —to know the truth about his sister." His voice was loaded with sarcasm, his face mocking. "I of course obliged the gentleman."

The door opened again and the wind and rain tore in. In it stood Charles Stuart. He had a double-barreled shotgun in his hand. He shut the door, and like a sleepwalker began to move slowly towards Holland.

THERE was action now, terrific action. Holland's court broke from him like partridges under fire. They ran in both directions down the bar. I saw other customers running toward the washroom and dropping behind tables.

And in those tense moments, with myself ready to duck behind the protecting bar, I noted a peculiar detail. The gun that Charles carried was not his new double-barreled hammerless. It was the fine old English gun of his father, twelve-gauge in bore, with beautifully carved stock and scrolled hammers. It was the family gun, the gun which Charles had been given as a boy to learn shooting. It was the gun he expected someday, I suppose, to pass on to a son.

Charles stopped eight feet in front of his quarry. He did not raise the gun in threat,

rather seemed almost apologetic for its existence. He stood there silent, his thin face white, the cords in his throat working. "You have to tell the truth, Holland," he finally got out his plea. He gave a little indicative wave of the barrel toward the hiding audience. "You have to tell all these people the truth."

Holland had turned. He had thrust his elbows behind him on the bar. He leaned comfortably thus, one foot cocked up in ease. He stood as if witness to a great joke. Never had his little black mustache and dark brows looked more recklessly defiant. And his eyes—there was in them that same glitter as when he had told about his conquests.

"I have told these good people the truth, Mr. Stuart," he said, with a voice full of mockery. "And your gun can never change that truth."

Before the words had scarcely escaped his mouth, the double-barrel was up and pointed. The two scrolled hammers fell so closely together that there was but one explosion. The Pleasant Hour seemed to swell out with fire and noise.

WHEN I got from behind the bar to see what help I could be to Holland, the air about him was filled with smoke and floating particles of paper wadding.

One glance at what had been his chest, and I knew that never, never would the magnificent maleness of Cord Holland hunt again among country women.

"I'm sorry about this, Mr. Willets," I heard Charles speak softly into my hurting ears. "I'm sorry to mess up your place like this."

"I know, boy," I said softly through the smoke. "It's all right."

"I'm going to Plattsburg," he said dazedly, edging toward the door. "Please phone Sheriff Simms and tell him I'll meet him at the jail."

I looked at his wet hair and wet shirt. "You're going nowhere, boy—not until you get some clothes on." I started leading him towards my coats and sweaters.

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Willets, I clear forgot about clothes," he answered apologetically. He nodded his drenched head, his eyes glazed with shock. "That was a terrible thing that man did, Mr. Willets—to tell lies like that about Bess—to tell dirty lies like that about Bess." . . .

It was a bad time while Charles sat in jail in Plattsburg, awaiting November court. Elizabeth quit college. Every visiting day she was up with a basket of food for him. A right pathetic sight she was, sitting there in the corridor, with her basket and old silver and white napkins sitting on one old box, and she on another, while inside the cell her brother accepted the food she passed through the bars.

But don't believe that all in the county felt as I. I'll never forget once, when I passed two Plattsburg matrons, and one pointed out Elizabeth to the other.

"That's the Stuart girl now," the first woman said with a faint semblance of sympathy. "She's on her way to jail to see him now. She goes every visiting day."

The second woman, with only the slightest deliberation, snorted caustically, "Well, she ought to, oughtn't she? After all, she got him where he is, didn't she?"

Marvin, Doughlas and McLean, the bridge-builders, threw all their power on the side of justice. Holland had been one of their most valuable top men. Into Wade County came a special prosecutor. This special prosecutor, before the trial was ever started, announced that the state would ask death. The county paper bulged with his denunciations.

With feeling running about like this, there came a note in scrawly longhand to Charles' cell. It read:

> *Dear Young Stuart: The Old Man does not like what's going on. So if you'll trust your neck to an old man, I'll do my best.*
>
> *Since I announced my retirement six years ago, and can't well go back on my word, I must insist on defending you without fee.*
>
> *Jeb Hungerford*

Next week, the special prosecutor did not have almost all the front page of the *Wade County Courier* given over to him and the idea of hanging. The headline was:

JUDGE HUNGERFORD TO DEFEND STUART

Lie my heart where it may, I was nevertheless a witness for the State. It was my duty to tell the truth as I saw it, and that I did. Nor did old Judge Hungerford, sitting beside Charles, indicate that he wanted anything but the truth.

The case went rather smoothly, as murder trials go. But I will say this: Under the skillful handling of Mr. Whiteside, the special prosecutor, the trial was far bloodier than the deed.

Cord Holland had been killed instantly. But his death in court was prolonged over days.

make it easy

If you have trouble cleaning hard-to-get-at parts of your exhaust fan in the kitchen (or other fans) why not try using a long-handled small brush dipped in kerosene. It is very successful.

Mrs. N. Paquet, Jr., LeMay, Mo.

Bluebook *will pay $5 for each "Make It Easy" published, but none can be acknowledged or returned.*

And when he was dead, there were life-sized photos of his body and wounds, and his actual bloody clothes. Close as I was to Charles, I could not help but feel a revulsion to this daily dose of gore. What must have felt the jury?

On the afternoon of the ninth day, Mr. Whiteside brought in his last witness. Wade County had been expecting this man. He was what is known as "a surprise witness."

The courtroom was crowded. Way had to be made for the witness through spectators filling the corridors. Inside the courtroom, old Judge Hungerford talked nervously to Charles. And when there was some little delay in getting the witness through, Judge Hungerford went consolingly to the side of Bess, sitting in the first row of seats behind her brother.

PRESENTLY Sheriff Simms got through the door. He had in tow a tall, lithe, fiftyish man with the white face and hands found among city people and country doctors. The man wore rimless glasses, and was dressed in a quiet gray suit.

The short, bald, aggressive little special prosecutor bustled out to meet his witness. "How are you, Doctor?" Mr. Whiteside asked, and escorted him to the witness chair. The man did so, was sworn in and took the stand.

"Your name, please?" asked Judge Blacklock.

"Dr. Harry G. Untermeyer."

"Address?"

The witness gave an address in a large city in Pennsylvania.

"Occupation?"

"Psychiatrist."

"All right, Mr. Whiteside," Judge Blacklock ordered. "Proceed with your witness."

Under the leadership of Mr. Whiteside, the doctor testified that he had known Cord Holland; that he had once begun treatment of him; that he had the records of Holland's family doctor and two psychiatrists on Holland's case.

"Were you successful in your treatment, Doctor?" inquired the prosecutor.

"No. The patient, as he had done with two other psychiatrists before, discontinued treatment as soon as I discovered the motivating cause of his sometimes unusual behavior. The shame of that failure, even with me, a doctor, was such that he took flight as soon as it was discovered."

Mr. Whiteside went to the exhibit table and picked up the leather-backed black book. He presented it to the psychiatrist. "Would you please tell us, Doctor, if you are familiar with this exhibit?"

"I am. I examined Mr. Holland's dairy shortly after it was removed from the pocket of the deceased."

Mr. Whiteside lowered his voice. Every ear in the courtroom strained forward. "In his diary, Mr. Holland refers to certain extreme sexual intimacies with an Elizabeth Stuart, the sister of the accused in this case. What would you, with your knowledge of Mr. Holland's condition, give as your opinion of those recordings, Doctor?"

The doctor turned to the judge, then glanced at the jury. "I would say in the case of Elizabeth Stuart that the recordings were the same as the alleged sexual intimacies with all the other girls or women mentioned in Mr. Holland's diary. They were pure fantasy."

I did not at once grasp the significance of the doctor's testimony, nor did the others of the courtroom. We just sat with mouths ajar, with an idea gently knocking at the wall of our contrary convictions.

Judge Blacklock was the first to recover his voice. "Do you mean, Doctor, that all these stories of Mr. Holland's sexual promiscuity, in reality never took place?"

"Exactly, Your Honor," the doctor answered briskly. "Mr. Holland's conquests took place only in his mind. Fantasies of conquest are not an unusual part of the syndrome in such cases."

"You mean, Doctor, that such a man could write as intimately as this man did?" Judge Blacklock asked.

"Oh, yes. In fact, Your Honor, even where there is not a deep-seated cause, as there was with Holland, such fantasies are rather common in both male and female. The more incompetent or rejected the suitor, the greater the fantasy to overcome the sense of rejection or incompetency. Such fantasies with men are usually expressed in bragging; women are more inclined to confide or subtly imply them to diaries."

"Tell us, Doctor, please, why you know for a certainty that all these recordings of Mr. Holland's sexual prowess are pure fantasy," pressed the special prosecutor. "You may face the jury if you like."

THE doctor shifted in his chair. He looked the jury over quietly before speaking. "The sexual conquests of Cord Holland, as described in his diary, never took place in reality, ladies and gentlemen, because Cord Holland was completely impotent sexually. It would have been a physical impossibility for the allegations described to occur."

They were spellbound, the others of the courtroom. It was too much for them to accept and believe at once. Holland was too much the rip-roaring physical man. Perhaps I was a little ahead of the others. I recalled that first time when he came in and I had picked him as something of a fraud when he bought drinks for the house. There was, as I had first thought, a weak

spot. And how clear now that Holland's whole pattern of behavior was but a blustering blind to hide his failure as a man!

Mr. Whiteside, his bald head glistening under the chandelier, moved with a crouching motion toward the witness. "And now, Doctor, should the defense claim that this crime was committed in retaliation for the violation of a girl—the violation of a sister—what would be your conclusion on that?"

"My conclusion would be an unhappy one," answered Dr. Untermeyer in a slow, morose voice. "I would say that Mr. Holland was slain for the commission of acts which he was physically incapable of performing."

"Thank you, Doctor!" exclaimed Mr. Whiteside. "Your witness, Mr. Hungerford."

We were all conscious that Mr. Whiteside had refused to dignify Judge Hungerford with the term Judge. We were conscious that Judge Hungerford had been aware of the petty slight throughout the trial. But Judge Hungerford he was and Judge Hungerford he would be to us, and no outsider could lightly take away the reputation a man had built up during a lifetime.

The old man rose slowly. He was seventy-three years old. He was in no hurry. He was still a fine specimen of a man, long, lean, with a thatch of white hair and an Indian nose. Only a slight stoop gave away his age.

Judge Hungerford's words struck on the taut courtroom: "Cross-examination waived."

Mr. Whiteside looked suspicious. "Move to dismiss the witness," he said.

"The witness is dismissed with the thanks of the court," stated Judge Blacklock.

Judge Hungerford remained standing while Sheriff Simms escorted Dr. Untermeyer through the crowd. And just his standing there, waiting, filled the courtroom with a kind of intensity.

"The State rests," announced Mr. Whiteside.

"Very well," said Judge Blacklock. "Are you ready to proceed with your witnesses, Judge Hungerford?"

The answer Judge Hungerford gave was startling. "The defense will call none," he said.

We knew that it was no surrender, no lack of fight, but some play on law or human emotion which he was about to unloose.

When Judge Blacklock had recovered from the impact, he asked: "You are putting on no defense witnesses?"

"No," Judge Hungerford answered. "My witnesses will be silent witnesses." He turned toward Charles and Bess.

My eyes followed the nod of his gray head. So did every other eye in the courtroom. "My witnesses will be this brother and sister, Charles and Elizabeth Stuart," Judge Hungerford intoned, then stopped to let the full power of his words sink in.

I don't know what others felt, but I felt shame. It was not Charles Stuart who was guilty, nor Elizabeth Stuart. I was guilty; and so was every man and woman in the courtroom. Without hearing one word in her defense, we had convicted Elizabeth and flung her mercilessly to Cord Holland. She was caught, trapped, and pinioned on one man's word, and nothing she could have said herself would have freed her from guilt in the public mind.

My face was red and burning. It wasn't only the injustice I had done Elizabeth. I thought of Stella Shymanski and Helen Halliburton. How cheaply I had sold those girls! My only consolation was that I had been no worse than their own fathers. Mr. Shymanski had struck frantically at his own flesh, when he found Stella in circumstances backing up Holland's talk. If Mr. Halliburton had questioned his daughter and believed her, he had, in effect, by sending her to convent school, made Helen public victim of Holland's barroom bragging.

Knowing Holland's secret, I felt nothing toward him but pity and sorrow. He had been mentally a very sick man with a desperate compulsion to hide his illness.

Would Charles Stuart be judged for the mistake of killing a sick man in defending his sister's name? Or would the jury look to the harm that Holland's sickness had done, the damage it had been capable of doing?

"Charles and Elizabeth Stuart," Judge Hungerford repeated. "The prosecution has kindly cleared the sister, Elizabeth, of fornication. For that justice, let us give credit where credit rightfully belongs: to Charles Stuart, the brother!"

It was arranged that Bess would phone me as soon as the verdict was reached. Nineteen hours the jury had been out, and for as many hours I had watched the phones both at home and in The Pleasant Hour, when I saw a girl running along the bank.

It was unmistakable. That mop of yellow hair I would know anywhere. It was Stella Shymanski, and she was tearing along the bank, coatless, the quiet reach of the green Potomac behind her, her soft long hair flying in the autumn sun.

I ran onto the porch of The Pleasant Hour. Stella was plunging wildly by, her long slim legs dancing over the autumn earth.

"He's free, Mr. Willets!" Stella shouted over her shoulder as she cut toward Helen Halliburton's house. "Charles Stuart is free!"

Inside, my phone began ringing.

—By Victor H. Johnson

Ernie Schmidt's family—Marjorie, Sandra, Ernie Jr.. and Mildred—wait for the biscuits to brown by a Canadian river in September 1952. They've been going on such outings since Sandra was an infant being toted by Daddy papoose-style, as was little Ernie later *(opposite page)*.

Put the Baby in a Packsack

BY SEYMOUR SHUBIN

Some men give up camping after they get a family, but not Ernie Schmidt. His wife and kids go along—and love it.

THE two men were hiking along an especially rugged section of the Appalachian Trail. They rounded a bend—and saw a remarkable sight. Striding toward them was what seemed to be a family of four—father, mother and two small daughters, nine and eleven, each carrying a packsack.

The two hikers greeted the family heartily. Then, when they passed the father, they did a movie-style "double-take." "Holy cow!" one of them exclaimed. "A *baby!*"

For, riding papoose fashion in his father's packsack, was a fifth member of the family: ten-month-old Ernie Schmidt, Jr. The hikers would have been doubly astounded if they had known that the infant was on his third camping trip.

That was five years ago. Even then such astounding of strangers was nothing new for Mr. and Mrs. Ernie Schmidt. It had been going on since the days when their oldest daughter, Sandra, was fed her baby formula beside a campfire near one of North Wisconsin's many lakes. "Sandy" rode in a packsack on her father's back on numerous trips then as later did her sister Marjorie and, eventually, little Ernie.

The Schmidts' camping excursions have crisscrossed the United States many times, and have extended into the woods of Canada. On vacations and week ends, and always together as a family.

Ernie Schmidt's vocation, of course, has made his avocation of family camping somewhat simpler: At forty-four, he is the director of outdoor activities at the Schiff National (Boy Scout) Training Center in Mendham, New Jersey, a few

miles from his home in Bernardsville. Yet one need not be in the profession of scouting to follow his example. Any family can reap the pleasures of outdoor vacations, provided the essential desire is there. The fundamentals can be learned; and Ernie Schmidt's experiences with family camping—probably more than any man living today—can point the way.

Ernie, for example, despite the fact that he was in professional scouting, was faced with a problem in March of 1935 that undoubtedly has confronted many other men who love camping: He'd just gotten married and his wife, Mildred, not only knew nothing of outdoor life but had all the usual reservations about it—fear of insects and animals, and a prejudice against the "inconveniences." Ernie didn't want to go camping alone, nor did he want to try to push that way of life upon her. He realized that the initial suggestion had to come from *her*. So he decided on a ruse, and here lies not only a lesson in family camping but one in female psychology. By degrees he bought her an irresistible camping outfit—jacket, whipcord britches, leather boots. After about a month of modeling the outfit in front of a mirror and friends, she eventually came out with the question Ernie had been waiting to hear: What was the use of having a camping outfit if you didn't go camping?

But Ernie didn't make the move yet. He realized—and this is vital—that for a woman, especially a novice, camping should be as comfortable as possible. So he bought a tent that was absolutely rainproof and bugproof, with mosquito netting and a sewed-in floor. He also got a good sleeping bag for her, as well as an inflatable air mattress to go underneath. Then he waited for a week end that combined a full moon with the promise of clear weather. They went to a nearby site—not so far that she would feel cut off from civilization—and pitched the tent. The setting was wonderful, the weather perfect and, as a fillip, there was a special brand of Ernie Schmidt outdoor cooking.

That trip was followed by others on subsequent week ends, holidays and vacations. By the time Sandy was born, Mrs. Schmidt was as enthusiastic about camping as her husband. And, just because there was a baby, the Schmidts saw no reason why they had to give up outdoor vacations. So, to the dismay of relatives and friends, they set off into the North Wisconsin woods with a two-month-old girl. It worked out splendidly; and the Schmidts, as a family unit, have been at it ever since.

How do the Schmidts do it? How can *you* go camping with wife and children—even babies?

"The key to a successful family camping trip," Ernie says, "is comfort. That's something I can't stress enough. It's the thing that wiped away my wife's fears and enabled her, and later the children, to enjoy outdoor life with me. Good clothing, shelter and equipment can make the difference between a successful trip and a miserable one, and the initial expense of these things will cover many years' wear and use."

Ernie has specific suggestions about what a family needs to camp in comfort. For instance:

Shelter. Ernie cannot emphasize enough the advantages of a tent with a sewed-in floor. This keeps out insects and moisture, and will pay for itself in comfort many times over. In case of rain, though, the canvas floor might not be enough, so it's wise to cover it with a poncho or a sheet of rubber or plastic. And don't forget the mosquito netting—especially for baby. As for the style of tent to buy, this depends on how it's to be used. If a family is driving and expects to camp next to the car, Ernie suggests a marquee (umbrella) tent that has a canopy and side curtains. Since this is a heavy tent, it's not convenient for hiking or traveling by canoe, in which case a light cruiser or explorer style would be called for. The costs of tents varies, naturally. A new marquee probably can be purchased from forty dollars up, while the lighter ones would run less. It is important, too, to remember that camping equipment can be gotten from Army surplus stores; or, if a person is ingenious, tents and much other paraphernalia can be designed and made by hand.

Sleeping equipment. In cool or cold weather, the Schmidts find sleeping bags vital; and prices of new ones range from about twelve dollars up. On warmer nights, blankets alone can be used. But, in either case, an air mattress is just about essential for comfort.

Clothing. If you're doing any hiking, don't skimp on footgear. You'll thank Ernie for every blister you don't get. Boots should be of good leather, with rubber heels and soles. The amount of clothing to take depends upon the kind of trip and how a family is traveling. But Ernie reminds everyone to be prepared for all kinds of weather. A heavy poncho can be particularly useful, as Mrs. Schmidt can tell you. She only had a light, plastic raincoat the day she was caught in a sudden storm high on Longs Peak in the Rockies. Strong gusts of wind and rain whipped the coat up around her head and she got thoroughly drenched.

Packsacks. Necessities, also. Ernie's mother and father learned this the hard way. They insisted upon taking a suitcase their first time out, despite Ernie's pleas, only to find one morning that mice had chewed through it. Canvas packsacks can be hung up out of the reach of rodents, are easy to carry when hiking and have

as much room as a small cedar chest when packed properly. In the Schmidt family, each person has his or her own totem or symbol painted on a packsack. This gives the children a special sense of ownership, as well as saving trouble in finding out quickly what belongs to whom. Also, each has his own color for ditty toilet bags, so there's a minimum of confusion and time-wasting during packing and unpacking.

Food. This need never be a problem, even for a large group. If a family is taking a trip by automobile from one campsite to another, fresh meats, vegetables and milk can be purchased along the way. What the Schmidts do on such trips is either buy or take from home meat frozen in aluminum foil. They wrap it in newspaper for insulation, which enables it to last for hours and sometimes even a couple days. The meat is cooked right in the foil. On lengthy trips away from civilization, food still doesn't have to be a headache. You can buy almost anything canned or dehydrated—vegetables, fruit, milk, eggs and even roast beef. Far from incidentally, says Mrs. Schmidt, plastic bags are a "must" for food. Regular paper bags are too fragile.

Planning meals. Regardless of the length of the trip, each day's menu should be planned in advance. This way you'll know what supplies to take. The Schmidts have found it wise to have only two cooked meals a day—breakfast and dinner—which leaves an easy but nourishing lunch, and plenty of time for activities. A typical day's menu might be: breakfast—apricots, dry cereal, bacon and eggs, milk or coffee, toast and jam; lunch—sandwiches, raisins, chocolate or crackers and jam; dinner—hamburger, rice or dehydrated potatoes, carrots, corn and fruit. Or the main course for dinner might be chili, wieners or fish.

Outdoor cooking. If you can do it at home, you can do it outdoors. But before you try cooking over a campfire in the woods, experiment in your own backyard. The Schmidts, when traveling by car, always take along a small gasoline stove. Not only does it save time and energy, but it also is a necessity in those many regulated campsites where building a fire is prohibited. A two-burner stove costs from about sixteen dollars up. When packing the stove, don't forget to put in a few extra cans of gasoline.

Pots and pans. Simple, this. Take what you have at home. Or buy a four-person aluminum mess kit for about ten to fifteen dollars. A small, metal reflector oven is handy for broiling

Having pitched on a proper surface with a proper exposure, the girls try out a tent for size.

steak or baking fish, biscuits and pies over a campfire. Such an oven can be bought for a few dollars; Ernie made one for fifty cents.

Refrigeration. The Schmidts plan meals so that an icebox is unnecessary. They've learned that if you're close enough to a town to get ice, you're also close enough to buy fresh food regularly.

Water. Carry in thermos bottles whenever possible. Or when hiking, in canteens. For auto travel, the Schmidts like those three-gallon milk cans. As for drinking from streams, that's fine—provided you either boil the water or use one of the several purifying chemicals on the market. *Never* drink unboiled or unpurified water, no matter how clean-looking the stream. Ernie had this hammered home to him when at twenty-two he was tempted by a brook that looked like, but wasn't, a virgin. A bout with typhoid fever almost cost him his life.

Young Ernie gets to pose with a northern pike almost as big as he is. His father caught it in the Chibougamau River of Central Quebec.

Other essentials. Especially for trips into the hinterland, a family should take along an ax, knife, shovel, flashlight, waterproof matchcase, rope and, if not a gasoline lamp, at least a candle lantern. A family first-aid kit should be as complete as possible and, in addition, each person should carry a "survival" kit. This kit should be pocket-size: The metal container for a typewriter ribbon is perfect. Each of the Schmidts carries one, except little Ernie who is never let out of sight. The kit contains band-aids, safety pins, a tiny compass, wire, fishing hook, matches and a razor blade. As an extra precaution, the Schmidt children carry whistles, tied to a thong around the neck. If lost, they've been told to stay put and blow.

Many gadgets are available that bring to family camping the conveniences of home. Like the extension cord that can be plugged into an auto cigarette lighter and used to warm baby's bottle or light a bulb. But your own resoucefulness can accomplish much, too: such as warming the bottle by hanging it on a clotheshanger hooked over the car radiator. Experience is the greatest teacher, in family camping as in everything else; and here is where a man's workshop and ingenuity can come into play. For example, when Ernie saw that on many trips the family was eating directly from the car trunk—so that supplies wouldn't have to be lugged out—he rigged up a table that could be clamped on the car's rear bumper.

So much for what a family needs in the way of equipment and creature comforts. Now, to get down to the camping trip itself, let's hear some further suggestions from Ernie Schmidt's experience:

Where to go. If you're like the Schmidts, you've got the entire country from which to choose, plus Mexico and Canada. But, like them, you'll also discover for yourself the woods, rivers and campsites within your own state and county. For a starter you can spend a night or week end in that little patch of woodland, just a few miles from home, that you've whizzed by so often in the car.

There are places of rich scenic beauty everywhere, and a handful of postcards will bring you, free of charge, hundreds of maps and pamphlets covering any kind of camping trip you want. A card to the conservation department of any state should fill your mailbox with replies; one to the National Park Service, of the United States Department of the Interior, Washington,

On a bumper table that Ernie made, Marjorie and Sandra get lunch ready during a 1947 New Jersey camp trip. Food is no problem to modern campers—almost everything comes canned or dried.

D. C., will, among a plethora of other material, provide you with a fabulous map that will point out all the national parks and forests, state recreational areas, Indian reservations, wildlife refuges and historical sites in the U.S.A. and its territories. There is no section of the country—nor of Canada, either, for that government is as liberal with tourist information as the United States—that cannot be studied thoroughly prior to a trip.

Advance preparations. The Schmidts—and you should, too—read everything they can about the areas they're going to visit. In addition, they try to give each trip a purpose, like collecting Indian arrowheads or minerals, or snapping pictures of the bird life in a certain vicinity. Ernie suggests that no one begin an outdoor vacation without reading up on the wonders of nature. Simon and Schuster's Golden Nature Guides is a series he recommends highly. The novice might very well bone up on woodmanship and first-aid by consulting with the scoutmaster of his local troop.

The preparations can be as much fun as the trip itself, what with the readings, discussions and the excitement of planning. And, after it's over, there can be many months of reliving good times, especially if one follows Ernie's method of keeping complete diaries. Every long trip becomes a loose-leaf book, in which all photographs are pasted and each incident set down. The Schmidts keep a record of the daily menus, wild life observed and minerals collected; also an accurate expense account of each trip.

Estimating expenses. A look at any of the Schmidt expense sheets reveals a marvelous fact: For a family, camping—besides being the most fruitful way—is also the cheapest way of seeing the country. Take, for instance, the fifteen-day, 1,992-mile trip they took a couple years ago into the heart of Quebec. The entire vacation for a family of five—including food, gasoline, state park admissions and guide fees, bridge and ferry tolls, film, a few souvenirs, repairs to a canoe and one night's lodging in a hotel (Ernie always takes his family to a hotel the last night out because "the children need to know more than outdoor life")—all this came to only $225.63. About fifteen dollars a day. You can safely estimate this as a daily average for any family auto camp-

ing trip that covers about two hundred miles between stops. A trip to a near-by site, therefore, costs little more than the price of food plus, if it's to a planned recreational area, the twenty-five cent to a dollar entrance fee that many of them charge.

Do's and don'ts. A few nights before the trip, Ernie inspects the survival kits of each member of the family and, regardless of how many times they've already heard them, repeats these instructions: Never bring an open flame into a tent; never eat a berry you don't recognize; never swim to shore from an overturned canoe, but cling to the canoe which won't sink; never attempt to feed or play with a bear, even those in the National Parks. Then Ernie goes over with them the means of identifying poisonous snakes. Following this, he and his wife and two daughters practice on one another the arm-lift, back-pressure form of artificial respiration. This is the new method of manual resuscitation that has recently been accepted for use by the Boy Scouts and other national groups. Everyone should learn it.

Selecting a campsite. In many of the national and state recreational areas, regular camping grounds are set up with fireplaces, drinking fountains, laundry facilities and showers. Here, selection of a campsite poses no problem in the way of safety or terrain. It is different, though, when a family takes to the deep woods. For a family with small children, probably the most important factor is the safety of the terrain: Avoid camping near gullies or swift-flowing rivers. Wherever possible, when the stay is to be an extended one, pick a campsite reasonably near a source of drinking water and, if fires are permitted and desired, firewood. The terrain should be open and relatively free of brush and high grass. The site should not be in a valley, where there's a chance at flash-floods, nor should a tent be set up below trees, where it's a welcome mat for lightning bolts. The ground should be level for comfort, yet on a slight local elevation for good drainage in case of rain. And remember to pitch your tent so that it has a southeast exposure. Then the sun will warm the tent in the morning and there will be ample shade in the afternoon.

Tips on toddlers. A baby on an outdoor vacation should be no more of a problem to its parents than it would be at home. You feed it, you dab it with insect repellent, you protect it with mosquito netting, you let it lie in its portable basket or, when hiking, you can carry it in a packsack as Ernie has done. The dangerous ages, though, are from the time the child first begins to walk until about three, when it has a mind of its own and a desire to get into everything and wander off everywhere.

You'll undoubtedly have your bad moments with a child that age. He's bound to get poison ivy sooner or later, so be prepared with the salves. Or maybe he'll eat wild berries, as Ernie's daughter Marge, did once. She became violently ill at night and the Schmidts were frantic, being miles from civilization and a doctor. But an emetic, which was in their first-aid kit—and should be in yours—produced vomiting and eased the crisis.

Sometimes, as it did with little Ernie, a strange cry at night will shake a child in terror from sleep. The cry that frightened Ernie was a loon's—eerie and chilling—and it took much calming before he was able to go back to sleep. But the next morning his father talked to him about loons and showed him one, and their sounds never disturbed him again. A child can be mischievous, too, like the time one of the Schmidt youngsters insisted on shaking a canoe, to the peril of the rest of the family. An "accidental" paddle sweep of icy water to the face, administered by Ernie, had the desired effect.

But a child can be all this at home, too; and one advantage of a camping trip is that it's a family activity: You eat, play, fish and hike together. And don't underestimate the stamina of a child on a hike. A healthy three-year-old

"Last week I said, 'Take a letter to Pierre Dupree, Paris, France,' and I haven't seen her since."

can do five miles of mountain trails if you do it at his speed. If you're an experienced canoeist, you can even canoe together—though it should go without saying that, if you're not, or can't swim, you should stay out of a canoe yourself, let alone take the family with you. Sandy, for instance, was five and Marge only three when their parents took them canoeing. And little Ernie has seen plenty of "white water"—rapids—himself. The way to canoe with youngsters is this: Each person should wear a life preserver; each child should be tied by the waist to the parents; and no bend in a river should be taken without stopping and surveying the other side for rapids.

Keeping children amused. The last thing to worry about. You'll find, actually, that the days are rarely long enough, especially if you have the Schmidt curiosity. Every wonder of nature and relic of history is exciting to them, and can be to you. Bring games, too, for use at night: The small ones used by GIs during World War II are perfect. You can also improvise games, like the tiny checkerboard the Schmidts have painted on one of the paddles for use on long canoe trips. Raisins and pebbles serve as checkers.

What to do on a rainy day. This need not be an unhappy event, when the tents are good and you have either a tarpaulin or tent-canopy to cook and eat under. There's no sleeping like sleeping when it's raining; and then, too, there should be books to read, and undoubtedly the women will have some sewing. Maybe, as the Schmidts have done, you'll want to make your own fishing lures out of spoons and beer can openers.

How about snakes and animals? You can take it from Mrs. Schmidt—who had all of them—that the fears most women have about the woods are ungrounded. Most animals are more afraid of you than you can possibly be of them, and that goes for the huge moose that once charged across the Canadian tundra toward Ernie. Ernie—who's never taken a gun with him on a camping trip and never had reason to use one—pointed a stern finger at the huge animal and shouted, "Go on, get out of here!" The moose went!

As for snakes, the Schmidts have never had a serious encounter with any snake, let alone a poisonous one, on all their many trips. Actually, you probably stand a greater chance of getting hit by a locomotive than of being bitten by a poisonous snake. But you can buy a snake-bite kit to take along if it will make you feel better.

The only animals Ernie warns grimly against are bears, even the cute ones in the national preserves. They can be dynamite when children are around. Ernie will never forget the night when—sharing the same tent with his wife and two daughters—he heard a ripping sound and awoke, his spine chilled, to see a row of teeth ripping through the canvas and then the paw of a huge bear poking through the gap. Ernie heaved a boot—and the animal lumbered off.

A dangerous moment? Sure. But city streets are dangerous, too, and you can't scare off a reckless driver by merely tossing a shoe at him.

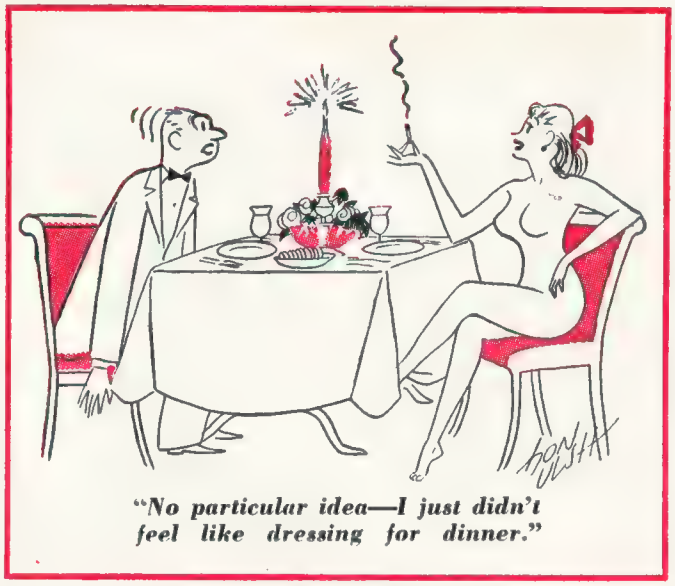
Actually the only real dangers in camping come from lack of knowledge or carelessness. To those men with a love or desire for outdoor vacations, yet numbed by the "problems" of taking the family along, the Schmidts would say this: It takes less nerve than know-how; the world of trees, lakes and hills is far more safe than what lies right outside your doorstep; for comparable experience, it is the most inexpensive type of vacation; and its rewards in character building, self-reliance and family unity are as infinite as nature itself.

As Sandy Schmidt says, "We wouldn't trade places with any family in the world."

Or as a man who visited the Schmidts at one of their campsites said to Ernie and his wife: "I've seen where modern civilization has tended to drive families apart. Home too often is merely a place where coats are hung, a few hours sleep is taken and meals are snatched, while all the time each person is wandering his own way. What you are doing is making the family one. Not only that, but you are teaching your children respect for themselves, respect for others and a great love and feeling for this land and its heritage. You should be very proud and happy."

This man was the minister who married them.

—By Seymour Shubin



"No particular idea—I just didn't feel like dressing for dinner."

STORM

There was more than money at stake. Working like a madman, he drove them to get in the wheat before the coming gale smashed it to pulp.

By NOEL CLAD

"DAD . . . Dad . . ." Frank Benton felt the small hand jostling him. He sat up. The luminous dial on the night table glowed 3:30. A cock was crowing at false dawn. "Telephone, Dad. It's Mr. Dixon, the editor."

He grunted and swung flanneled legs to the floor, yawning. The moon was nearly down, but through the open window he could still see the wheat.

Downstairs he picked up the receiver of the wall phone. "Yeh?"

"Frank Benton? This is Dixon, *Daily Herald.* The night operator woke me up on a weather alert. One of those trick direction changes; we thought it would miss us by a thousand miles. I'm alerting you as township foreman."

"Yes. Is it bad?" He rubbed his palms against his pajama leg. His hands were sticky.

"It looks pretty bad," the editor said. "Meant to hit sometime tomorrow night. Up to a sixty-mile gale with sleet." Benton felt a chill in the small of his back. It was a coldness that a bathrobe wouldn't have helped. "I've called for twelve combines from Lewiston. It was all they could spare. Sully's opening the jail for additional men. Watch them. That's all I can tell you now."

"Okay. I'll start moving. Lemme know what you can." He replaced the receiver gently, not wanting to let the human contact go. He thought of all those days with the tractor, harrowing and seeding, the sweat that had gone into this crop. And somewhere up north air, just air, was doing tricks, crawling along, figuring that Benton's place would be there when it got to it. Benton couldn't get away. He was held by fifteen thousand dollars worth of wheat.

He shook his head to rid it of the gloom. By God, he'd save it, or break himself trying.

He twisted the manual again, and gave a number. The echoing vacancy of the ringing was funereal. He imagined the opening eyes, the look at the clock, the groping for slippers, cursing. Man works from sun to sun, he thought, but the farmer takes a beating all the time.

"Ye-e-s?"

"Lapham? This is Frank Benton. Dixon phoned me a weather report. A storm will hit about tomorrow night sometime. Sixty-mile gale with sleet."

There was a moment of drugged shock as the cobwebs of sleep were pushed back. Yawn and shudder. "It'll chop the hell out of it." The oldster's voice quavered. He'd been through the drought days. He knew what ruin was like. But Benton didn't want to think about that now. He looked out the window.

"Get your crew up," Benton answered. "You got any hands?"

"Three hired hands . . . and a couple migrants that got in last night with no place to stay."

"Good. Twelve combines are coming from Lewiston. They're opening the jail. I don't know how many they got but they'll work if I have to beat them over the head with a club." Benton was waking up, coming alive. They'd win. They had to win. "Now, what I want you to do first . . ."

"Suppose we lose it?" Lapham moaned. "Suppose we can't do it? We'll lose everything. Maybe we're in another ruination cycle. I'm too old to stand it again, Frank."

"You're not that old." If he had to push them all the whole way, he'd do that, too. "We're going to need every man around this country for twenty miles. Farmers' Association by-laws give township foremen the right to issue emergency orders and I'm doing it. Now: we'll work south from the township border, working away from the storm edge, taking farms by rows. You get every man and boy capable of work and meet me at the Stoneman section."

From the original painting
"STORM OVER THE FIELDS"
by DAVID STONE

"Yes, Frank, but what if . . . ?"

"Then we lose, that's all. But we aren't going to lose." Benton curtly hung up the receiver.

He turned to the hall window. The grain rippled in the last of the moonlight.

It was a funny thing, wheat. Lots of money in it, in good years. You probably didn't make much in the long run, if you ever figured it out. But there was more to growing wheat than just money. There was a lot of loaves of bread out there, for some bride to buy in a chain store, never thinking any further back about it than the counter. Bread for kids' school lunches. He glanced down at his son. He'd heard them talking. What you got in yours? I got jam in mine; what you got in yours? They wouldn't think about the wheat either, but they'd sure miss it if they didn't have it.

But hell—maybe some of the brides *did* think about it, maybe those school kids had lessons in Our Great Midwest, the Breadbasket of America. Maybe his own kid would be proud someday, the way he himself had always been proud to say it: What business you in, fellah? I grow wheat.

Yes sir, damn it. That's my business. My business doesn't have a five-o'clock whistle. My business doesn't have a swivel chair and a two-week vacation with a pension and put out to pasture at sixty-five. This was not a job with time clocks and pencil pushing. This was a way of life.

He called up the stairwell. "Martha!"

She was awake. "What is it, Frank? Is somebody hurt?"

"There's a storm coming, honey. Supposed to hit tomorrow night. I'm going out soon's I get dressed. I guess you better start coffee and make up some stuff." He turned to the wide-eyed twelve-year-old. "You can help, son. Stay by the telephone and listen. Tell your mother everything you hear."

He heard her get out of bed and move about. In the incredibly short time women can dress when the issue is large enough, she came down. She passed him and then came back. "You'll save it, honey. I know you'll save it."

He squeezed her hand in return. Then he turned to the telephone again. He asked Dixon to send the harvesting machines to the outlying farms nearest the storm edge. He telephoned to his neighbors and issued emergency instructions. He called the migrant camp for every available man. Then he marched upstairs and dressed, trying to push back the fear.

When he reached Stoneman's, the men were waiting, each with a bag of lunch, faces gray in the blackness. Thirty or more were gathered

around the porch, shifting from one foot to the other, looking at the sky. One man detached himself from the crowd.

"Hello, Sully," Benton said.

"Frank, I cleared the jailhouse. You got fourteen men here. I told them I didn't care what they was in for, I'd let them go if they worked."

"Thanks, Sully." Briefly, he spoke to the men. "I reckon you all know what's going on. As foreman it's my duty to get this wheat in. I don't mind saying I feel real personal about it." He turned to one of the men on the porch. "Did you find out about the combines?"

"Due in about an hour, Frank."

"Stoneman, you got your own machine out?"

"It's working the northwest now. Yonder's the light. I got all the men I can use on it now."

He squinted at the distant firefly, so far away it seemed to hang motionless, as if it weren't working at all. "Well, okay. I guess there's nothing to do but wait."

"Yeh, Frank. I guess that's right."

Benton lighted a cigarette and smoked it down in quick puffs and stamped it out. To keep his hands quiet he lighted another one. If there were only something to do. Some way to get going. Why didn't that light in the northwest move faster? Maybe he ought to go out there and push them. But they were doing the best they could. Where in hell were those Lewiston combines?

THE landowners on the porch and the landworkers in the yard moved about restlessly in the chilly morning air, talking and laughing with deadly seriousness. From time to time a struck match lighted a worn, granite face, and once a voice cried: "Look out where you throw that; we don't want to *burn* it 'fore the storm can get to it." They laughed hard, almost hysterically.

Suddenly a voice broke. "Hey, there's a string of lights coming across south land. Coming from town, I bet."

"They're here!" Benton's voice was a shout, at the top of his lungs. Now to get going. He vaulted the railing and ran down the road. "Dixon send you?" He leaned into the lights of the lead machine. "What news on the storm?"

"Dawson's machines, from Lewiston." The driver was a swarthy boy—about eighteen, Benton guessed—with a shock of black hair. He was all excited by the prospect of great disaster. "Mr. Dixon said to say that she's coming at about five miles an hour. She ought to delay, he said, until about two or three o'clock tomorrow morning. He said to tell you you'd have about twenty hours."

"Good boy," Benton said. "Stoneman! Let's get rolling!"

In fifteen minutes the phalanx was organized, the men working with the precision of well-drilled soldiers. They were too old at the job to attempt to hurry. They knew exactly how to perform each operation. The combines swept forward through the arc lights, cutting swath after wide swath. And sack by sack, load by load, they put the wheat to safety in the big barns.

"Hey, Frank. Your wife's here with breakfast," a voice called from the edge of the field.

"Send my kid around with the word that we'll keep skeleton gangs going, and the rest can eat and then relieve the others. Then see that my boy gets back on that phone."

GETTING light now. One hell of a long way to go.

The rising sun melted the dawn into daylight. The dew on the wheat made the sacks heavier. Trucks plied in and out, the machines whirred ceaselessly, the battle continued. Strip by strip they ate the top off the north wheatfields, working roughly east-west, working toward the south. The crews worked steadily, strongly, caught up in the momentum of the work.

Benton slipped off the machine, letting a relief step in to take his place. His shoulders were tightening up from the sheer repetition of the movements. He swallowed a cup of coffee, slushing it around his mouth. Be rough when the dew dried. The loads would be lighter, but already the dust was beginning to eat in. His mouth felt like the charred bowl of a smoked-out pipe.

That's enough whining, Benton, he told himself; let's go to work. . . .

The hours crept on. Coffee was always ready, sandwiches for the tiring men to munch before they hobbled back to truck or harvester. The women frittered anxiously on the edge of the fields. They made up sandwiches and more sandwiches. There was nothing else for them to do. They did not talk much among themselves.

Damnation. His back felt broken. He straightened for a second, looking into the red eyes of the migrant next to him. "How you doing?"

"Okay, I guess, Mr. Benton. You sure run one hard harvest, you know?"

"Maybe so," Benton grinned. "We got to get this in." He liked this man. They were all turning to, working together. That's what made things hum. He didn't feel afraid any longer. He was just a little tired. Well, he'd be a lot more tired before they got this done. The men's faces were not so pinched any more, either. They looked tired but assured.

Dust. Wheat grains grinding into wheat particles that ground into dust from the field

dirt, gouging into faces and nostrils. Eyes smarted and tears dried up on the dust-caked faces. The competitive kidding between combine crews had died down. Fifty yards away Benton saw a denim figure jump from his post, stretch, sprawl on the ground. He leaped clear of his own machine and ran up to the man. Hard to run after being in one position for so long. It made him angry. His body had no right to be tired. None of them did. Come on, Benton. Let's drive a little. There was a mighty long way to go.

"Hey, you! What in hell do you think you're doing? We aren't having any rest periods here, fella."

The worker looked up, uneasily recognizing the township foreman. "I'm just catching a bit of breath, Mr. Benton. We been working almost nine hours now."

"Look you, get this straight. I want this wheat *in*. Maybe you haven't heard about it, but there's a storm on the way. No siestas, mister. Let's go!"

"Okay, okay!" with a disgusted expression, the migrant heaved to his feet and stumbled after the combine.

BENTON stood still for a second to look around him. In every direction it was getting done. They'd finish his own place nicely by eight o'clock. He looked north over the sea of stubble with profound satisfaction. His own farm done. God, they'd be tired by that time. And then on across the road to the Thatcher section. Keep moving at this pace and they'd have it made by the three A.M. deadline. And then he'd sleep for a damn year.

"What is it?" He yelled in reply to a voice that had hailed him from the edge of the field.

"It's the editor on the phone again," the voice shouted. "Says the storm's coming faster. You talk to him, will you Frank?"

He started off across the field, cutting through the wheat, spitting the sour chaff from his mouth. God in Heaven. Faster? It couldn't come any faster; the crews were beating themselves to pieces now. He snatched the receiver and said accusingly into the mouthpiece: "What's this about the storm coming faster?"

"You've got to work faster." The editor's voice was weary, dogmatic. "The storm's coming twice as fast. It's making ten miles an hour. I got a report from Emitville just now. The damn isobars have gone wild. How're you doing out there?"

"I can't push them any harder. They're working like devils now. We're in the middle of the forty-two strip, coming south." He stared out of the window at the clear steel sky. How far away was that sky breaking into splinters, and throwing its million daggers at the standing wheat?

"You have until about eight tonight from what we can figure here," the editor said. "I've tried everywhere for more machines, but every place is in the same shape as us. They've been calling here to see if we could spare a man or a machine."

"Well, that's one thing we can't do." A combine clattered close by the house. He could see the faces. The wrinkles were lined with gray dust, like oakum caulking in rowboat seams. He waited until the weary ark roared away, until he could hear again. "Can you round up any more men? We sure could use some more reliefs."

"So help me, I've got every living soul that can get out of his wheelchair for twenty miles around. They're offering five dollars an hour for hands at Titustown."

"Yeh. Well, I'm not so sure all of this crew is living, at that. We can work." He waited for another combine to pass. That was close in. Be the last swath they could make on this side. Then they'd begin working around back. He worked some saliva in between his teeth and heaved a deep sigh. "Well, we'll go on working. That's all I know how to do. Call me."

"Yes. I'll call you."

Work. If he weren't so tired, perhaps it would penetrate better. Work and keep working. They'd beat it. They had to beat it.

He retailed the news. The men didn't say anything. Their granite faces looked at him as if, as township foreman, he ought to be able to pull some kind of a rabbit out of a hat.

He didn't have any rabbits. "What do you want me to do?" he lashed out. "Build some more machinery maybe? All I know how to do is work. Let's go! We've got to get this damned wheat in."

WITH incredible swiftness, the word spread. *Until eight o'clock.* We've got to get it in. Men scanned the sky again, for the thousandth time. They wiped the gritty smut from their faces, gunned their engines, cursing the machinery. They drove the combines to the limit of their endurance and beyond. They scowled, cursed, went down on their knees briefly in a torture of agonized weariness, and came up again to yell imprecations against men, machines and nature with voices that weren't real voices any longer. Slowly, slowly, the wheat came in.

They completed another strip, drove the combines over the county road and began immediately to attack the next line of sections. Here lay the Benton farm. He watched grimly as the harvesters swept across the broad land, turned and cut back again. The shouting of the

earlier hours was gone now. The men tended to their immediate jobs. Eyes were bloodshot, chaffed constantly and agonizingly by the cayenne abrasive of the wheat dust.

They rode the combines, driving them as they would drive rogue mounts. They listened, hating the machines for making them listen, hating themselves for their dependency, hating everything. They trembled with gears and distributors. Would they hold out? What was that noise now? How about the differential? What was that new sound? Was the damned thing about to quit? There was a horrified fascination as they watched temperature gauges, fuel tanks, pressures, dials. Each driver knew his machine as he knew himself. He had cajoled its mechanical favors a thousand times. Yet they never knew. Each was impotent facing two intangibles over which he had no control: the storm and the machine.

BENTON looked out over the fields. The fatigue hung in the air like the heavy dust. Aching backs, smarting eyes, and splitting, grinding headaches. The hands answered by habit alone, because the brains behind them were numb. For twelve hours of brutal labor they had fought this thing, this intangible that lazily whirled toward them, now speeding capriciously to ridicule their efforts.

Oh, what the hell is the use? he thought. Let's not be stupid. We can't beat the thing. Vaguely, he heard his name. He turned. It was Lapham.

"Frank . . ." The voice wasn't a voice. Just a bone-dry reed, puffing powdered sounds, meant to be words. The old face was slab gray. It wasn't really living. "I can't stand this pace, Frank. We just can't make it. I've been through the drought years. This is another cycle."

Benton let his hands go slack. They hurt in the elbow joints. They had been bent about a million times too many, hefting sacks. Well, what the hell could he say? Let the old man go if he wants. Let them all go home if they want. But as township foreman, the routine was ready-made. He felt as though he were acting in a cheap motion-picture. "Don't do that, John. Please don't."

"We're finished, Frank. You can't beat a thing like this. You done the best for all of us that you knew how to do. I'm real sorry it didn't come off." He turned, very slowly. He shambled away, loose bones in a wrinkled bag of flesh.

Aw, what the hell. There were other things a man could do without breaking his muscles and his heart all the time. Why saddle the kid with this lousy life? Maybe Lapham was right. There was no sense being starved to your knees through another cycle like the drought and dust years. Get out while the getting's good. Let somebody else take the whipping. He lighted a cigarette and dropped the burning match deliberately into a clump of standing wheat, waiting, he guessed, for a sign from Heaven.

Maybe even Heaven didn't care much. But the match glowed for a second, then died. His shoulders relaxed, arched down, and for a few long moments he stood, pondering. Dimly, he heard a voice calling his name.

"Frank. Hey, Frank! You deaf?"

"Oh—yes? What is it?"

"Frank, it's Dixon again. I heard the phone." The farmer pointed down. Benton saw his son curled up in exhausted sleep at his post. The ringing hadn't wakened him.

He raised the receiver to his ear. "Hello, Dixon. What's the news?"

The editor's voice was hushed. "I'm afraid it's very bad." There was a moment's silence and then a forced heartiness as the editor tried to mask his sympathy. "It's just the damndest capricious storm you ever saw, Benton. It dawdles, dances sidewise like a kid playing hopscotch. You can't keep track of it at all. But now, the news is only bad."

"Seems it's always bad. What's the report? Give it to me straight."

"Any minute, unless we get a miracle."

"Why didn't you let us know before?"

"I thought maybe you'd get more done this way; thought maybe the thing would change. But it's all over now. I'm very sorry, Benton."

"Yeh." He pursed his mouth. There were no miracles any more. That only happened in the old Biblical days. They had had it. In just a minute now—any minute was the way Dixon put it—that big genie would come leering along, lazy, with a twist of the wrist putting them in the hole again. That's what you got for killing yourself. And with a roar like an express train it would chew the wheat up into garbage.

"You might as well knock it off, Benton. Keep the combines out there. Give the boys some rest. I know you're all done in. Get some

make it easy

Small metal caps have an annoying habit of sticking on bottles. You can break them loose with no strain by using a nut cracker, or using pliers opened wide.

Fred A. Thompson, Detroit, Mich.

Bluebook *will pay $5 for each "Make It Easy" published, but none can be acknowledged or returned.*

sleep yourself, man. You sound like a walking ghost. I can hardly hear your voice."

"All right," Benton said at last. "You've sure given me a lot to think about. But you know what? I'm going to keep them working. Not because I believe in miracles any more. But just because I'm so goddam drunk tired I don't have sense enough to quit. Thanks for all you've done for us, Dixon."

He replaced the receiver softly in the hook, flipped his shredding cigarette into the sink and ran lamely through the doorway. His hands were trembling; he had been so close to quitting.

He nearly collided with Lapham coming up the steps, leaning forward doggedly, hollow-eyed. Benton stopped. "Where are you working, man?"

The old man stared, a dumb show of weariness. "Now Frank, I told you . . ."

Benton turned. He was quiet. He couldn't seem to focus very well. But inside he was cold, ice-cold. "I'm the township foreman here, Lapham, and I have the mandate, as it says in the by-laws, to give emergency orders. We got here a crop of wheat. I been doing a lot of thinking, about more than just the money we got tied up in it. I know one thing. A man ain't really beaten until he's stone cold and six feet under. I ain't reasoning and I ain't rationalizing and I admit to you I nearly quit myself just now. But our land gave that wheat, and we gotta bring it in. I give you the order to go on and work. Work for the money, or for any damn thing you can think of, but work. You can hold up."

The old man stared at Benton's eyes fascinated, his own reflecting a particle of the fire. He opened his mouth, closed it, and opened it again. He shrugged. "Okay, Frank. You're right. A man can't quit." He looked at the sky and smiled. "I'll get rest soon enough, I guess." Still shaking his head he shuffled off, around the house, south.

Benton looked at the sky. It was twilight. No use telling the men; they couldn't work any harder. For a moment he searched his own acres. The trucks were picking up the last sacks. Fifteen thousand dollars worth of wheat was stacked inside his storage barns. He ran down the steps and around the house. South of him he could see the harvesters working, cutting the fourth or fifth swath in the new row. He glanced at his watch. Just seven.

He looked north across the great sea of stubble that extended to the northern edge of the township like a carpet. South of him, like a fringe, was still the wheat, trackless wheat. Methodically, whirring and ticking off the seconds and the yards, the combines swept along, blades cutting in, slicing, stacking. Methodically the trucks moved, gathering the sacks, loading, carting them away. His vision was interrupted by a sudden faintness, the toll of endless hours of wire-tight nerves. He closed his eyes and the vertigo passed. Damn weakness. He wouldn't let it stop him. He ran savagely toward the nearest combine to relieve his replacement.

The whir of machines cloyed the air with their monotony. In the gathering twilight, as he approached, he could see the men, stooping, squatting, bending and lifting, without consciousness. The sandwiches were uneaten, the coffee went untasted. The women made more, avoiding each other's eyes. They didn't know what else to do. Prisoners worked, unmindful of release; laborers who had castigated the farmers' labor demands worked now without thought of wage, day or hour. Actions were performed, motors growled, wheat was harvested as by puppets on a stage.

More wheat and more wheat and more wheat. The refrain was a crazy sing-song in his brain. He watched each blade shear, and each sack come up like a miser counting gold, with bulging eyes and shortened breath. A little more, and more. Into the barns. Trucks back. Another sweep, another swath, another acre. Just that much more, minute by minute.

He ran with insane energy from combine to combine. He was everywhere at once. The men looked at him as though he were an idiot, and maybe he was. He took over their jobs to give other men a rest. He jumped on and off with mad enthusiasm, his nerves taking the place of his sagging muscles. He yelled to them above the roar of motors. He grinned wildly into faces incapable of registering emotion. He could keep them going. Somehow, singlehanded, he could

"Now stay around where I can keep an eye on you."

keep them all going. Get more wheat, and more. Hurry. Get more. Get it all in. And somehow, anyhow, he did keep them going.

"How's your gang doing, Lapham?"

"Okay."

"You want some coffee?"

"No."

"Keep driving. Every second gets a little more. No quitting."

"No."

Strip after strip. None of the others knew how soon it must stop. If only he could get more speed out of them. A sixth swath was cut and then a tenth. Benton's watch showed a quarter to eight. It was hard to see the hands. Any minute it might come. He gaped at the sky but the closing darkness showed him nothing. He yelled to bring the lights again. Coffee for everyone, something to eat. The women, hollow-eyed from carrying and standing by, shoved the hot steaming cups into the hands of men who stopped for a moment absently to swallow and spit and climbed back to the machines silently.

It was still, a stillness accentuated by the whine of the machines and the rattle of the trucks. The lights poked tunnels in the darkness, without perspective. There was no northern section that had been harvested, nor was there land, south of them, still rich in wheat. There was only the now, a little circle of white light, with stubble on one side, wheat on the other. The harvesters ran until they reached a fence. Then they turned and ran until they reached a fence and turned again. The trucks shuttled back and forth. Time lapsed.

Then, suddenly, Benton was aware that the stillness had been replaced by a new sound; the ghostly patter of rain. The storm had come. Instantly someone shouted: "It's hit!"

Benton heard it, felt it, smelled it all at once. First, the wind. Then would come the rain and sleet, chopping down big-headed stalks, washing them into valueless pulp, destroying. A few minutes still remained, to gather another few bushels, a few inches or yards. "Keep going," he shouted. "Everybody keep going. Don't quit, boys." He ran to the first harvester, looked up. He couldn't seem to see who was driving. "Don't stop, we got time yet." Running to the next machine he felt rain on his forehead. "Keep going, we got to get it in."

The driver looked at him dazedly. "Ah, what's the use, Benton?" Benton tried to focus on him, choking with rage. "Drive, God damn you. Drive. Get every inch you can. *Drive!*"

He ran to a third machine. Lapham was in the driver's seat. As Benton approached, he cut the motor. "What are you stopping for?" Benton screamed. "Go on, go on. We got to get all the wheat in. Do you hear? Start the machine. We got to get all the wheat in."

Lapham looked down. "Let it go, Frank. Let it go."

"Are you crazy? Start the machine. Get the rest of it. We can make more yet. Go on, drive. You hear?"

"But Frank, they're all stopping. Let it go."

He turned his head. It was true. All along the section front the harvester lights had stopped moving. They had quit. He wouldn't let them quit. There would be sleet in a minute. He turned back to Lapham, shaking his fist: "You hear? Start the machine. I got to get all the wheat in!"

"But Frank . . ." the old man slogged the rain from his face with a soggy palm.

Benton screamed, a desperate gasp, throttled and only half articulate. *"Go on. Start the machine!"*

He ran down the line toward a fourth harvester. Already the men had dismounted and were leaning back, hands on hips, legs shuddering with the tremendous release. Benton ran, wobbling, into the group, fury, fatigue and frustration choking him. Even as he came within shouting distance, they reached out for him.

"Frank, we did it!"

"It's come, Frank."

"It's over."

He burst into their midst, stumbling, heart pounding with rage and weakness. "It's not over. Start the machines. We still have time. Go on. *Go on!*"

The men did not move. They looked at him, faces blank.

"Go on. We can get some more. Get back to work all of you. Don't stand here. *Work!*"

Lapham moved forward, gently threading his shoulders through the group. He spoke softly, almost kindly. "But it's done, Frank. It's done. "We're at the fence, don't you see? We made it, Frank, but for a swath or two. We harvested the whole crop."

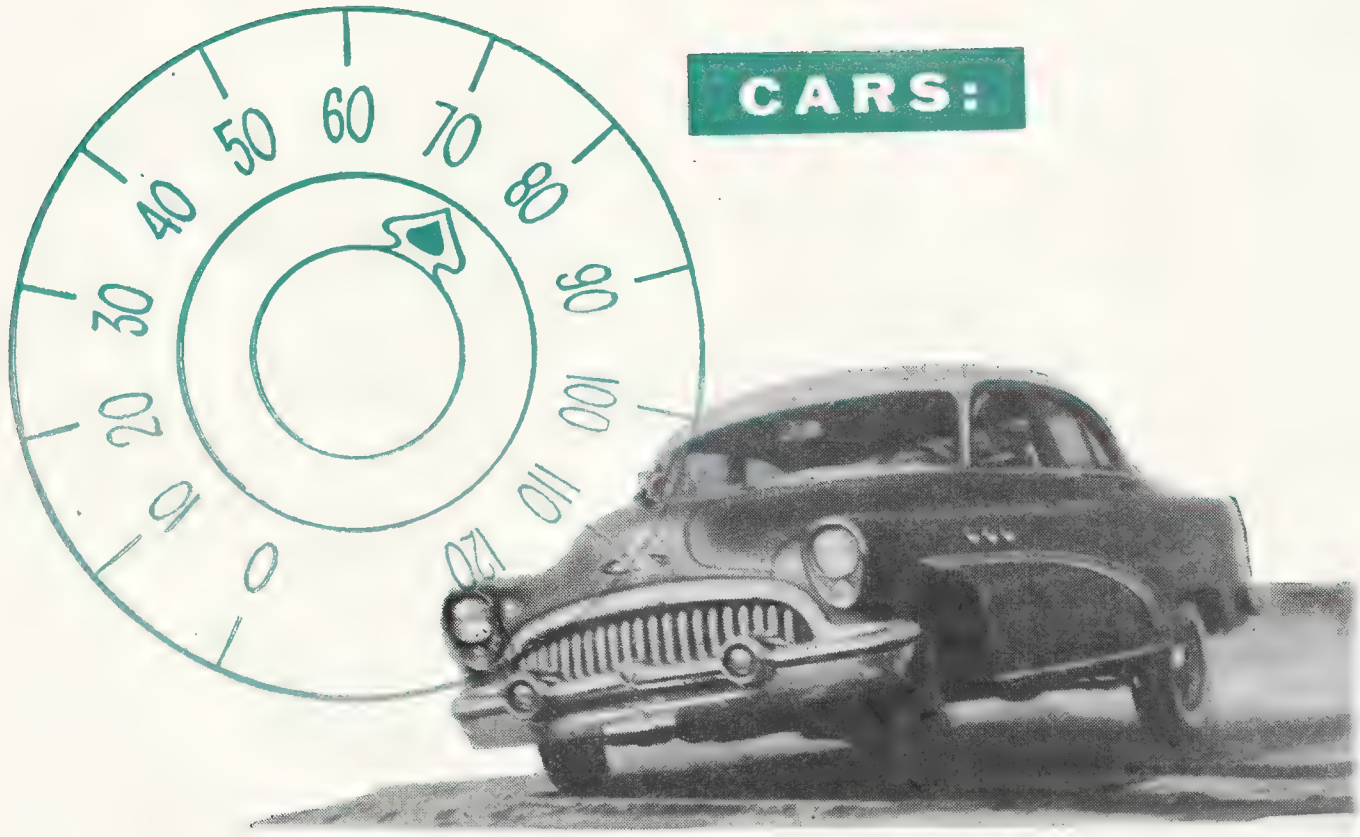
Slowly, Benton turned around. Within the pale of the light was the fence. He had been running parallel to the fence. He turned back to the men, started to move his lips, then stopped. He looked at his watch. It was eight minutes to ten.

"It was due three hours ago. I almost quit."

They looked at him for a moment and then away. The wind rose and the rain turned to sleet, beating impotently at the close-grained stubble, providing a groundwork of moisture for a next crop and a next, giving life to the soil and refuge to their sons and their son's sons.

They were men again. They owned the land.

—By Noel Clad



You CAN drive fast and live

These experts say you shouldn't drive fast—and know that you will. So they tell some ways to save your neck when you do.

By GEORGE GREER and LOU GOVER

One night last summer Jim Pahlman was driving a girl home on a country road in Connecticut. He was sober as Grandpa posing for his portrait. The speedometer was clocking 50 mph and the road was straight. Suddenly something darted in front of him, so swiftly he didn't know whether it was an animal or a shadow. His reflexes were on the job and a jerk of the wheel swerved the car to one side.

Apparently the right front wheel struck a soft shoulder. Jim himself remembered nothing more. The State Police estimate the car rolled over three turns. The girl was thrown clear and only bruised. But Jim went to the hospital with a fractured spine.

Since the files of all alert police include what they determine to be the cause of an accident, this one was attributed to driving at 80 mph and loss of control. We believe Jim's version of the speed, because experts say you can roll a car over four times from a speed of 50 mph. We believe the police about loss of control; Jim admits this.

What actually happened was that the sudden force of the right front wheel striking the

George Greer is the writing name of a noted test-driver and stock-car racer who has put in more than one million miles behind a steering wheel.

hard edge of the pavement and then the soft shoulder, snapped the wheel out of his hands. From then on the car's momentum and loss of directional stability caused the resultant rollover.

Jim was as good a driver as most. But in the showdown, he did not know how to avert a crackup even at a moderately high speed.

The fact is, millions of men behind the wheels of modern cars travel not only at 50, but often at 70, 80 or even 90 with no real knowledge of how to handle a car at high speed.

We DO NOT recommend fast driving.

But today's cars are fast and it would be silly to close your eyes to the fact that men are going to drive them that way. Yet fast driving is entirely different from slow. If you must do it, you'd better learn how—both for your own sake and for that of the people you may kill if you crack up.

Even though you may not want to drive fast, you sometimes may find yourself almost forced to—as on some of the eastern turnpikes where the legal 70 mph may be faster than you have ever driven before, or in some parts of the West where 70 and 80 are common, and sometimes the only traffic rule seems to be that the man with the most nerve has the right of way.

The real hazard of the highway today is that driving has become so routine for many of us that we are prone to follow the same habits and rely on driving techniques that are actually as outmoded as knee britches. For today's fast cars and fast highways, you need new driving skills and a new understanding of cars themselves.

Of course the average motorist can't really expect to drive with the finesse of a Troy Ruttman just because he adds 10,000 miles a year to the odometer. The great drivers of our time have inherent gifts, perhaps a certain extra keenness of sense, not to mention superior physical and emotional qualifications. At the very least, through years of training and experience, they have acquired skills that you and I can't approach. So unless you are going to drive in racing competition, you can forget about striving for the ultimate and concentrate on driving to stay alive. In doing so we can borrow some of the techniques of the pros that can help save our own necks on the highway.

Take Jim Pahlman's accident. If he had been familiar with the steering characteristics of a modern auto traveling at high speed, he would have anticipated that a sudden pull on the wheels can turn a car into a two-ton juggernaut, out of control and hurtling forward like a projectile.

Jim also must have instinctively applied the brakes when that phantom shadow flitted across his vision since all routine driving habits would have conditioned him to try to stop the car. But in this particular emergency, hitting the brake was dangerous. Most cars today are nose-heavy, with about 60 per cent of their weight on the front wheels and 40 on the rear. When the brakes are applied, the frontal percentage is increased by forward thrust. The front end dips and the rear wheels lose traction. When they do the danger of rolling over is increased.

The facts are that neither the chassis, the suspension nor the brakes of most of today's cars have kept up with the advances in engine design and the increase in power. A fast driver needs to be aware of these shortcomings if he wants to stay out of hospitals.

There are eight different late-model production passenger cars capable of top speeds exceeding 100 mph. But in 1953 not a single fatal accident could be attributed to a car traveling that fast. Even though in 1954, hundreds will have perished on the highways due to "speed" by the time this appears in print, the average at time of impact will be close to 40 mph. So speed alone is not the killer.

Two personality traits are just as guilty as speed: indecisiveness and a tendency to freeze in an emergency. But better understanding of driving problems and car behavior can help eliminate both.

Besides uneven weight distribution there are other limitations of cars a fast driver must understand:

» The steering ratio in most cars is too slow —requires too much wheel winding—to handle adequately the emergencies with which a fast driver must cope.

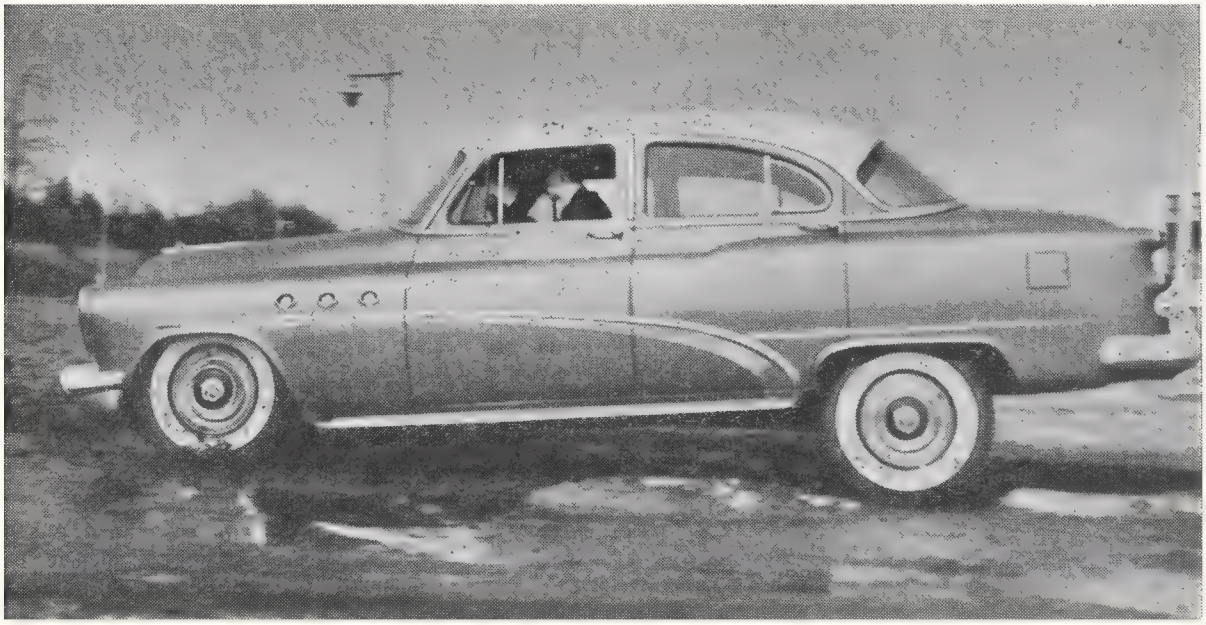
» The soft springs that make modern cars comfortable also tend to make them sway and lean on curves.

» Modern brakes are powerful. But they have a weakness many drivers don't know about until too late. When you come down on the brake time and again in an attempt to halt a heavy auto slamming down the road, you may find your brakes have faded away and you have nothing there to stop with! (What happens is that the brake linings get so hot they glaze over and won't hold.)

Here are some fast-driving tips, gleaned both from the knowledge of many expert drivers and our own experience as test-drivers and stock-car racers:

DON'T RELY ON BRAKES ALONE

A fast driver must give up the habit of depending on brakes to save him in any and all emergencies. Even though brakes are built to stop the car, in some crises using them may be dangerous. In fact, when drivers begin to realize that at 60 mph most emergencies are over before they can get a foot on the brake pedal, their life expectancies will increase. If Jim Pahlman had corrected the over-steering and re-



When brakes are slammed on hard at high speed, the rear wheels lose traction. The result can be a disastrous skid, since the rear wheels have no longer a firm contact with the road.

gained control of the car *not* by braking but by moderate acceleration, he might have avoided that rollover.

KNOW YOUR CAR

Even the most experienced driver can't make a car perform well unless he knows what he has to work with. You need to know the acceleration and braking potentialities of your car. There is no harm in choosing a quiet country road to get the feel of the car. How fast does it accelerate from 0 to 50? From 50 to 70? What is the stopping distance at various speeds? How is its roadability? For example, how fast will it take a sharp turn without beginning to slide out of control? Don't kill yourself; start at speeds slow enough so you are master of the situation.

Remember that extra weight will change the acceleration figures, braking distances and steering characteristics. The average passenger-plus-luggage adds about 250 pounds. It's possible for a loaded five-passenger sedan to weigh 1250 pounds more than its unladen weight, thus requiring up to 35 per cent more distance to stop. Additional poundage in the rear causes a lift of the front end, with less front-wheel traction. This is especially noticeable when cornering fast.

KNOW YOUR PASSING CAPACITY

A fast driver must have passing technique down pat. But this is exactly the thing many drivers tragically fumble. A study in Missouri found almost one out of every five fatal accidents resulted from inept attempts to pass.

One dangerous error is to get out beside the other car and doodle along in the middle or left lane, while you're trying to decide whether you can make it or not. Out there you are a beautiful target for a double sideswipe or head-on collision. When you're traveling fast there's no time for indecisiveness while you're passing; it's one time when the only safe rule to follow is: when in doubt, don't. And once you are sure you *can* go, use all the horses under the hood.

Another error is to follow the car you want to pass too closely. A well-known man from Long Island was recently driving out West where the pace was faster than he was accustomed to. One day he crept up on, then pulled out to pass a truck traveling at a good clip. Suddenly he found himself in that nightmare of the highway —hung up on a narrow road with a car bearing down on him. He was killed.

A good rule is this: Never try to pass unless there's enough room between you and the car ahead so that you can build up sufficient speed to pass quickly and safely. To keep from getting hung up you have to estimate the speed of the car ahead, and know your own car's ability to accelerate. With an Olds or other high-powered car that can zoom from 60 to 80 mph in 10 seconds, you can afford to start from closer behind. But with a lower-powered car, you'll need about 17 seconds to accelerate from 60 to 80 and thus must start further back.

A car covers 90 feet a second at 60 mph. (To

estimate the number feet traveled in one second, multiply speed shown on the speedometer by one and one-half). Thus, while you can sometimes pass a slow car safely by starting 50 to 60 feet behind, to pass one doing 60 you may need several hundred feet in which to accelerate and pass safely.

It's harder to estimate the speed of an oncoming car. Safety experts point out that from a distance it looks almost as though it were standing still. But if you're on the kind of highway where you can do 60 to 70 it's safer to figure that he is, too. Also you can estimate his speed somewhat by the way he wavers. A slow car appears to be steady as a rock; a fast car wavers from side to side as the driver corrects his steering.

These policies will help insure your safety:

» The greater the speed of the car ahead, the more room you need front and rear. If you haven't got it, don't try it.

» The lower your power, the more room you need. Again, if you haven't got it. . .

» NEVER swing out directly from behind a truck.

» NEVER follow other cars which are also passing unless you can see well past the first one.

TAKE CURVES THE EXPERT WAY

Some cars sway on curves more than others. You'll know your own car's roadability in this respect if you experiment as suggested.

Many drivers enter a curve at speed, and brake as they find the car leaning or swinging out too far. You should brake *before* you enter a curve. You should enter it slowly enough so you will be able to *increase* your speed as you come out of it, and thus counteract the centrifugal force that's trying to pull your car off the road. If this force succeeds in sufficiently reducing the traction between your tires and the road, you will leave the road. But a moderate increase in speed as you round the curve helps the rear wheels maintain solid contact with the road.

There are times when speed may be too great and braking is required. Short, quick pumping is safer than jumping on the pedal and holding your foot down.

A high-speed driver must also approach bumps and uneven pavement slowly. It's easier for wheels to lock and skid on rough pavement since there is no even surface to grip. Many drivers shift into second after reaching a rough surface. The time to do it is before.

ESCAPE FROM CRISES WITH POWER

Often when you encounter an unexpected obstacle, it is safer to use power than brakes. A car may suddenly shoot out from a side road so fast that you could never stop in time. If you accelerate and at the same time warn him with your horn you may make it.

Like a racing driver, a fast motorist always should be on the lookout for an escape route, like an open field, in case he has to go off the road to avoid an unexpected obstacle. And if he does go off the road, he should do it at the slightest possible angle—to minimize the chance of rolling over when he hits the rough ground.

Racing drivers use a trick called "spinning out" to make fast turns and sometimes to avoid a collision on the track. You skid the car in a complete circle with the front wheels acting as the pivot. It's done by turning the wheel hard at the same time you stamp on the brake pedal, and it is no trick for the youngsters—or anyone who hasn't done his homework behind a wheel.

This power-slide technique has also been used on highways by expert drivers who found themselves confronted by a sudden obstacle. A friend of ours was driving in a sports-car rally—a point-to-point tour in which you have to cover a given route by a given time, but at legal speeds. He came around a corner on a broad dirt road and in front of him was a railroad crossing with the gates down. He saved himself by spinning his car out. Another time one of the authors was doing 60 down a three-lane highway when a bus collided with a trailer truck. He spun his car out and avoided the melee.

Admittedly, spinning out an automobile is a risk, although the danger of rolling over is not

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bad as long as you keep the car skidding and don't hit a curb or other solid object. But the alternative may be worse. To avoid the choice, keep alert for death-dealing obstacles that can appear without notice. Instead of staring at the car ahead, look through his rear window and windshield. You can thus see two or three cars ahead on a crowded highway. It also pays to have a mirror focused so you can spot anyone passing on your right without turning your head.

BEWARE YOUR DEPTH PERCEPTION

American Automobile Association safety engineers point out that the distance at which you can see an unsuspected obstacle lessens by about 20 feet for each 10-mile increase in speed. You are likely to see danger 60 feet sooner at 40 mph than at 70. Most serious impairment of your depth perception comes at night, as the many night-time rear-end collisions on such fast highways as the Pennsylvania Turnpike testify. After dark all you have to warn you of a car ahead is two stoplights. Many fast drivers tend to overdrive their headlights, which is easy since virtually no headlights made in the U. S. are adequate for driving more than 55 mph.

Night or day, you must compensate for poorer depth perception at high speed by straining to see ahead further. Experts say that drivers can see obstacles about twice as far when they expect them and strain to see them.

You need to be able to see at least the length of your total stopping distance, that is, the distance your car travels while you see the danger, apply brakes and come to a halt. At 60 mph, average total stopping distance is 265 feet; at 70, 345. On wet and icy pavement, stopping distances are even greater.

Some drivers are known to have poorer depth perception than others. Your own could be below normal even if you have 20/20 vision. Depth perception is the ability to judge relative distances. You can check yours while on the road by estimating the distances ahead of phone or light poles, then measuring the actual distance in tenths of a mile on your odometer. If you're too far off, don't drive fast.

Some fast drivers follow other cars too closely, sometimes wilfully but often through ignorance. Skilled drivers never get closer than twice their speed in feet. Thus, at 60 mph, they stay 120 feet behind, though many authorities consider even this is too close. The fact is, when you double your speed you need four times as much distance to stop.

IF YOU DRIVE FAST, STEER FAST

The faster you drive, the faster you have to steer. Obviously, you have to get out of harm's way more quickly. But also the higher your speed, the more serious the effect of side winds or gusts on your car's stability. It takes alert, quick steering to make a fast-traveling car track properly in a vigorous wind, and to avoid swerving at a critical moment.

But, as we noted earlier, most cars have slow steering mechanisms. Hydraulic power steering helps by reducing the usual overall steering ratio from 5½ turns from lock to lock, to a 3½ or 4½. But with or without the kind of power steering that reduces the ratio, always keep both hands on the wheel when driving fast.

Have you ever thought about the most effective position of your hands on the steering wheel for fast driving? A common position is "15 after 10." If you visualize a clock, your left hand would be at 10 and your right at 15 after. However, some expert drivers like to keep the left hand a little nearer 11 or 12 so they can swing the wheel either left or right more quickly.

DRIVE DEFENSIVELY AT ALL TIMES

The best high-speed drivers on the road today are the long-distance truck and bus drivers —some popular prejudice notwithstanding. We've all seen these 10-ton monsters booming down the highway at top speed, yet they have the best accident records of all—which is especially significant when you consider the high mileage these vehicles rack up each year.

One secret of their safety record is their mastery of the art of defensive driving. This can probably best be described as the unvarying conviction that anything can happen at any moment and that all other drivers around you can and will make all the mistakes in the book.

To drive defensively, stay away from show-

offs, weaving drivers, drivers obviously defying traffic regulations, horn-blowers, day-dreamers, and drivers who try to race you at traffic lights. These are all signs of the neurotic driver, and he's the greatest menace on the road today according to reports of the National Safety Council and other authorities. A recent analysis of 200 accidents by Professor B. A. Griffiths of Toronto University showed that he actually causes more accidents than drunk drivers. Don't dispute the road with a driver who exhibits these characteristics; avoid him like the plague.

It's also wise to stay a safe distance from a car that's all banged up; the dents may indicate an accident-prone driver. And as one sage remarked, watch out for school children, especially when they're driving cars.

Your own emotions at a particular moment will affect your driving. Most men tend to drive faster and worse when irritated after a family argument or rough day at the office. Liquor, hangovers and head colds notoriously reduce driving ability, but even when you are simply tired you react more slowly and need to drive correspondingly slower. The last hour of a trip is the most dangerous—don't let down. On a trip eat lightly and at shorter intervals to stay alert.

We have obviously omitted to warn drivers to stay within legal speed limits. This is standard advice. But it's worth pointing out that tests have proven that a steady driver gets to his destination as quickly as the throttle-tromping hot shot. A steady 55 mph will get you there faster than speeds that range from 35 to 75.

According to the National Safety Council, 38,300 people were killed on our highways in 1953—a jump of 36 per cent in two years. Police list the cause nearly half of these accidents as "speeding." But was speeding really the cause? Or was it drivers who didn't know how to handle their cars at high speed?

—By George Greer and Lou Gover

Right: **U-turn done improperly at 35 mph. All weight is on left wheel, tire may blow or buckle off, putting car in a rollover.** ***Below:*** **Same speed, but U-turn executed correctly. Braking was done beforehand, and turn is taken under acceleration. This forward thrust prevents excessive sway.**

The men who fly the KC-97 Stratotanker, giant Air Force fueling plane. Left to right: 1st Lieut. Luhn, co-pilot; M/Sgt. Logue, flight engineer; S/Sgt. Barker, boom operator; Capt. Doddington, aircraft commander; A/1C Greeler, radio operator; A/1c Finkelstein, assistant boom operator.

Touch-Tag at 300 mph

"The hottest thing in the Air Force"—

which may save the country if war comes—

is mid-air refueling. Here, a man who was there tells about it.

BY TOM DAVIS

Huge clouds of black, oily smoke laced with orange flames billow skyward from a burning airplane on the far side of the field. Sentries with loaded carbines slung over their shoulders stand at heavy iron gates opening onto the flight line and challenge every person who approaches; an officer must vouch for an unidentified man. Other guards with carbines pace back and forth in front of the B-47 Stratojet bombers drawn up in orderly rows on the wide concrete apron.

A giant double-deck 82-ton Air Force KC-97 Stratotanker, her four engines throttled back, squats far out on the field at the end of the 10,500-foot concrete runway waiting for take-off clearance from the tower. Her commander and pilot, Capt. Donald E. Doddington of Benton Harbor, Mich., sits quietly in the cabin 12 feet above the ground, earphones clamped to his head. I sit on a folding metal chair slightly to the rear and the left of him.

He nudges me with his left hand, points to the fiercely burning plane, and hollers above the noise of the engines:

"That's what it looks like when you lose one!"

I nod, say nothing. This is not war, but virtually every combat and security element short of actual gunfire, is here for realism. The field firemen move in to bring the flames of the burning plane under control. We are about to start out on a mission in a program which the Strategic Air Command calls "the hottest in the Air Force today"—refueling in mid-air.

We carry thousands of pounds of highly inflammable jet fuel in big green-painted tanks installed in our tanker. And we carry thousands of gallons of high-octane gasoline used to power our own four engines in nylon and cloth bags housed in our wings! (I think of what a power failure on take-off may mean).

A moment later take-off orders come over our radio from the tower.

The four engines roar as the flight engineer puts on full power and the heavily-loaded plane starts rolling slowly down the center of the long runway. I watch the wide strip of concrete flow under our nose and I am glad for all 10,500 feet of it. At the point where we are ready to lift from the ground, a sudden gust of wind gets under our left wing and sends us slanting across the runway. The outer edge, with the rough, bare ground beside it, looks hard and ugly as it flashes under us.

The captain works his feet up and down on the rudder pedals like a jazz pianist beating out a hot tune. His arms haul back on the wheel. The ground seems to hold us in a sticky grip until the tremendous pressure of air building up under our 141-foot wing span finally wrenches us free.

We are airborne. I can almost taste the relief. The landing gear comes up and the 165,000 pounds of fuel-loaded airplane starts climbing slowly through the clear sky, a huge bulky weight that throbs and seems to claw herself forward as she struggles to put distance beneath her.

At the briefing at 7 A.M., we were told that our mission would be to refuel a B-47—the six-engine, 50,000 hp swept-wing Stratojet bomber—the plane capable of carrying an atom bomb faster and higher than any other now in operational use. Contact will be made somewhere between Columbus, Ohio, and Fort Wayne, Indiana. We had taken off from Lockbourne Air Force Base near Columbus, our tanker being attached to the 26th Refueling Squadron. The B-47 came from a bomber wing stationed at the same base.

We are to rendezvous over Columbus at 15,500 feet, wait radio contact with the B-47 rendezvousing over Elkins, W. Va., then cruise toward Fort Wayne until she finds us. The mission is under simulated combat conditions—designed to train the B-47's three-man crew in mid-air refueling—preparing for the day when "the

Capt. Doddington and S/Sgt. Barker look over the fueling boom at the tail. It has its own wings and can extend 17 feet.

bell may ring" and such work becomes deadly serious.

Such missions as this are going on day and night all over the country, and often far out over the ocean, under every weather condition—with the training being carried on at such extreme altitudes that few people inland even hear the drone of the airplanes' multiple engines.

Bombers and strategic fighters in the next war will be refueled in mid-air, going to and coming back from a target—the unarmed tankers working on the fringe of the combat zone. Without this dangerous, nerve-racking high-altitude refueling, SAC officers told me, we could not fight a global war.

No Job for a Nervous Man

Stretched out flat on his belly in a bubble beneath the tail of our tanker—with barely a half-inch of plexiglas between him and the ground far below—is S/Sgt. Paul "Red" Barker of England, Arkansas, our boom operator and rear-view "eyes." It's his job to first spot the B-47 coming down to us from 30,000 or more feet, then stick the tanker's trailing 17-foot telescoping metal boom or hose line into the coffee-cup-size hole in the speeding bomber's nose.

It is a job that demands steady nerves and often considerable muscle—as it did this day. A careless move on the part of the boom operator can cost the pilot of the bomber valuable loss of time—and even his life and those of his crew. With a bomber running low on fuel, a boom operator must work with sureness and speed on the hookup, else the plane may be forced down in enemy territory with all of its secret electronic equipment.

The heavy metal boom, carelessly handled, may smash through the thin canopy over the pilot's head and wreck the plane's high-altitude pressure system. And there is danger at all times for the B-47's navigator, because the receiving receptacle is less than two feet above his head, as he works in the instrument-crowded nose of the bomber.

Sgt. Barker has been a boom operator for the past two years and is considered a competent hand. He's 28, about five feet eight, wiry, with a sunburned complexion. He looks like a guy always ready for a laugh—until he stretches out on his surfboard-type plank in the tanker's tail, his chin resting on a leather-padded block, and goes to work.

Up front, grouped abreast and behind Capt. Doddington, are four others of his seven-man crew. The captain is rightly proud of his boys; they were early winners of SAC's Crew-of-the-Month award, given for proficiency and airmanship.

To the captain's right is the co-pilot, 2nd Lt. Harold J. Luhn of Raleigh, N. C. Luhn is a newcomer to the crew, a recent arrival from duty in Japan. Sitting behind and between the captain and Luhn is the flight engineer, the veteran and sparse-haired, "I just got a job to do," M/Sgt. Lawrence J. Logue of Boulder, Colo. Sitting side by side and immediately to the left and rear of Logue are the radio man, Airman 1/C DuWayne G. Greeler of Marsh Field, Wis., and the navigator, Lt. Richard D. Cuthbertson of Cincinnati. The seventh man is the assistant boom operator, Airman 1/C Samuel F. D. Finkelstein of Brooklyn, N. Y., who rides in the tail with Barker.

When Barker is working only his hands are free to move. He cannot change position, his right hand being busy with the stick that directs the boom, his left working over a small panel of fuel-control instruments connected up with the flight-engineer's station forward or squeezing a pistol-grip control that extends and retracts the boom. On word from the boom operator of a completed hookup, the flight engineer presses a lever sending the precious jet fuel under hydraulic pressure coursing through pipes to the boom and down into the hungry tanks of the waiting bomber. The rate is 500 gallons a minute, only the crew refers to it in terms of pounds rather than gallons.

Just Call Room Service

The boom operator works with earphones and mouth microphone which is plugged into the tanker's intercom. He also can switch over to the bomber's radio frequency and talk directly to the pilot, guiding him into position for the hookup. Under combat conditions, and these prevailed from time to time on this mission, he uses hand signals. Colored and lighted panels under the tail, spelling out the words, "UP," "DOWN," "FORWARD," and "AFT," serve the same purpose for night refueling operations.

Abruptly, our earphones crackle and a voice says:

"Room Service 4. This is Malta 4. Over."

Capt. Doddington presses the little black button protruding from the left tip of his wheel, says into his microphone:

"Malta 4. This is Room Service 4. We read you loud and clear."

The radio goes silent. On this mission we carry the Air Force code name, "Room Service 4." The B-47 which we will refuel is "Malta 4." He's now some 100 miles behind and far above us, speeding to his rendezvous over Elkins, W. Va.

Again the captain presses the button and speaks into his mike:

"Malta 4. This is Room Service 4. We are at 11,000."

Our altimeter reads 11,400 when he finishes and we continue to climb over Columbus. I

grab a sandwich from my Air Force lunch box as we reach 15,500 and level off. I look out the windows, electrically heated to keep off the frost, and can see nothing but a blanket of solid white clouds far below us.

The navigator gives us our course and we turn slowly in the direction of Fort Wayne. Our air speed tops 250 mph as we drone along in bright sunlight. We know that the B-47 shortly will be leaving Elkins and starting down to us from some 30,000 feet. The minutes pass and the radio crackles again, this time the tanker's intercom. The navigator tells the pilot:

"In a minute and a half, we should be seeing her."

Capt. Doddington replies:

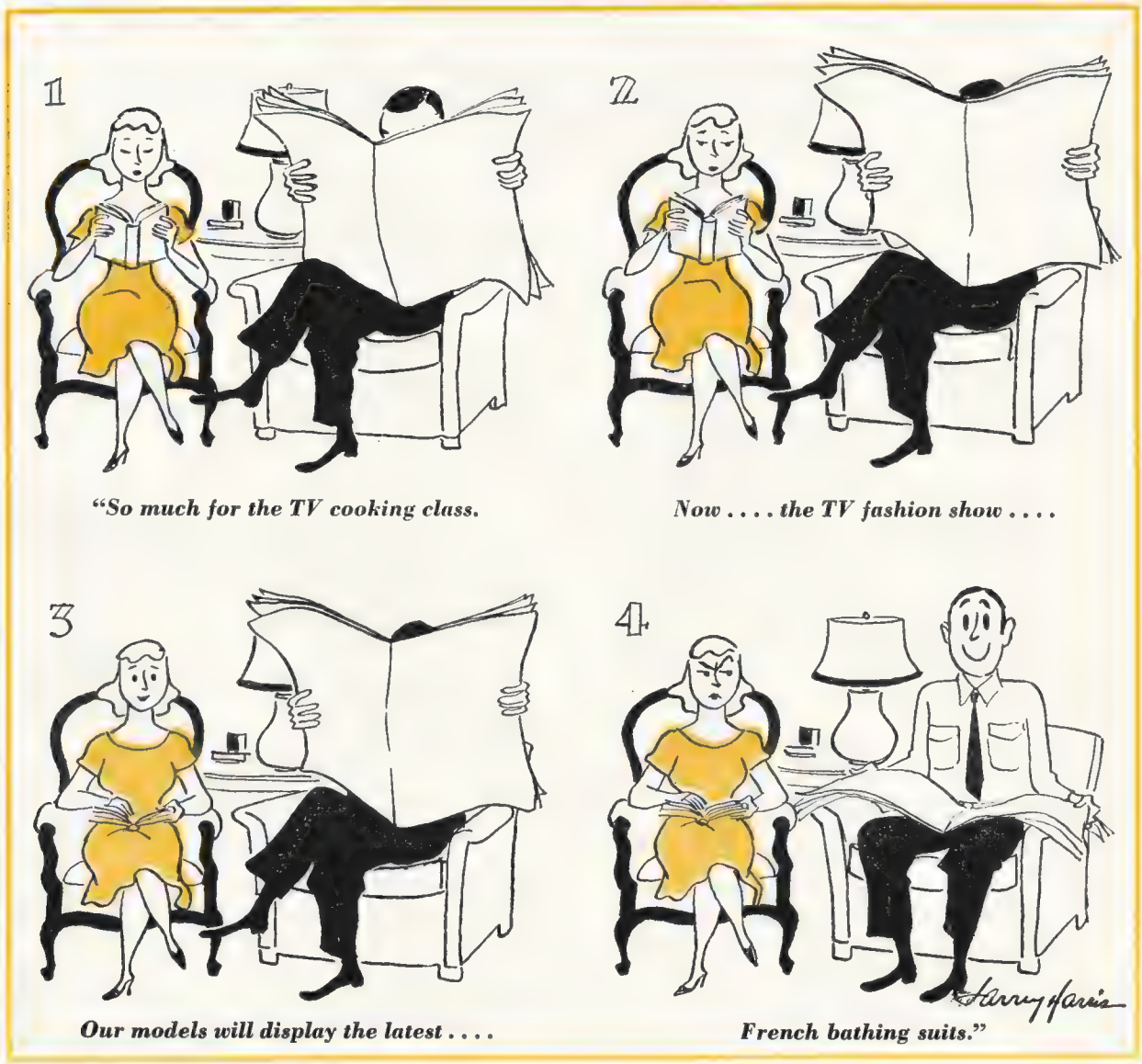
"Roger." Then he adds: "All crew members, keep your eyes peeled."

The seconds tick by and I leave my seat and go aft. Barker lies spread-eagled on his plank, the boom lowered, watching for the first sight of the incoming B-47. I crouch behind him and stare out the boom window. One moment, she isn't there; the next, she is—rising and falling some 100 feet behind and slightly below us.

"Here she is," Barker tells the pilot.

I feel the tanker go into a shallow dive as Capt. Doddington tries to maintain a safe working speed of the big jet close to our tail. The B-47—backbone of our medium bomber forces—her 600 mph plus speed reduced now to virtually half that to keep from overrunning us, hovers on our tail like a giant gull over a pond. Measuring 116 feet from wing tip to wing tip, and 106 feet eight inches from nose to tail, she looks lean and hungry—and she is. The tank cover on her nose is open to receive our boom.

I can see the white-helmeted heads of the pilot and co-pilot sitting in tandem, oxygen masks over their faces, as they stare intently up



"So much for the TV cooking class.

Now . . . . the TV fashion show . . . .

Our models will display the latest . . . .

French bathing suits."

Refueling in the air: Flying slightly below and behind the Stratotanker (top right), the bomber to be fueled eases its nose toward the flying tanker's tail. When the planes are in position, the Stratotanker's boom operator carefully lowers the telescoping boom, through which the gasoline is hosed, to the receiving receptacle in the bomber (opposite page). If badly handled, the boom could smash the bomber's canopy, wrecking its air-pressure system.

at us. The pilot's ungloved hands move slowly up and down on his wheel as he jockeys the bomber closer. He's now barely 50 feet away, slightly to the left and still below our probing boom.

It is hard to realize that this shiny, streamlined plane, which you feel you can almost touch, is a deadly jet bomber doing more than 300 mph as you look at her! When the realization sinks home, you get a Gee Whiz feeling. You think, too, what could happen with only the slightest of miscalculation on the part of either pilot—or the guy stretched out on the plank in front of you. You instinctively edge back from his feet to give him more room. And you throw a possessive glance at your chest parachute pack lying on the deck four feet away.

Before take-off, Capt. Doddington had gone carefully over the Air Force procedures to be followed in case of bail-out or crash landing. As a civilian, I would have the dubious privilege of being the first to jump. The captain had ended his safety briefing with the simple remark:

"I would suggest that no one pull his rip cord until he has fallen a ways. You can freeze at 15,000 feet."

We are above that now! I think of that as I watch the B-47 edge in to us for her first contact. Again, the radio crackles as Barker starts talking the bomber pilot into hookup position:

"Boom Operator to Malta 4. Forward 2. Forward 2. Forward 4."

Inches forward, almost makes contact, misses and drops back. Barker keeps talking him in:

"Forward 75. Forward 50. Forward 40. Forward 30. Forward 25. Forward 15."

My hands open and close as I mentally try to squeeze the bomber into our boom, which swings left to meet her, then right as she slides that way. I can again see the pilot's hands move on the wheel as he fights rough air and the strong "downwash" from our four engines. He's in closer now and I want to reach out and pull him into the probing boom that Barker keeps ranging up and down, left and right, in close alignment with the bobbing plane below him.

Barker goes off the air for a moment and I notice that he is straining harder now to get the boom into position. He comes on the intercom and tells the captain that he is having trouble . . . "The boom is about 17 degrees out of line. . . . it's hard to keep under control. . . ."

He manhandles it nearer true center, switches his radio back to the waiting B-47. (Again, the thought strikes you that, with a faulty boom, a single miscue now—at this close range—and two $1,000,000 plus airplanes and their crews would be *kaputt!*).

"Forward 10. Forward 2. Up 2. Up 2," drones Barker.

The boom tip abruptly slides up the center of the bomber's tank door and Barker rams it into the small cup-like opening. There is a sharp rasp and clash of metal on metal like a car being shifted into gear the hard way.

Barker yells over the radio:

"Room Service 4. Contact!"

With his yell, which also carried over our intercom system, the flight engineer pushes his lever and the jet fuel starts pouring down the boom and into the bomber now hooked tightly to us.

Up front, Capt. Doddington holds the tanker on course with a steady hand, giving the B-47 pilot every break he can during the tension-ridden minutes he'll be tied to us. A steady whine resounds through the pressurized tanker as the long-awaited jet fuel gushes through the pipes. The flight engineer watches the fuel gauge register 1,000 pounds, 2,000, 3,000, 4,000, and up.

The B-47 pilot and his co-pilot, the latter with his head cocked far to one side, watch the operation, wait it out until the thousands of pounds of fuel are in their tanks. Then there is a loud bang as the boom is disconnected and slams upward to its housing in our tail.

The transfusion of the distance-giving life-blood completed, the B-47 sweeps away toward what would be some far-away enemy target in wartime. In this case it is back to her rendezvous over Elkins before returning to us for another practice hookup.

With the break-off, Capt. Doddington trims the tanker and we roar ahead. We continue on course for some minutes and wait. This mission calls for six "wet" contacts and a minimum of 20 "dry," in which no fuel is transferred.

The radio sputters into life.

"Room Service 4. This is Malta 4. Ready. Over."

We reply: *"Malta 4. This is Room Service 4. Ready."*

Things in the tanker are quiet for a few moments, then Barker sings out:

"Here she is!"

The B-47 is back for another hookup. The boom is down and ready. The air is more turbulent and the big silver bomber pitches and tosses behind us.

The assistant boom operator, Sam Finkelstein, has relieved Barker and calls Malta 4.

"Forward 50. Forward 40. Forward 30. Up 4. Up 2. Up 4."

There is silence for a moment, then the cheering words:

"Room Service 4. Contact!"

Three more contacts follow in close succession. (You note the increased proficiency of the B-47 pilot; practice evidently has made him surer of himself.)

We continue to drone through the stratosphere, never deviating more than a few hundred feet from our altitude of 15,500 feet. Half an hour passes and the B-47 ranges on us again, tells us she's ready to come in for more hookups. We stand by.

We've been in the air now more than four hours.

This time the hookups come even faster as the bomber slides down behind us, drives straight in to the boom.

Barker, again at the control, radios:

"You are riding us beautifully, Sir."

There is no answer from the B-47, the pilot intent on inching in, making contact, and getting away. In combat, where seconds count, this type of proficiency pays off.

Far below us and behind the bomber, the clouds look like a great frozen lake. There is no movement as far as the eye can see. The ground has been out of sight for several hours. We are jolted out of our slight feeling of mesmerism by the sudden call over the radio:

"Breakaway!

"Breakaway!

"Breakaway!"

The deck tips up under my feet as Capt. Doddington and the flight engineer move as one man, the former yanking back on the wheel, the latter smashing the throttles forward to full power. The giant tanker's engines increase their roar as the airplane grabs for altitude. I sit and wait. I watch the altimeter needle swing quickly around its orbit and pass 16,000 feet before the captain pushes the wheel forward again and we begin to level off.

I lean close to him, shove my right earphone up on my head, and tap him on the shoulder. He turns half around, moves his own left earphone, and I yell:

"What goes on, Captain? Who made that call? What's it mean?"

Noting my slightly naked apprehension, he grins and says:

"That was Malta 4. That 'Breakaway' is the emergency call to clear both aircraft of collision danger."

On the "Breakaway," I learn, the tanker and bomber both move steeply to predetermined altitudes, a good distance apart, then resume their courses.

I glance at my wristwatch and see that we have been engaged in a dangerous job for almost five straight hours. I'm beginning to get tired; the muscles in my back and over my kidneys feel stiff and achy. Yet the crew shows no outward sign of strain or fatigue.

About the time I think we'll soon be starting down, the radio crackles and Capt. Doddington goes on the air:

"Malta 4. This is Room Service 4. We have made fine progress today. I'd like to work an additional hour. Over."

When we finally finish the boom operator's tally shows 36 "dry" hookups and six "wet." As we come in and taxi to the far end of the runway it is exactly 7 P.M. The entire mission, from initial briefing to landing, has taken 12 hours. I remark to Barker that it has been quite a day. He grins at me and says:

"Mr. Davis, this was a short mission. You should come with us when we stay out 15, 18 hours!"

—By Tom Davis

MAN AROUND THE HOUSE

By John Sharnik

Not enough closet space in your home? Read this.

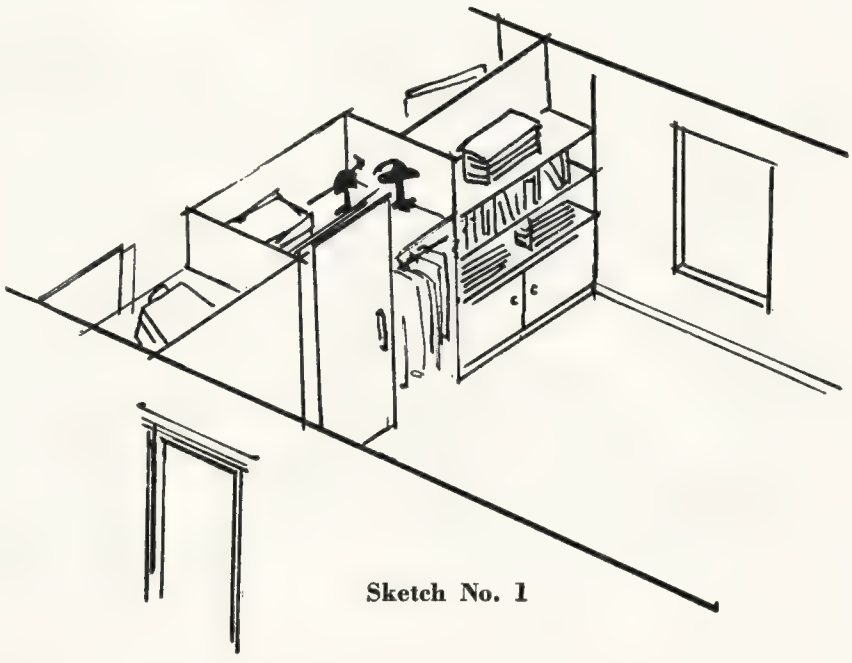
LIKE the Texas oil-tycoon who traded in his month-old Cadillac because the ashtrays were full, some families move when their closets become overloaded. Finding room for the normal acquisitions of a growing household gets to seem impossible, and the only solution, apparently, is to move to bigger quarters.

If you're head man of an average American household, you've got to find room not only for its four or five members, but also for better than one-third of a ton of domestic paraphernalia: clothes, linens, dishes, bric-a-brac, cooking utensils, cleaning supplies, tools, toys and sporting goods.

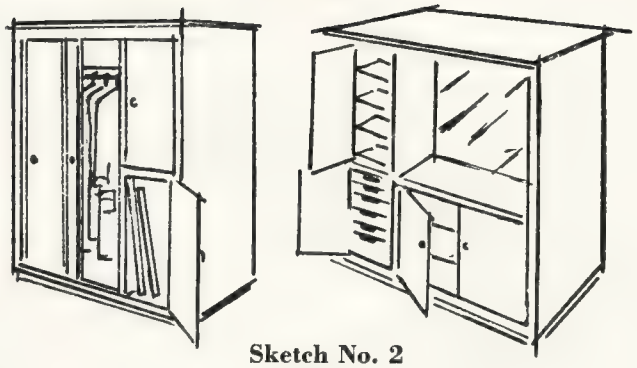
That takes an awesome amount of closet, cupboard, shelf and drawer space. But up-to-date architects assure you that you can find it, even in the average small home. What it requires is the application of intelligent planning, some lumber, tools, and elbow grease in space that would otherwise be misused or wasted.

Walls that Work. The secret to the efficient, orderly look of many modern homes lies in one simple device—the storage wall. It's nothing more nor less than a long closet and/or cupboard, which also replaces the conventional stud wall as a means of separating one room from another.

If you want to create a couple of bedrooms, for instance, out of what is now dead attic space, don't waste time and valuable cubic footage nailing up a row of two-by-fours and finishing them off on both sides. Architects William H. Kapple and James T. Lendrum, in a project for the University of Illinois' Small Homes Council, have demonstrated that single thicknesses of gypsum board or plywood, forming the backs of



Sketch No. 1



Sketch No. 2

closets, make a strong enough wall in themselves. (Kapple and Lendrum reinforce 3/8" gypsum by bonding 1/8" untempered hardboard to it with linoleum paste. If plywood use 1/2" material.)

The gypsum or plywood panels are held in place at top and bottom by nailing them to 2" x 2" cleats attached to ceiling and floor. A vertical divider panel of gypsum or plywood placed every four feet of wall length provides rigidity and also separates the storage wall into compartments, which can open into opposite rooms, if you like. (See sketch #1.)

Incidentally, you can get a printed instruction sheet for building these thin-wall storage partitions by addressing a request to Small Homes Council; Mumford House, University of Illinois; Urbana, Ill., and enclosing 25 cents.

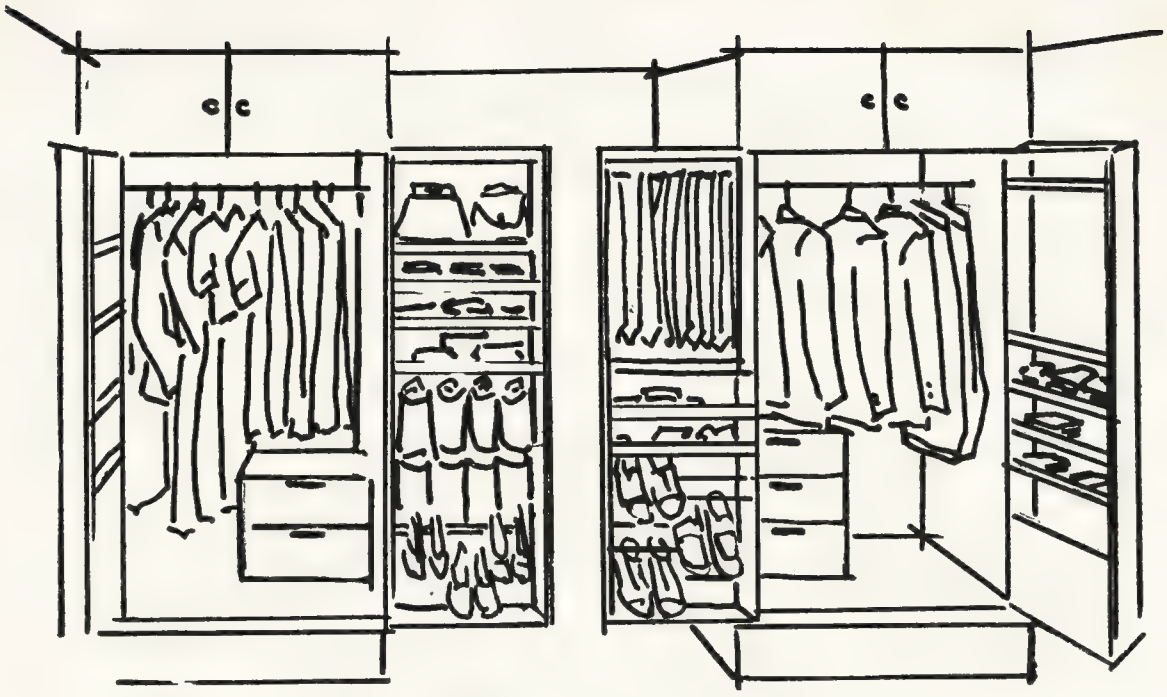
Revival. One of the casualties of low-cost housing is the hall closet—that handy catch-all for coats, overshoes and umbrellas, which otherwise leave their dripping trails through the house. The hall closet has been disappearing along with the hall, but Arthur B. Hansen, a Chicago designer, has a scheme that restores them both in one convenient package.

Hansen accomplishes this sleight-of-hand by placing an "island storage closet"—a head-high, free-standing plywood cabinet—just inside the front door. The closet thereby serves as a partition setting off an area where bill-collectors, neighborhood drunks and other unexpected callers can be warded off in privacy from guests occupying the living room.

But since it stands free of both walls and ceiling, it doesn't altogether cut off that entry space from the living room itself. Finally, it is designed for use from both sides—a closet from the entry side, a bar or general-purpose cabinet from the living-room side. (See sketch #2.)

Points of Order. Russel Wright—the designer whose name is probably inscribed on the bottom of your wife's luncheon dishes, among other accessories around your house—is one of the most articulate spokesmen on the storage problem. Wright, a mild, orderly guy, speaks with obvious authority, since he appears to have found room for all his family's appurtenances in

Sketch No. 3



Sketch No. 4

a midget of a town-house that is exactly 12′ wide over-all—less than the length of your car.

One simple trick that Wright used to stretch his storage space was to eliminate all conventional 30″-wide, 76″-high closet doors—he considers them one of the peskiest enemies of domestic life. Instead, he recommends, use double doors, which expose the whole width of the closet. Also, make the whole closet interior accessible from floor to ceiling. That can be done either by using ceiling-high doors or by having a separate cupboard above the closet instead of just a shelf hung inside, over the clothespole.

Wright also advises you to keep in mind that vertical spaces—the backs of those doors and the walls of the closet—are usable, too. To take the fullest advantage of the verticals, which are especially convenient for hanging household cleaning and maintenance equipment, he offers a unique kitchen closet with "nested" doors—one inside the other.

The back of the outside door and both front *and* back of the inside one are fitted with a variety of hooks—holding brooms, brushes, tools and other such items—and with cloth pouches like shoe bags—for such things as work gloves and cleaning cloths. The closet space itself is kept conveniently shallow, so you don't have to reach way in to dig small packages and bottles out from behind other packages and bottles. The whole unit is fitted with different-sized shelves and pigeonholes, to accommodate different-sized and different-shaped items neatly. (See sketch #3.)

Usable Door. Using the backs of doors for storage is a scheme applied to bedroom storage by Edward Hanson of Stillwater, Minn.—a designer with an economical eye for making every inch of space count.

Instead of facing a wardrobe closet with an unnecessarily thick conventional door, Hanson constructed what he calls a "shelf-door"—a series of 4½″-deep shelves suspended on the back of a sheet of ¼″ plywood. The wardrobe door thereby becomes not just a means of concealing suits, coats and dresses; it also serves as a container for such smaller items as shoes, socks, neckties, belts and handkerchiefs. Sketch #4 shows a "His and Her" pair of Hanson wardrobes, between which a counter with or without drawers can be suspended to form a simple desk or dressing table.

Money-saver. If your frau is hep to one of the current household vogues, she's probably got her eye on a marble-topped coffee table, dressing table or bureau. It'll cost you anywhere from $3 to $12 a square foot for the marble alone—unless you adopt a small dodge used by cabinetmaker Joseph Trella.

To a sheet of ordinary ¾″ plywood he bonded a sheet of marble-patterned Marlite—a plastic-finished hardboard wall material that resembles the real thing closely enough to fool just about anybody but a Vermont quarry worker. Where it differs is in price: about six bits a square foot. He dropped the Marlite-plywood sheet into a dressing table frame to hide the edges.

—By John Sharnik

Angler's Almanac

BY ROBERT C. McCORMICK

THIS MONTH'S STAR:
Striped Bass—*Also: Rock or Rockfish, especially in Chesapeake Bay area; Greenhead, Squidhound, Striper.*

MARKINGS: Seven or eight broken horizontal stripes along upper sides provide easy identification. Has slightly olive-green coloration on top, fading to white below; sides of head, pectoral and caudal fins occasionally tinted yellow. Average size in coves, inlets and rivers: 2-10 pounds; in surf: 20-50 pounds. Record: 73 pounds, Vineyard Sound, Mass., August 17, 1913.

HABITAT: Native to North Atlantic Coastal waters, sea-running rivers from St. Lawrence to northern Florida, stripers have been introduced to West Coast where they're now found from Coos Bay, Ore., south to Monterey. Also sometimes taken in Gulf of Mexico from Florida to Texas.

Though noted as number-one game fish for salt-water surfcasters, fish spawns in springtime in fresh-water rivers, can be caught both there and in coastal bays, coves and inlets in spring, summer and fall on fresh-water tackle of any kind. Thus, stripers are an excellent quarry for fresh-water anglers able to reach out to seashore when dog-days of August ruin inland sport.

HOW TO CATCH: Surfcasters seeking stripers are the dry fly purists of salt-water anglers. All use highly specialized rods and reels (also available in spinning tackle), stalk their fish mostly at night when they serve up a generous assortment of rigged eels, plugs and spoons to feeding fish. Furthermore, specialized surfcasting is expensive at best, takes a long time to learn, but fish caught (20-50 pounds) will be worth it.

If, however, you're content with smaller ones in 2-10 pound class, you can do just as well on your own fresh-water tackle in coves, inlets, bays and some rivers where fish are known to spawn. There's always the possibility, too, a truly big fish will come along and, since most major catches even in the surf come on 100-foot casts or less, you can handle even these on 200 yards of 10-pound test monofilament on a medium-action fresh-water spinning rod.

Trick in angling for stripers is to spot feeding fish. Since fish move inshore on rising tides for diet of seaworms, crabs, eels, squid, shrimp, salt-water forage fish like menhaden, herring, etc., best time to try is two hours before, two hours after high tide—especially if tidal period coincides with nocturnal feeding habits of stripers. Any of above makes good bait for still fisherman in bays and rivers; clams, bloodworms, sandworms, crabs, mullet, sand eels, live eels are best in surf.

Fresh-water spinning enthusiasts and bait casters can have hitherto unsuspected circus on striper schools with surface poppers, underwater bass plugs of jointed-minnow type, shiny spoons and tinned squids with pork rind, especially in bays and rivers; fly casters find action on buck-tail streamers around salt-water marshes. Best way to locate feeding fish is to watch for terns or gulls hovering over surf or rocky shorelines (one of ocean's most popular hangouts for striped bass); if birds are feeding frantically on surfaced bait fish, ten-to-one there's a school of stripers just below surface. Fish also taken trolling rigged eels, other lures.

AUGUST HOTSPOTS

Northeast: Since, during August, stripers will be at extreme northern limits of their migratory run, your best bet for big fish now is anywhere from northern tip of Cape Cod to south Jersey coast. Quite likely, blues will hit in unexpectedly at various points all along coastline here, but below Jersey, big channel bass will be the major fare all the way to the island of Ocracoke, just south of Cape Hatteras. Entire area also offers all there is in salt-water angling.

Best bet now is to pick out general area you want to fish, check in at local bait-and-tackle shop, fishing dock, and take their advice on what's best for your tackle. Simply because few surfcasters use anything but their specialized and expensive equipment shouldn't keep you from daring to pioneer; you'll find fresh-water spinning tackle especially will often whip lures out into surf far enough to take feeding fish, and if you'll wash your reel in fresh water after fishing you'll have no trouble.

Good places to try now are on the bay side of Cape May Point, the Jap Hole at Holgate, around Barnegat, Manasquan Inlets, the beach at Sandy Hook, all in Jersey; from Jones Beach and Fire Island to Montauk on Long Island (especially Montauk Light, Turtle Cove and North Bar); any of the waters around Narragansett, R. I. (especially these tidal ponds: Charleston Beachway, Quonochontaug, Weekapaug); around the rocks on Block Island and the Watch Hill area of Rhode Island; any place you see action on Cape Cod.

For fresh-water specialist: Unfortunately, worst fishing of entire year coincides with nation's most popular vacation month. To take bass now, you'll have to seek out fish in deep holes in lakes, fish for them at night; good places to try looking are off rocky points; hellgrammites, crawfish and good-sized minnows make the best baits for still fishermen, though bass buggers sometimes get action in late evenings along shoreline in coves and bays.

South: Though you won't find many stripers in area as a rule, now's the time to switch seat of Southern salt-water angling operations from Florida to Gulf shores of Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas. If you'll pay particular attention to the great under-fished, undeveloped and little-known fisherman's paradise formed by the Mississippi River Delta you'll find sport that men never even knew was there a few years ago.

Best place to go now is the waters lying on and off the lower Mississippi Delta for a distance of a hundred miles south of New Orleans in Louisiana, plus the Gulf of Mexico in Mississippi Sound directly east of town. Here you'll find the waters alive with Spanish mackerel and bluefish, seatrout and blackfish, plus thousands of huge tarpon. Still further east, at Mobile, Ala., you'll find the Alabama Deep Sea Fishing Rodeo will be held the second week in August.

Fresh-water fanatics can take fish during August here, too. Most of Delta country is composed of a kind of crazy jigsaw puzzle of bays, bayous, passes, marshes, lakes and channels where fresh waters flow into salt in brackish confusion. Largemouth black bass (called "green trout" locally), white bass, crappies and bream infest this border water, mingling with their salt-water cousins in utter abandon; most good spots are accessible only by boat, and these may be rented at liveries in settled areas.

Elsewhere in south, fresh-water angling for largemouth bass, other species of game fish, is at its lowest ebb during dog-days of August. Tourists should avoid scheduling trips into any of the southern TVA lakes now, but if you must go you'd best plan on trolling deep on metal lines for most action, fishing by night. Somehow, August usually manages to produce several truly big fish to trollers in Dale Hollow, Kentucky Lake, Watts Bar and other TVA impoundments—but you really have to be lucky to get consistently big fish now.

Midwest: As in the northeast, hot, humid August days make for spotty angling at best. Concentrate on nighttime sport, making certain that you first visit stream or lake by daylight, accustom yourself to surroundings which appear completely foreign after dark. Known trout-producing holes can sometimes be coaxed to give up big brown trout after dark if fished warily, and smallmouth bass, northern pike, pickerel, muskellunge and walleyes are noted for habits of moving in close to shore to feed once sun drops and heat of day cools waters around weedy coves, bars and vegetation-infested bays; minnows and other bait-fish will be in shallows after dark so it's only natural that game fish follow to feed.

If, however, you're planning a fishing vacation, now's the time to head for Superior National Forest and Lake of the Woods in Minnesota, practically any Canadian lake on the other side of the border all the way from Lake Ontario to northern Minnesota state line, Chippewa and Flambeau Flowages in Wisconsin and backwoodsy country on Michigan's upper Peninsula. Confine your angling activities to known feeding habits and you'll take fish.

Anglers unable to take wilderness trips now, will do well to fish huge Lake St. Clair within a short drive of downtown Detroit; here, deep trolling for bass sometimes produces daytime miracles during August and you never can tell when you'll tie into a truly big muskellunge. Elsewhere good summer-resort-type fishing lakes to try this month include Lake Pepin on the Mississippi River between Wisconsin and Minnesota, any of the Steuben County Lakes in northeastern Indiana where the state itself operates an excellent and inexpensive hotel in Pokgama State Park, any of the Fox Chain of Lakes on Fox River northwest of Chicago; Missouri's Lake of the Ozarks and North Dakota's Lake Metigoshe on the Manitoba, the latter one of the best northern pike and musky lakes in the entire area.

West Coast: Striped-bass men begin to come into their own again during August in all of California's famed striped-bass grounds around San Francisco; where fish had to be trolled for in waters of San Pablo Bay, the Casquinez Straits, Suisun Bay and the Napa River during early part of summer, the return to bait fishing begins again in mid-August as fish school preparatory to moving into fresh waters in which they spend the winter; in California, this inland migration lasts from mid-August to late October, and striped-bass angling is better than any other time of the year.

If, however, you want to concentrate on the glamour fish of the West Coast—the King Salmon and summer steelhead—you can have a field day if you'll plan your trip this month, especially just before Labor Day. For 10 days prior to Labor Day, commercial fishermen quit the lower Columbia river and sports anglers take over; here, in the stretch between Astoria near the coast and Rainier-Longview farther inland, sports fishermen capture King Salmon weighing as much as 50-60 pounds each August.

Elsewhere on the coast, you can try for Kings in the Strait of Juan De Fuca, especially around its eastern end and on into the inner-Sound near Seattle. Good spots now: Hope Island, some 70 miles north of Seattle; Elliott Bay where the Seattle *Times* annual Salmon Derby is held each summer; Point Defiance near Tacoma; Point No Point and Possession Point. Summer steelheading's good now, too, on Oregon's Floras Creek; the Skykomish and Kalama Rivers in Washington plus, of course, the famed Klamath River in California.

Anglers new to the West Coast won't want to miss the Klamath in August, especially as the month wears on. By mid-month, annual summer run of steelhead ranging to 10-12 pounds will be nearing its peak in all the downstream waters (headquarters: Klamath Glen just off Rt. 101).

BUFFALO BILL'S DECLINE AND FALL

Buffalo Bill, instead of becoming world famous, might have ended his days as a wealthy but obscure Kansas realtor if he hadn't been too hot-headed to listen to a proposition.

In 1867 Bill, whose services as Indian fighter, Pony Express rider, and Union Army scout were no longer in demand, was earning his living hunting buffalo on a contract to supply meat for the workers laying tracks westward for the Kansas Pacific Railroad. But having a wife and baby daughter to support, he was casting about for something more lucrative and more suitable for a family man. Suddenly, he saw the chance of making a fortune.

He and a trader named William Rose pooled their assets and bought a large tract of land right by the route they knew the Kansas Pacific was to take. Their project was ambitious: they'd own a town. Its name: Rome.

The two plainsmen hired themselves an engineer to stake out streets and survey their holding into lots. Since the town-site was advantageously located not only on the projected train-route but also on the Big Creek River, most wagon roads were soon leading to Rome. With an eye to further revenue, the founding fathers established their own hotel and general store. Bill then built a comfortable house for himself and family and wrote his wife he was now worth $250,000. She forthwith quit St. Louis for Rome.

All was going nicely, until one dark day when a stranger named Webb stepped off the stagecoach with no other apparent business than to scrutinize the town from every possible angle. Bill, keen on making a sale, took him on a buffalo hunt. Bill lent the stranger his horse Brigham, a redoubtable animal who knew just what buffalo to chase, how close to come to it, and how to slacken pace while the rider shot. Since Bill also lent him his rifle, which he had fondly named Lucretia Borgia, Webb shortly had his buffalo. That night Mrs. Cody served the Easterner the prized tongue and hump steak for dinner.

Early next morning, Webb appeared at Bill's office. "I want to make you a proposition," he said.

Bill's eyebrows shot up. "Indeed," he said coldly. "I thought *I* was going to make the proposition."

"I aim to take over this town," Webb continued calmly. "But I'll give you one-eighth of it. Now—"

The rest was lost in Bill's mighty roar of indignation. If Webb ever again showed his face in Buffalo Bill's town he, Buffalo Bill, would personally hog-hobble him out again! The outraged plainsman then mounted Brigham and spurred him over the horizon—where he had business that kept him away for three days. When he returned, Rome had fallen.

Seems that the dude Webb was head of the town-site division of the Kansas Pacific and had been willing to buy out Cody and Rose—they, as part of the deal, to retain possession of an eighth of the town.

Furious at Buffalo Bill's lofty refusal even to hear his offer, Webb had climbed up on a dry-goods box and announced to the inhabitants of Rome that they were invited to resettle a mile away at Hays City, site of the new railroad town, where lots would be cheap and employment available in the locomotive repair shops which would locate there. He painted the proposed town as the future flower of the plains. The Romans to a man loaded their belongings and house timbers into the six-mule wagons Webb had borrowed from the government for the migration—and it was ho! for Hays City. All that remained when Bill rode back to Rome were some yawning foundations, a few sod houses, his own house and the store and hotel.

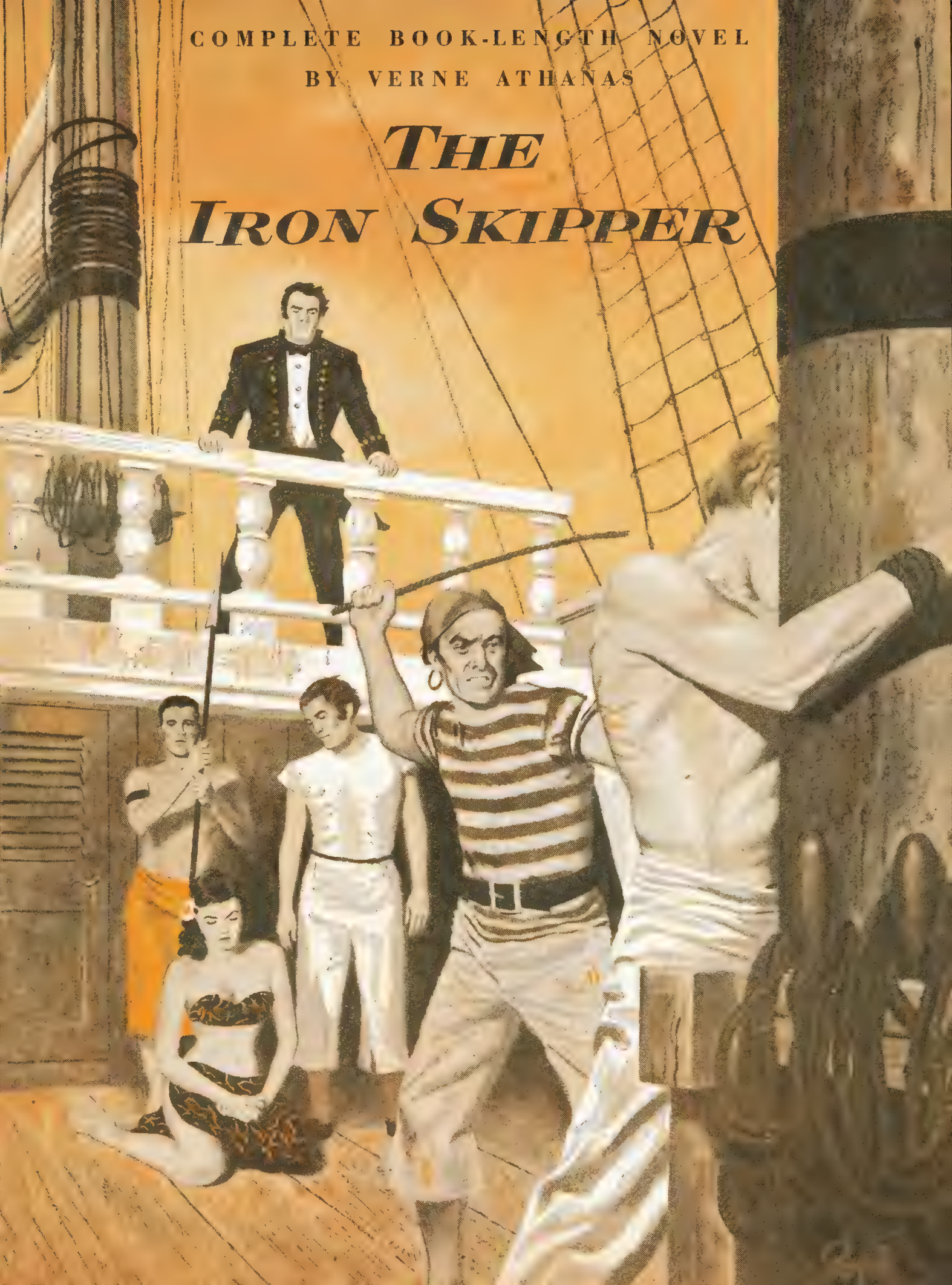
Today there's no trace in Kansas of the grandeur that might have been Rome. But Kansans evidently have shared Buffalo Bill Cody's international taste in town names: Flourishing in the state today are Zurich, Canton, Moscow, Havana, Frankfort, Peru, Florence, Dresden, Norway, Bern and Toronto.

—By Bertram Zacr

COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

BY VERNE ATHANAS

THE IRON SKIPPER



Half-demented, ruthless and unyielding, he drove his men and his ship on a voyage that promised fantastic wealth—and brought disaster. And yet for one, after all the wild adventure, paradise lay waiting on an island of the South Seas.

BEHIND ME the mountains of Wahoo reared up to thrust white head and shoulders out of the eternal green of the island. The long, sweeping curve of the beach shimmered a little, as if it were ready to turn from packed coral to pure illusion in the rebounding sunlight, and seemed to creep down to where the rolling wavelets could nuzzle it, as if it sought the cool solace of the sea. The tide was making, and the illusion grew as the creaming wash slid higher and higher on the beach.

Get out of the sun, MacLaird, I told myself. *You're getting the vapors.*

It was cooler off the beach. The trail swung through a sort of glade here, shaded by the coconut palms and breadfruit trees, and the scattering of shacks lay without order, placed by each owner's whim as to location. Gordon's houses had no commanding site, nor did they loom any larger or more decorative, despite his position—another example of this weird social order.

Keika-pui-pui heard my steps as I went past the open end of his sleeping house, and he blinked himself awake to grin and show off his English.

"Ullo, Mahc-layah."

I said hello and went on. A couple of women looked up from their eternal poi-making, and smiled, and Ke'kua waved a steaming joint of a suckling pig at me in silent invitation while he stuffed his mouth with his other hand. I shook my head and went on.

I had gotten up another sweat crossing the little clearing, but the welcome relief of shade went as fast as it came, in a little flurry of irritation as Wilkes called to me from behind.

He came scuffing across the clearing while I eyed him impatiently, and he said, "Captain says tell you we up-anchor at daylight sharp, tomorrow mornin'."

I had been expecting it, but I didn't like it. "All right," I said.

I turned away, but Wilkes insisted, "He said sunrise sharp, young gentleman. And I don't know who'd have the brass to put a pistol on him for you."

That brought me around on my heel. It was bad enough, his "young gentleman" title, but the man didn't seem to know his place.

"Isn't that all we need, Wilkes?" I asked. "You've delivered your message, and we don't need any fo'c'sle gossip."

He gave me one of his bland, calculating, infuriating looks. "You didn't think it was any secret, did you, young gentleman?"

There he had me, for I could not deny it, nor was he going to trick me into argument.

"Run along with your message," I said, and turned my back on him. I had the feeling he was laughing at me, but hanged if I was going to give him the satisfaction of looking back at him.

I heard him walking away, and I went on, but I didn't feel like hurrying now. *Last night*

ashore, I thought, and it had a dismal ring. I wondered how I'd tell Eva. Or rather, what I was going to tell her.

Her name wasn't really Eva. In the Island tongue, it was something like T'hiva; from some perverse fancy I shortened it, which made it apt enough, for she was the first woman in the world for me.

I had even escaped the boyhood throes of puppy love, for my father had taught me the more solitary male pastimes. When he died in my thirteenth year, I could ride and shoot and swim and fish, and the few dancing lessons I took at Mother's insistence merely clinched my conviction that girls were silly little creatures with whom I had little in common. Which ought to prove something, I'm not sure what.

Gordon was finishing a paddle, sitting cross-legged in the shade of his sleeping house. He whetted away with long smooth strokes, the dark, close-grained wood taking on a satiny gloss under the curved bit of broken glass he used for a scraper.

He greeted me civilly, stopped his work long enough to light up one of the twisted black stogies I had given him, and then went back to his scraping. Eva and her mother were over by the cooking house scraping taro. That was just twenty steps too many in this heat. I sat down near Gordon and took off my hat to catch what coolness might be in the afternoon breeze.

Gordon said without looking up, "Your ship sails soon?"

For perhaps the hundredth time I wondered how news traveled so fast in this sleepy land; and for the hundredth time admitted I'd probably never know, so I said merely, "Tomorrow."

He grunted and gave me one of his quick sidelong looks. I could read nothing in his face, but then who could? A strange man, Benjamin Gordon, who had completely buried whatever he was in his past. He was no more nor less than any other Sandwich Islander in this year of our Lord 1812, hide burned brown as any native's, hair an iron gray that gave little hint of what it had once been; the liquid limpid speech of Owyhee as easy on his lips as his native English.

Eva finished her work and came to sit beside me. Gordon scraped industriously at his paddle, and seemed not to notice when she slipped one hand into mine. Only then did she look directly at me. I knew then that I wouldn't have to tell her. She knew.

Still, it solved nothing. Her presence stirred me, as always. Her black riot of hair fell in gentle curls past her shoulders, a single white waxy flower its only ornament. She was so beautiful it hurt me inside.

You'll have to tell her, I thought in a sort of desperation. *You must make her see it hasn't been like the rest of them. You can't just give her a bolt of cloth and a few beads and yell a bawdy good-by from the ship.* And I had a sudden grimly humorous thought of what would happen if I tried to pay off Gordon with fishhooks and knives and brass buttons as the rest were probably doing about now.

Maybe I would have found the words. But certainly I had a cowardly sense of relief when Ed Wolfe came across the compound at his easy rolling stride, directly toward us. He nodded to Gordon and smiled at Eva, then asked me, "You got the word?"

"Wilkes told me."

"Good. By the way, have you seen Aymes?" That got my attention, and I noticed then that the bo'sun and one of the ship hands with Wolfe were carrying muskets.

"He's missing?" I looked up sharply at Wolfe, who rubbed his chin and nodded.

"Two days. I covered for him yesterday, but Thorny caught on today, and he's gone hog-wild. Says he's going to take a little meat with the hide this time."

"Damned fool," I said, meaning Aymes. I tasted salt on my tongue again, thinking of the flogging he'd got when he slipped ashore when we made landfall at Karaka-koua bay. The foolish, thoughtless, likable, damned little Welshman. Two dozen with a tarred rope's end last time—and Lord knew what this time, if old Thorny was really irked. I looked at the bo'sun and wondered how he liked his duty.

"No, I don't know where he is," I said. "Probably shacked up out in the brush somewhere."

"Yes," said Wolfe. He stood a moment longer, soaking up the cool shade. He cut an eye at Eva and looked quickly away. "You coming aboard tonight?"

"I'll be there in time," I said with a touch of irritation.

He grinned and said, "Your uncle got a pistol too?"

"Go to hell," I said, and he grinned again and went away.

Gordon looked up from his work. The *koa* wood was beginning to shine like silk, so slick and smooth that the light made one long unbroken streak from blade to pommel.

"What is this pistol thing?" he inquired. "Or should I ask?"

"Just some of my confounded foolishness," I said. "They throw it up to me whenever they think I'm getting too big for my breeches. I threw a pistol on old Thorny at the Falklands. It blew over."

Gordon stopped scraping. "You put a

Illustrated by MILLER POPE

brace to Captain Thorn? With a weapon in your hand?"

"It blew over, I tell you," I said shortly.

Gordon carefully puffed at the last of his stogie and as carefully snubbed it out in the sand and covered it neatly. He gave me one look and said "Well," and went on with his work. An odd man, Gordon. I couldn't tell what he thought.

Then Eva said quietly, "You really are going, then, Jon?"

How can I say it as she did? Her English was as good as my own—Gordon's doing—but there was a piquancy to her speech that defied description. When she spoke my name it wasn't "dzon" or "zhon" or "jon." It was a soft caressing blending of all three, and the very softness of her voice increased the misery within me.

I couldn't soften the answer. "Yes," I said. I might as well have been mute then, for I could say no more.

Her hand tightened just the slightest bit in mine, and then she said with a curious dull ring, "Tonight, Jon?"

I nodded. I could not look at her. I leaned back until I was braced against one of the corner posts of the house and closed my eyes. She started to slip her hand from mine, but in a sort of convulsive reaction my fingers closed on hers, and she remained quiet. The rebounding sun glow sent great red circles flaring through my vision, even with my eyes closed, and for a long time I just sat there, doing nothing, wanting to do nothing, hearing the *wheet-wheet* of Gordon's glass scraper, hearing Eva's gentle breathing, smelling the spicy flower-fragrance that was hers. If a man could ever hold heaven and hell in his hands—one in either hand—I did that day.

2

A GREAT crew of adventurers, we. There were myself, Jonathan MacLaird, clerk by virtue of my uncle's partnership in this new Great Western Company; he, Uncle Angus, a Canadian Scot; three other Canadian Scottish partners; and ten other clerks. Yet it was John Isaac Nestor's Company. The *Sconchin* was his, and flew the Stars and Stripes, and old Thorny—Jacob Thorn, sometime Lieutenant, U.S.N.—was proof enough of the influence Nestor could bring to bear when he chose; for the Navy does not put even Lieutenants on extended leave for small pretexts. I thought Nestor could have made a happier choice.

For though the uniform had been packed away with his leave papers, Jacob Thorn wore its invisible weight like a chip on his shoulders. But the *Sconchin* was not Navy and we were not Navy; nor were we even proper sailors; and Thorn's discipline went to pot within the week of our sailing. Another man might have carried it off. Thorn was cast of pig iron—there was no give to the man, no flexibility.

But allow the man his due: he was a sailor. Off the Rio Plata, green water put the stern six feet under and took the helm away from the steersman. The spinning wheel smashed two ribs for him. Thorn wedged the man against the housing with his own braced leg and fought her single-handed until he had her headed—held her even when the water broke chest high against his bull body; and then he cracked more sail to her and made a record run in the next twenty hours.

He drove the old *Sconchin* until it seemed no two planks could hang together, drove her while we lubbers froze onto anything that would give us purchase; while the man with the stove ribs screamed at the pounding even when he was lashed into his bunk—and Thorn silently cursed us all for cowards with his cold gray eyes.

But he toughened us. I was eighteen when we weighed anchor at New York. I was tall, over six feet, but more bone than meat; red-headed as are all male MacLairds—but only eighteen and fresh from my widowed mother's green acres in Pennsylvania. I was nineteen when we hit the Falklands, and on salt horse and beans and a pint of green water a day I was ten pounds heavier and could run up the shrouds from the weather rail to the royals without pausing for breath.

We watered at the Falklands. I swear I drank a gallon of spring water without stopping. I took the bucket from my lips and my uncle grinned at me and said, "Adam's Ale, lad. Never a finer tipple, eh?"

I agreed. We stood there like two fools, swilling simple cold water until we were near foundered.

Typically, some of the ship's crew never got ashore at all. Aymes was one of them, the impudent, cocky little sea-lawyer. He spent the first two days on his knees with a brick and handswab, holystoning the deck for being a slow starter. Steven Wilkes was another, for Thorn had him overhauling the guns whose stoppers had leaked, and neither of them got a drop of fresh water until I thought to bring a jug aboard for them to share. They both sucked at the jug like drunkards. With reason enough.

When the iron guard was unlocked, and the spigot of the water-butt opened wide for the first time since New York, it took the better part of a minute for the green sludge to worm its way out of the spout so that the stinking water proper could run. They'd been living—as we all had—on a pint of that a day for the past month; only they had been turning out for watch, four hours

on and four off, sweating out the precious moisture on the yards, heaving their hearts out tailed onto the working gear. They emptied that first jug of fresh water in incredible haste.

Aymes bobbed his head and grinned and said, "Thankee, thankee, young gentleman."

Wilkes thanked me too, but there was no humility to him. He was polite, but he had a way of looking at me with a sort of speculation that irritated me. He had looked like that when Thorn first chased us clerks off the quarterdeck, three days out of New York. Thorn had hurled his coarse growling voice at us as if we were so many deck hands, shouting so that our reprimand was heard in every corner of the ship, and Wilkes had watched us come straggling forward in red-faced humiliation, and he had given us a sardonic grin and a muttered, "The captain is the father of his crew."

I needed something to vent my spleen upon, and I had asked him if he wanted his nose scabbed.

He retorted dryly, "I can't be fighting you, young gentleman. I am no gentleman." He went back to filing at a bit of metal clamped between his knees, and did not even look up to see me walk away. And now he drank my water, and he thanked me, but he did not bob his head or grin. He thanked me gravely, courteously, drove the stopper into the jug with the heel of his hand, and went back to scouring the muzzle of the gun.

I got Uncle Angus' fowling piece and went back ashore with the next boat. He and Stuart and Alex Robb had put up a tent. I was tempted to stay ashore that night too, but there were eight of them to the tent now, and I changed my mind. There was little save the fowling to attract me here anyway. Bleak piles of rock, the Falklands, and on a gray day with the lonely wind crying through the rocks it was desolation itself. I did bag a pair of fat gray geese, though, and while I was picking up the second one I heard another shotgun bellow over a little ridge, and Captain Thorn came stalking across shortly with a gun in the crook of his arm and with the third mate, Bush, carrying for him. Bush had two geese and some sort of sea bird the size of a duck slung across his shoulders.

Thorn gave me a mere grunt of greeting, and went on past. Then he half-turned and said in his rumbling voice, "How many ashore?"

It surprised me a little, for he hadn't spoken six words to me since that day on the quarterdeck.

"Eight, I think," I said. "That's at the tent. Besides the watering party."

He had a trick of roughing at the side of his nose with a doubled fist before he spoke, and he snorted through one nostril now while his knuckles held the other closed, and said, "Tell them to look alive, at the tent. I'll fire one gun for recall, and I want them aboard in lively fashion."

I had heard him giving the same order half a dozen times in the last two days, so I said merely, "All right," and watched him walk away.

Uncle Angus was a big man, but Jacob Thorn bested him for size. Thorn stood two, perhaps three, inches over six feet, and was muscled like a stallion. Thick through the neck and chest, with hands near as wide as long, and fingers like broomsticks. A face chipped out of a weathered rock, roughed out without the gloss of finishing, as if his Sculptor had wearied of chipping at the stubborn rock and had left the smoothing of the job to time. It had been a vain effort, for nigh forty years had not done it.

He walked ashore as he did on ship; not looking down, disdaining what he trod upon. It was almost a surprise to see him turn aside to avoid an upthrust of rock. I half expected to see him scale it, or bid it stand aside. I dropped that train of thought and strolled back to the tent.

Uncle Angus was there, a solid, fleshy man not quite fifty, his red MacLaird thatch liberally salted with gray, a smiling jovial man in direct contradiction to the legend of the dour Scot; a man of vaunting enthusiasms, but a careful planner nonetheless; and the closest thing I had to a father since I was thirteen.

I gave him Thorn's message, and he laughed and said, "Again? He's had us going aboard every quarter hour since we put ashore. They'll be one more day a-watering as it is."

He gave me another brace of birds to take aboard the *Sconchin,* since they had more than they could eat at the tent.

One of them was stolen during the night. I am not sure what I had in mind when I went for'ard. My Pennsylvania upbringing had instilled pretty positive ideas about the sanctity of mine and thine. Perhaps, vaguely, I thought to find some evidence or other in the fo'c'sle, and to denounce the thief. I came away without saying a word. The crew, despite the slaughter of fowl ashore, was still eating salt horse and beans. No one had sent so much as a pigeon for'ard to their mess.

Two more geese went the next night, a pair of fine honkers all plucked and hanging ready for Captain's mess.

That brought action. Jingles, the colored cook, reported to Bush, who was mess officer, and he in turn took it to old Thorny.

Thorn turned out all hands. He had every man-jack up, sleeping off-watch and all, and he addressed them from the quarterdeck. No, addressed is not the word. It was not the speech of an officer and a gentleman. It was a vicious lacing-down by a foul-mouthed petty officer;

and when they stood there silently, shivering in the chilling wind of the bleak dawn, he lost his temper completely and called them things no man was ever intended to take; and still they stood, silent and shivering and watchful while he cursed them for sniveling thieves and cowards.

And when he had shouted himself out and stood gripping the rail with white knuckles, he kept them in the full sweep of the wind while Dunphy, the second mate, and Bush, the third, went below and turned out every man's chest and bag and bundle.

I think Bush enjoyed it. If Thorn was a lash to cut a man's hide, Bush was salt to rub in the wound. A mean man, a petty man, he was Thorn's shadow, and he had a leech's affection for Thorn; a compound of gratitude and fear that came from the knowledge that while he sucked authority from Thorn, he was less than nothing if Thorn ever tore him away and thrust him aside. And Thorn, I honestly believe, despised the man.

Bush came on deck now, saluted the quarterdeck, and called out, "The armorer's forge is still warm, sir."

I straightened up from where I had been a little out of the wind by one of the guns. *Wilkes,* I thought, *you damned fool. He'll have your hide for that.*

Captain Thorn sent his roar at the crew. "Steven Wilkes, stand forward."

Wilkes stepped out alertly from where he had been lounging against one of the guns just aft the mainmast, a liberty none of the rest of the crew would have dared. He stepped out before the crew. "Sir?" he said.

"You scoundrel, explain that forge."

I saw Wilkes' lips tighten, as he took in a deep breath. Then his hand went inside his jacket and came out with a pistol. He did not point it, nor did he cock it. He walked toward the quarterdeck at a steady unconcerned stride, and as he walked, I saw his lips begin to peel away from his teeth in the start of a smile.

It was very quiet on deck. The wind veered a couple of points and a yard groaned in its bail above us and a slack rope suddenly tautened and hummed. Water gurgled and the *Sconchin* swung on her cable to the new thrust and the rope went slack again. Wilkes' heels clicked quietly on the deck.

The crew had their knives. For that matter, I had one too, had carried one ever since I'd learned my way about in the rigging. But Wilkes could have dropped me before I got within yards of him. It was a double-barreled pistol, and all the ship's small arms were locked in the chest below.

Thorn did not move from his stiff, hulking stance. The crew seemed hardly to be breathing. Dunphy had started aft, but he was moving slowly, and I knew he was not armed. I think Ed Wolfe was the only one among us who kept his head. He turned his back on Wilkes and strolled toward the aft companionway without looking back, which must have taken a steel nerve.

He was smart. He moved without haste, stooped through the hatchway and ducked out of sight. There was a stand of muskets in the captain's cabin, but Wilkes was not four paces from Thorn, now. I found myself starving for air, and took a deep sighing breath.

Give Thorn his due. He did not budge. He stood rigid and watched the smile break out full and wide on Wilkes' face. Then Wilkes brought up the pistol, flipped it, caught it by the barrels.

"I fixed your pistol, Captain," he said mildly.

Somebody gulped then, sucked in air so that the sound could be heard across the deck.

Wilkes went on in that same mild even voice, "You said the port hammer-spring was weak, sir. I had the early stand-by-watch, so I put a new temper to it. That's why the forge was hot."

Thorn stared at him. Like a man walking asleep, he reached out his big hand and Wilkes laid the pistol butt in his palm. Then in a very gentle voice, Wilkes said, "It's safe enough, sir. It ain't loaded."

Wilkes turned on his heel and walked back toward the crew. I got a good look at him. The smile was gone from his face, but he was laughing inside. His pale eyes fairly blazed the wicked laughter within him. He did not look back.

I heard a scuffling from the cabin companionway, and saw Ed Wolfe as he wheeled back down to the cabin. The butt of the musket thudded on the coaming as he went. When I looked back at Thorn, he too was going below. The pistol dangled in his hand and his fingers clasped it gently, as if it were very hot. I found myself cursing Wilkes silently, under my breath, in a reluctant admiring envy that had no expression except those meaningless swear words a man uses when he has nothing to say.

Months later I found out it was Aymes who'd stolen the geese.

3

IT WAS ONLY a smashed cask. Fifty gallons of water spilled and half a day's work for the cooper. But it was a symbol of Captain Jacob Thorn, and of the *Sconchin,* and for that matter, the whole expedition. They swayed the cask up out of the boat on rope tackle, and as they

swung it inboard something slipped and the cask dropped four feet to the deck in a splintering smash.

Bush was in charge of the watering. I turned at the sound, and I saw him shoot a scared, self-conscious look over his shoulder at the quarterdeck. But Thorn was not in sight, and Bush wheeled back and shouted in his thin spiteful voice, and he lashed out at the nearest man with his starter.

A two-foot length of quarter-inch manila rope, it was, with a turk's-head knot on the end, which he seemed to consider a symbol of authority; for he carried it like a swagger stick and slapped it against his thigh as he walked the deck. It caught Aymes half-turning, now, and sent him back against the rail. A livid welt as thick as a man's finger sprang up across Aymes' jaw and neck, slowly turned pink as the blood came back, and Aymes made an outraged sound and his hand went back to the sheath knife on his belt. Steve Wilkes cried out, "Watch it, man," and stepped into Aymes, pushing him off balance, and then Wilkes caught the second lash of the starter across his own shoulder and neck.

Ed Wolfe came popping out on deck, and ran for'ard at a trot. Wilkes stood frozen for a moment, staring at Bush, and then he growled suddenly, "You egg-sucking little . . ."

He took a long stride along the rail and pulled an oak belaying pin out of the rack and wheeled back.

"Use that thing again," he invited wickedly.

Ed Wolfe was on them then, and he shouldered in between them.

"You blithering idiots," he said coldly. Then Captain Thorn's rough voice called out, "What's going on there, amidships?"

He came on the heels of his voice, stalking into the frozen tableau of threat, and Wolfe gave him one cold disgusted look and stepped back.

"All squared away now, sir," he said.

"Eh?" said Thorn, "Eh? Men with weapons in their hands? Mollycoddling these mutinous hounds again, Mr. Wolfe?" His voice rose to a roar. "Drop that pin, Wilkes, or I'll have you swung to a yardarm before you can snap your fingers!"

Wilkes gave him one long look, and then the oak pin hit the deck. Bush cried out, "The other one tried to pull a knife on me!"

"Eh?" said Thorn, knuckling at his nose. "Eh?"

Wolfe said quietly, "I saw it, sir. There was no knife pulled."

Thorn's heavy hand slapped the rail with a crack like a pistol shot. "I'll have discipline on this ship, Mr. Wolfe! You'll understand that or finish this cruise in irons. Half a mind to do it anyway. You're undermining me with the crew behind my back as it is. You are no officer. You are a fool, sir!"

For a moment, I thought Wolfe would not take it. His hands balled into fists and the color drained out to leave his face like putty. Then he turned and stalked away from the group without a word. He had not taken more than six strides when Thorn sent his harsh challenging voice after him.

"Mr. Wolfe."

Wolfe turned wordlessly, still holding himself with iron discipline. Thorn said, "I'll have no half-hearted obedience, Mr. Wolfe. Men or officers. See these two put in irons below. Ten days of bread and water. Then you can take three days in your cabin to learn your place." He waited a moment, and then shouted, "Damn your eyes, sir, acknowledge your orders!"

Wolfe took a deep breath, sucked his belly in deeply as if to force reluctant lungs to work, and said quietly, "Aye aye, sir."

He marched Aymes and Wilkes below, came back carrying their sheathed knives, and tramped aft without so much as a glance to any person on deck. As he ducked below Thorn knuckled his nose again and said more quietly, "Mr. Bush, have this trash sent forward to the cooper. Lash down and secure. Fire the recall gun and stand by to put out. And jump to it."

Bush opened his mouth to speak, looked at Thorn and thought better of it; wheeled and trotted forward and shrilled, "Turn out the watch. Gunner's mate, fire one! Boat crew, lay for'ard to come aboard. Lively, now!"

I went below for a heavier coat, and while I was pulling it on, the gun leaped and roared almost above me, slamming its wheels back onto the deck so hard that a scattering of dislodged caulking and trash pattered from the abused seams and fell down my neck. I shrugged at it disgustedly and went up on deck.

4

CAPTAIN THORN paced to and fro on the quarterdeck. For'ard, Bush harried the watch at their work, sneaking his glance aft like a whipped dog who expects little approval from an unpredictable master. His voice was a vicious whine, but I noticed that he carefully refrained from starting any laggards with his rope's-end. The work went fast enough. By the time the gun crew had the signal gun swabbed, stoppered and secured, Bush had the anchor cable up-and-down, and men at the clews and haul lines.

He trotted amidships and yelled aft, "Standing by, sir."

Thorn did not acknowledge. He stalked across the stern once more, watching the shore,

and he fisted his nose impatiently. He turned away abruptly, and his lips moved as if he were talking to himself. He stopped jerkily, threw another look over his shoulder at the shore, walked up to the wheel and back again. He swung his arms impatiently, clapping his hands together before and behind at the end of each swing. Bush pattered a few nervous strides farther aft and repeated, "Standing by, sir."

"Stop your damned yammering," Thorn roared back. "I heard you."

Bush sniffed self-consciously and sent a quick sly look around the deck as he made a pouting grimace. He turned to screech at someone up in the rigging, and the man's voice patiently echoed the order. Thorn paced his quarterdeck.

I went to the rail and looked shoreward. The shore party was nowhere in sight. Even the tent was out of view behind the rocks. The boat was there, pulled up on the rocky beach, but there was no movement ashore. It was three-quarters of an hour since the gun had fired.

Jim Evans, another of the clerks, strolled across the deck and leaned on the rail with me. "Old Thorny's working up another sweat," he observed.

I grunted something in reply, and Evans went on. "Thought Thorny would peel the hide off those two hands for bracing Bush."

"Bush had it coming," I said.

"Well," Evans said uncertainly, "he's got to keep discipline."

Again I grunted something and looked back at the shore. Still nothing stirring. I was beginning to be a little worried. Thorn was working up one of his rages.

The signs were all there. He was moving jerkily, snorting breath through his flared nostrils like a penned stallion, and the tell-tale droop was coming to the corners of his wide mouth. The wind came in a whine through the rigging, and the men in the yards huddled their jackets high on their necks and took it with a sailor's numb fatalism. A considerate mate might have brought them down to move about enough to keep warm, but Bush was not a good mate. He wouldn't have had nerve enough to give the direct order, anyway. He was pacing around the mainmast, slapping at the pins in their racks with his starter, shooting his sneaking looks aft, pacing again, and slapping with the starter.

Thorn shouted abruptly, "Mr. Bush, fire another recall."

The gun crew laid aft at the run, prized the gun inboard and loaded, whipped on by Bush's screeching. They ran her out, secured lashings, and touched her off. The gun leaped and bellowed and slammed her wheels on the deck. The crew brought her inboard again, swabbed out the barrel.

Bush seemed at a loss then, and stood by, nervously slapping his leg with his starter. Thorn stood with both hands on the taffrail and stared at the shore for a full minute without moving. His voice sounded curiously thick as he said without turning his head, "Secure."

The gun was stoppered, chocked and secured, and Thorn did not look around. He held onto the rail as if about to tear it out bodily with his bare hands, and his eyes never left the shore and the beached boat.

When he turned back to face for'ard, his face was almost calm. But a little white fish-hook of strain showed the outline of his nostrils, and a thick vein beat and throbbed on his forehead.

"Mr. Bush," he said, "Get the ship underway."

It took a moment for it to sink in—for all of us. Bush stared. He lifted a hand and made a vague pointing gesture at the shore. "The boat," he said.

Thorn's temper broke then, and his roar could be heard by every man aboard. "Let 'em rot ashore! Let 'em lollygag to their damned hearts' content! Get sail on her, Mr. Bush. They can rot in hell for all of me!"

Bush turned and squalled at the men in the rigging. It was no choice of theirs. They cast off the lashings and the wind caught canvas and sent it cracking and billowing. The deck gang grunted in unison and brought the sheets in at a trot. The helmsman paid off and the *Sconchin* broke out the hook in her first forward surge. The capstan pawl clacked and the *Sconchin* heeled as the courses took hold and water began to talk at the bow.

It took time to absorb it. A great ball of wind was gathered in my belly, and a sick nausea shook my knees. I stared stupidly at the rocky shore that was beginning to slide past now—the shore where my uncle and the rest were marooned.

I do not remember really making the decision. I remember taking the pistols out of my chest; my father's pistols, a pair perfectly matched and fitted into precise velvet beds in their case.

It took me perhaps a minute to load each one. I did it very carefully, and I recall I did not spill so much as a grain of powder, even when I primed the pans. I thrust them under my belt, one over each hip, and pulled my coat together to cover them. Then I went on deck.

The shore party was finally getting underway. I could see them swarming around the beached boat like so many little black bugs in the distance, and one of them fired a gun, I think, for a tiny little puff of white sprang up, though I heard no sound.

Rob MacEntire and Jim Evans were on the quarterdeck, shouting at Thorn, who was half

facing away from them. He wheeled on them suddenly, made a violent sweeping gesture and walked into them. They gave way, though Rob was still yelling, and they walked over to where the rest of the clerks were bunched by the lee rail amidships, staring back at the island. Bush yelled at his hands in the rigging, but kept looking back at the quarterdeck. Dunphy came up, too, though he was off watch, and stood by the mizzen, looking back over our wake.

I had a moment of self-doubt. I tell you, the man was a rock. Maybe I was a little afraid of him. He had the quality of commanding fear. But the *Sconchin* was lunging now, getting her teeth into it after her anchorage, and time was running out. I took a deep breath, sucked in my belly until my ribs hurt from the pressure.

Thorn was alone on the quarterdeck, aft of the helm. The steersman cut a worried glance at me as I passed him, but he kept his eyes religiously forward. Thorn turned and knuckled his nose when he heard my steps, and he said roughly, "Get off this damned quarterdeck."

"Captain," I said, "you've got to heave to."

"I'll not tell you again. Get off this deck."

My voice broke then. "For God's sake, man, you've got to give them a chance!"

He growled like a stubborn old sore-headed bear.

"They've had it. Damn their eyes, I've dallied and fiddled with them since the minute we pulled hook. Let 'em rot in hell. Now get off this deck before I lay hand on you."

He came toward me then, those gray granite chips for eyes, that vein thick as a man's finger throbbing on his forehead. There was no more time to think about it. I pulled a pistol.

He did not even falter. He made no more sign than if I were pointing my finger at him.

"Put that away," he said almost quietly.

He kept coming. I hooked a thumb over the knurled spur of the vise-hammer. It made three separate clicks coming back, and the little slab of flint clamped in the jaws was poised over the pan scraper. I was perfectly calm.

"Captain Thorn," I said. "One more step and I will blow your brains all over this deck."

And way down deep inside me was a part that wasn't scared nor surprised. Down deep inside, I knew I was going to do it.

5

I WOULD NOT say that Jacob Thorn was a discerning man. The mills of discipline had blunted his sensitivity; or perhaps had merely toughened his will to the point of complete disregard of any will other than his own. But he was not completely without perception.

Perhaps he saw death in my eyes. I know I was past counting or caring. Still the man's iron will sledged at me as something I could almost taste or touch, and for one life-long instant I thought I was going to have to do it. My finger took the slack out of the trigger.

And in that instant something gave way within Jacob Thorn. Like a damaged clockwork toy or a mechanical puppet, he seemed almost to grind to a stop. His face was livid with the pallor of shock, but his eyes blazed with a fire that was pure madness as the man tried to control the dual drives of a soul divided. His wide thick hands shook with a steady tremor, and his lips twitched without uttering a sound, while his staring eyes never left my face.

I heard my words come out with a queer distant ring, as if it were not truly I who spoke.

"Heave to, Captain Thorn," I said. "Pass the word to heave to."

He stirred not so much as a muscle. If it were not for the steady trembling of his hands and the hot staring of his eyes, he might have been turned to stone. Again I spoke, with no response.

I knew it was useless then, and for a moment it was my turn to carry the weight of uncertainty. The boat was a distant black spot on the heaving waves behind us, that fell out of sight in a trough as I watched.

I backed away from Thorn until I was abreast the wheel.

"Bring her about," I said.

The helmsman gave me one scared sidelong glance and looked quickly for'ard again, while he clung stiffly to the wheel. I put a shoulder into him and heaved, and he gave way in his surprise and the wheel spun free as the *Sconchin* fell off before the wind, which was coming a little abaft the port beam. I heard a yell from the rigging up for'ard where the hands were still making sail, and the helmsman made a frightened gobbling sound.

I said, "Shut up," and hauled the wheel over and held it with the crook of my elbow. We took the wind over the stern and then, as the rudder kept its bite, the starboard came to weather—and Thorn broke.

He took two long jerky strides, cupped his hands about his mouth and trumpeted for'ard, "Douse it, Bush! Trim and douse!"

He turned on me then, and sprang at the wheel. "Ease her, for God's sake," he shouted. "Ease her before you take the sticks out of her!"

I let her fall off a few spokes, and just in time. The *Sconchin* shuddered to the crash of a heavy sea over the starboard bow and then heeled almost onto her beam ends as the wind caught canvas almost dead on, trimmed as it was for the opposite tack. Thorn came at the wheel in a floundering rush.

"Man," he cried, "ease her!" He clawed at the wheel.

I knew I'd won then, and I let him have her. The helmsman was shakily picking himself up out of the scuppers where the *Sconchin's* heeling had thrown him, and I remembered in time to shove the pistol out of sight under my coat.

Thorn gave him the wheel, and turned to yell his orders for'ard. They got her trimmed finally, and riding easily enough in the heavy swell. I braced myself against the companion-way housing and watched Thorn carefully. But he did not look at me again.

His face was a grayish white under the wind-burnt brown, and his hands still had that steady throbbing tremor.

When Bush came pattering anxiously aft, Thorn said jerkily, "Stand by to pick up the boat." Then he turned, almost at my elbow, and went below. I let him go.

It was still touch and go. It was five agonizing hours before the boat hove in alongside, and then she near smashed herself on the ship's side trying to board.

Uncle Angus was the third man aboard. He had his fowling piece slung over his back, and he was trembling like a leaf. His ruddy face was pinched and gray, and his lips were blue and white-rimmed where he had licked the salt spray aside.

He kept clawing at his gun sling with stiff and shaky hands, and he made two efforts before he could speak. Then he gasped hoarsely, "Where is he? Where is that arrogant bastard?"

He was stumbling aft with the soaked gun in his hands before I could stop him. I think it was Rob MacEntire who got hold of him first. Uncle Angus shook Rob's slight weight off and kept going. Rob yelled at Evans, and got his help, and between them, they got my uncle stopped and disarmed him. Then he let them lead him away in a near-daze of exhausted stupidity.

Alex Robb sat on the deck with legs spraddled flat out and his back braced against the bulwarks. His hands lay on his thighs, blue with cold and still hooked to fit an oar. Gregg Stuart took three steps away from the rail and fell on his knees. His yellowed teeth danced and chattered together, and he knelt that way for quite a while. Then he started to cry, making little dry sounds that were chopped into gibberish by his chattering teeth.

That jarred us into motion, and we got them all below and out of their soaked clothing. Most of the tension eased, with dry swaddling and a mug of hot rum in them. But even when the rest of them had dropped off into a numb doze, Gregg Stuart kept staring at the overhead and muttering.

I checked up on the time later. Six men had been in that half-swamped boat for nearly six hours, rowing, bailing, pulling through seas that threatened to drive them under at any moment—and the *Sconchin* always, it seemed, drawing away from them. Uncle Angus told me that only the one thought kept him dragging at the oar after the first four hours. He was going to get aboard. Then he was going to blow Captain Jacob Thorn's head off with the fowling piece. Perhaps we should have let him.

6

CAPTAIN THORN received us in his crowded little cubbyhole of a cabin; Uncle Angus, Mr. MacPherson, Gregg Stuart, Rob MacEntire, and myself. It was plain that Thorn fared little better than the rest of us on the overloaded *Sconchin*.

His cabin was cramped and crowded with a sort of closeted bunk, a table, a settee and three chairs secured to the bulkhead by cleats. A lamp swung overhead, and a stand of muskets filled one corner. There were no books, no real sign of personal possessions save a couple of hooks with foul-weather gear hung up.

Thorn was seated facing the door behind the table when we went in. He made no invitation, though he did not object when my uncle and MacEntire unshipped extra chairs and drew them up to the table. The rest of us took the settee. Thorn gave me one dull, disinterested look, and then let his eyes go on past as if he had never seen me before in his life. The ship took the shock of a heavy sea, and she groaned and rose to it sluggishly. Thorn cocked an eye at the overhead. The swinging lamp wiped the shadow of his beaked nose across his face and back. His hanging oilskins made a scraping swish on the bulkhead. As the *Sconchin* eased off, he brought his gray granite eyes down to those across the table and said bluntly, "Well?"

Uncle Angus was no politician. He was not used to such a tone, and I saw him color a bit. But his voice was even and reasonable.

"Captain Thorn," he said, "I think we rate an explanation. And I think it is you who should give us good reason why you should not be relieved of your command . . ."

Thorn said through his teeth, "Mr. MacLaird. You are in my cabin on my sufferance, and I am master of this ship. May I bring to your attention that there are laws regarding mutinous conduct. Let me warn you that I intend to take all precautions for the safety and security of this ship, and if it means swinging mutineers from the yardarm, it shall be done. I will hear no more mutinous talk."

I saw the muscles jump along my uncle's jaw, but he fought down his temper and said quietly, "Captain Thorn, you are forgetting that this is our ship. We own it. And as owners, it is within our power and right to . . ."

"You own nothing!" Thorn roared. "John Isaac Nestor owns this ship and this cargo—and yes, he owns you bloated leeches too! I've put up with your pompous wind-blowing long enough. I command this ship under Mr. Nestor, and by God I'll command her until I've discharged my duties. Now clear out of here or I'll have the lot of you in irons!"

Uncle Angus reared up, and his chair crashed over on the deck. But he forgot where he was, and rammed his head into the low overhead and nearly knocked himself out.

He was sagging down when I caught his elbow, remembering to keep my own head down, and eased him to the settee. MacPherson grunted and edged over enough to let him sit, and MacEntire reached into his breast pocket and slammed a heavy, wax-sealed packet on the table.

"Deny this, Captain!" MacEntire cried. "Deny this and see who ends in irons! I hold Mr. Nestor's proxy, and I can do what I please in his name. We four are partners and owners, and we'll take no more of this fo'c'sle treatment. Mind, now, Captain, I mean what I say!"

Thorn roared past him, "Mr. Bush!"

The door edged open and Bush stepped through, crowding into MacEntire, who stepped back distastefully.

"Mr. Bush," said Captain Thorn stolidly, "You heard their threats?"

Bush flicked his bright rat-like eyes around at us and said complainingly, "Aye, aye, Captain."

"And you are prepared to bear witness?"

Uncle Angus struggled to sit straighter on the settee, holding a handkerchief to his head. "Don't add perjury to your other sins, man," he said.

Bush said uneasily to Thorn, "I heard 'em, sir."

"Then hear this," MacEntire yelled. "We've been abused enough! The line is drawn here and now. The crew and the working of the ship is in your hands, Captain. But we of the Expedition are not. And one more abuse of your authority, Captain, and you will be removed from command, and you will be lucky if you do not finish the cruise in irons! That is the last word!"

Thorn said almost calmly, "You heard that, Bush?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Now I'll have my say. John Isaac Nestor engaged me, and placed me in command of this cruise. I shall consider any attempt to interfere with my orders as mutiny. I shall punish any such mutinous conduct as severely as is necessary. Now clear out of this cabin, and out of my sight. I can't stomach any more of this!"

Score one for Thorn, no matter how bitter to swallow. He did us the dubious honor to stand while we left; his shoulders hunched and head thrust forward to clear the low overhead, and a bitter twist to his mouth that was neither smile nor grimace.

Rob MacEntire said shortly, "Our cabin, Angus?" He and my uncle shared a little cubbyhole off the companionway.

My uncle grunted and took the handkerchief from his head and examined it. The welt where he had struck his head had bled only a few drops.

"In a moment," he said. The rest of them lurched the few steps down the way to the other cabin, and then Uncle Angus rapped on the door at his elbow.

There was a note that might have been surprise in Ed Wolfe's voice as he said, "Come in."

He was lying on his bunk, legs spread wide for balance against the heaving of the ship, one hand holding a book open on his chest, the other hooked onto a stanchion.

"Well," he said as we entered, "come in, come in." He swung his legs off the bunk and slid the book into a chocked rack over the bunk. He waved us to a seat on his chest, cleated against a bulkhead. My uncle sighed, dabbed with his kerchief at his head again, found no new stains, and put it away in a coat pocket.

"We've a problem, Wolfe," he said.

Wolfe grinned wryly. He was about thirty-five, a wiry, lean-muscled man with close-cropped black hair and a face as brown as a walnut. He had a rather dry, deprecating way of speech, and his eyes were blue and alert and intelligent.

He thrust a blunt thumb at the bulkhead now, and said dryly, "Yon bulkhead is thin, Mr. MacLaird, and a strong voice carries through."

"I'm damned if I care," my uncle retorted belligerently, and Wolfe grinned again. Then my uncle said directly, "You are a navigator, I understand."

Wolfe's face was instantly sober, and I thought, watchful.

"Good enough, I suppose," he said.

"And you could handle the ship, if need be?" my uncle pursued.

Ed Wolfe's face was utterly serious now. "Mr. MacLaird," he said rather formally, "there are few secrets aboard ship. There is a reason for sea discipline, and there are laws of duty. What I know, I know, but let me make my position clear. I am an officer of this ship, and as such directly under the command and authority of the captain. Mutiny is an ugly word, but it is not me that names it. If my captain calls

upon me to suppress mutiny, I must do so without hesitation or doubt. I cannot and will not in any way endanger the duty and discipline aboard this ship. Do you understand me? What lies above and beyond this cruise of the *Sconchin* are none of my affair. My first, sole, and only duty is to the ship, and to its duly accredited officers. Do you understand?"

Uncle Angus looked Wolfe steadily in the eye, pursing his lips consideringly. "To the ship and to its duly accredited officers," he said musingly. "That means, then . . ."

"It means exactly what I said," retorted Wolfe. "Don't go trying it for double meanings." He grinned to take the sting from the words, and added with that wry tone that was half deprecation, "No one voyage lasts forever, Mr. MacLaird. A good sailor takes each day as it comes, bitter or sweet."

"I suppose so," said my uncle heavily, "but there are limits." Wolfe said nothing to this, but I saw his eyes considering me. I remembered then, that this cabin was just aft the wheel. I wondered how much he had heard of me and Thorn on the deck overhead. He grinned suddenly, as if he knew what I was thinking.

7

AYE, YOU COULD score for Thorn. We beat on around the Horn under lowering skies, with the chill wind screaming, and the sullen sea lunging at us, and Jacob Thorn was still the master. The *Sconchin* groaned and protested, but she took it. We were never dry, and we were never warm, and twice, every hand that could muster the climb went aloft to bend on canvas when raging gusts tore sails off the yards, but she took it, and we took it.

I suppose there is no easy way to round the Horn. The *Sconchin* bucked it for a week, and contrary winds lashed us south and south—and south again. Spindrift hit the rigging and was ice in the moment it struck. I went aloft because I hadn't the guts to stay below under the mute reproach of overworked men in the yards. There is your sea hero, if you must have him: the tired, sleepless, dirty-mouthed tar, the underfed, overworked, sleep-drugged man-jack from the fo'c'sle. His bunk is never warm and his grub is ever swill and his clothes are never dry.

Four hours on and four off, a standard watch, and all turn to at the cry of "All hands!" and stand four watches in a row on two meals of salt horse and beans not warmed through. I know, for they shamed me into their company. And when we caught fair winds and straightened out on the long haul north, I was past caring.

I came down the mizzen shrouds in that numb stupor that is twice deadly because a man no longer considers a fall; one hand near-useless where a swinging block had burst the tips of four fingers open; and as I made the last drop to the deck, Uncle Angus came to grab my arm and lead me below. It took a minute to make sense of what he was saying: "Merry Christmas."

Christmas Eve, 1811. I fell asleep with my head among the dishes without finishing my meal.

A ship at sea is its own little world. One day runs into the next and the next. Ship and sky and wide, wide sea. With cold and storm behind, the routine eased. I kept a journal of sorts, but soon the entries were laconic and monotonous.

We saw flying fish and sea turtles. We caught a shark and ate him, down to the cartilaginous bones. The hands made scouring pads of his skin, and charms and trinkets of his teeth. The water went bad and there was never enough of it. We struck a rain squall and caught water and sluiced it into kegs with a spread of sailcloth and swilled it while we could.

We clerks slept on deck as much as possible, for the steerage stank past description. Aymes made a watch-fob of a shark's tooth and plaited hair and gave it to me, and I gave him my weekly pint ration of wine. That was a mistake, for Aymes got slightly tiddled and sassed Bush and was hauled up for Captain's mast and got ten days on bread and water again. We caught another shark.

Masthead saw it first, of course, but his long yell of "Land ho-o-ooo!" sent most of us into the shrouds before the call had died out. Then it was something of a disappointment, a faint blot out there on the rim 'twixt sky and sea, with a blurry wisp of cloud atop. But still I hung in the rigging for hours, watching it grow out of the sea.

Wilkes came up along in the afternoon, and took his look. "Maunah Roa," he said. "A wonderful thing to see up close."

I asked with a touch of a first-timer's deference, "You've seen her before?"

"Aye. Sailor's heaven, Owyhee. Sometimes you wonder why you pull your guts out on a line and chew salt horse when there's a place in the world where your food drops off a tree into your hand and the year is one long summer."

"What are the Indians like?"

"Good enough people. Friendly and cheerful bunch. Some of them are real fine looking. Especially the women."

I said a trifle scornfully, "Anything in a skirt looks good to a sailor." I had seen some of their doxies before we pulled out of New York.

Wilkes gave me a quizzical eye and murmured, "Spoken like a true gentleman." I looked at him sharply and flushed. Hanged if he wasn't laughing at me again.

But he was right. Close up, Maunah Roa was a sight to see, lofting up out of the green jungle to thrust her huge snow-whitened shoulders into what seemed to be a perpetual cloud cap.

He was right about the natives too. We dropped anchor in Karaka-koua Bay, and the water was alive with them. In their skittering little pea-pod canoes, with outriggers clustered with fruit under damp palm fronds; and a lot of them swimming, as casual and sleek as so many seals.

First, I stared. Aborigines I knew, to some extent; but there was nothing of the few greasy, ginghamed Border Indians I had known, here. These were magnificent creatures, lithe and tall and cleanly muscled and laughing; laughing at everything and nothing, as if the sheer exuberant joy of living were an intoxicant.

And the girls!

I was nineteen and a country boy, where a lady was all ruffles and flounce from neck to floor. These girls wore a strip of cloth about the waist, some of them—and some even less. And confound it, immodest or not, they were beautiful. One sleek sprite swam directly under the counter where I stood, and laughed full up at me. She reached over into a canoe and threw an apple-like fruit up to me, and I was so bemused I almost missed the easy catch.

Then I heard my uncle's laughing voice at my elbow, and I looked quickly away and blushed.

"No double-dealing here, eh, lad?" he chuckled. "A man knows what he's getting with no pretense, eh?" I blushed again, and gave him what must have been a wondering look. My own uncle, and a man of his age, talking like that?

With the ship's crew of course, such actions were understandable. Their station in life was not one to incur delicate sensibilities; but even so, their conduct, what with their bawdy shouts and meaningful gestures to the swimmers, was scarcely proper deportment.

Captain Thorn soon broke it up, though. He sent Bush to chase all but a few of the natives off the ship, and rather brusquely ordered Wolfe ashore with a boat to see to water and provision. At the last moment, I slid down and joined the shore party. Evans and Bob Spencer had crowded in, too, and we three made up a sort of sightseeing junket.

The natives crowded around us, with that childish laughing delight, trying to talk and offering us fruits and gifts, and we pestered Wolfe for translations until he finally grinned resignedly and said, "You won't be able to take it all in at once. I've got work to do. I'll find you a guide, and he'll show you anything you want for a pocketknife, or some such trinket."

He found one, a skinny ancient who informed us, "Damsure, you bet. Talked damgood, me, damright."

Evans named him Moses on the spot, because of the few strings of gray whiskers on the old man's chin, and the fellow was delighted with it. He took us down the coast a way and showed us where Captain Cook had been killed; in fact he acted the whole thing out, even to wading out into the surf and pointing to the shore and going *"boom boom!"* to show us where the men in the boat had fired to try to cover Cook offshore. He showed us ball-marked palms and chipped rocks where the boat crew's volley had struck, and we took time to dig a few flattened chunks of lead out of the wood for souvenirs.

We had plenty of company. It seemed that we never had less than a dozen of them following us around, and we would have foundered if we had tried to eat all the fruit they tried to give us.

When we tired of the heat of the open beach, we strolled back into the jungle-like growth of the shore. It was like wandering through some vast riotous garden, as one might call Eden a garden. "Sailor's heaven," Wilkes had called it. I can carry the simile further. I found one of the angels.

8

We walked out of a winding trail into a little glade, shaded and cool, and literally walled with blossoms. And spread under a huge-boled tree was what I took to be the native equivalent of a picnic. She was sitting with four or five other girls, but I could not tell you anything about the others. She was the only one I saw.

Her hair was black, glossy black with care and combing, and fell in gentle waves below her shoulders. Her face was exquisitely shaped, escaping the broad-nosed chubbiness of most of these native girls, and her color was no darker than my own weather-beaten bronze.

Frankly, I stared. Nor was I alone. Evans said in a soft voice, "Now there's reason enough for a man to sail half around the world. Push your eyes back in, MacLaird. I could knock 'em off with a stick."

And I said in a voice just as hushed, "She's beautiful."

Evans said quickly, "I saw her just as soon as you did."

I scarcely heard him. I walked over to them, and stopped. She looked up at me, but my stare

must have embarrassed her, for her smile was just a little uncertain. I felt a wonderful confusion and I said with perfect inanity, "Hello."

Her smile widened, and she parroted, "Hello."

Evans hooted suddenly, and pushed past me. "MacLaird," he said, "you have the finesse but not the authority. You hack with a penknife where an axe is indicated."

He pushed past me and grinned down at the girl. He stabbed at his chest with a thumb and said, "James." He pointed a finger at her, and raised his eyebrows questioningly. Her lips quirked, but she seemed to understand instantly. "T'hiva," she said.

Jim Evans' grin widened, and he said, "Tahiva, you may not know it, but I know now why I hauled a chest of pretty gew-gaws clean around the Horn."

The girl said something to the other girls, and they all looked at Jim and giggled.

"See, MacLaird," Jim Evans said expansively. "I don't know a word of the lingo, and already she's telling her friends what a helluva feller I am. All in aggressiveness, son." He grinned again, and hunkered down before the girl and put a hand on her wrist.

"Come here, pretty," he said in a coaxing tone, "and I'll show you something. Ever hear of kissing?"

The girl's smile faded as his hand closed on her wrist, and she pulled back. It bothered me, and I said sharply, "Belay that, man."

He grinned at me crookedly over his shoulder and said, "Jealous already, Mac? There's plenty more for everybody. I'm not going to hurt her." He pulled at her wrist.

I saw her eyes flick back and forth between us, and then she raised her voice and called out. A man who had been sitting behind the group in the shade came to his feet.

He was a big man with a flat square face heavily tattooed. He held a heavy spear atrail, and he grunted out one word at Evans that sounded like, *"Tabu."*

"Eh?" said Evans. He kept his hold.

"Tabu," said the man again. He stood close to Evans.

"Go away," said Evans impatiently. He grinned at the girl and put a little pull on his grip. The tattooed native swung the butt of the spear without another word. It caught Evans solidly across the chest and set him back sprawling.

Evans stared up at the man in numb wonder for a moment, and then he started to pull himself back up.

"Why damn your eyes," he said with a peculiar thick softness. His hands began to shake a little and the tremor ran up his braced arms.

The native stepped back half a pace and eyed Evans watchfully, holding the heavy spear with a casualness that was not in the least deceiving. Evans came to his feet, and I saw his intention almost too late. As his hand hit the butt of the pistol in his belt I lurched into him from the side and clamped a hand on his wrist. I had the weight and height on him, and held him. He swore and struggled, but I kept pushing at him until I had him backed away, and then a forceful voice said, "What's going on here?"

Evans cursed me again, and I got fed up with it, and slapped the pistol out of his hand and took it. Then I turned around, looking for the speaker.

He stood beside the tattooed spear-wielder, another native apparently, a hefty, thick-bodied man with iron-gray hair and a pair of cold blue eyes. He spoke again, in perfect English. "Who are you men? What is the meaning of this?"

9

He had the air of command, that undefinable bearing and stance of a man who knows his own capabilities, and he lost not an ounce of dignity to the fact that he wore nothing but a *maro* of *tapa* cloth about his middle.

Evans gave me one more sullen glance, and then said brusquely, "That ape yonder struck me with his spear."

The newcomer eyed Evans coldly. "With reason, I gather. In fact, you were fortunate. He had orders to protect the girl. If you were not a visitor, you probably would have gotten it through the belly. Remember that the next time you lay hands on a woman."

"Why dammit," cried Evans, "She's just . . ."

The man's eyes were suddenly frosty as ice. "She is my daughter, young bucko. Put a hand on her now, in my presence, if you don't believe what I say."

The girl was standing now, and I imagine my mouth gaped too, when she spoke. I know Evans' did.

"It's all right, father," she said. "He didn't hurt me." Her English was as clear as my own.

The man relaxed a bit then, and slowly a hint of a smile came on his rather stern brown face.

"Very well, gentlemen," he said finally. "Let's just forget it. But young man." He looked at Evans. "Remember one word. *Tabu.* When you hear it, leave off. That thing which is *tabu* is forbidden." Then he grinned. "You'll find most of the other young women are under no such restriction," he said dryly.

He shook hands with all of us. His name was Benjamin Gordon, he was an adviser to

King Kamahameha, and he was on a visit here on Owyhee—so much he told us. He walked back with us to where the ship's boat was pulled up, and he talked to Ed Wolfe for quite a while.

The upshot was that he went back aboard with us, along with T'hiva and the tattooed spear man. Evans was quiet about the whole thing, but I couldn't take my eyes off the girl. And she smiled at me as if she didn't mind.

I watched Gordon, too. He talked easily with Ed Wolfe, and when we scrambled up on deck at the *Sconchin,* I caught something.

As his feet hit the deck, his shoulders squared, and he faced aft. His hand came up in a snappy gesture that changed to a casual palming back of the thick gray hair at his temples just before it became a salute to the quarterdeck.

Navy, I thought, but if he had been, that was the only slip he made. I found myself doubting within moments. For he was all native, until he opened his mouth. His hide was burned a coppery brown, and only his thick gray hair and blue eyes marked him. Nearly naked as he was, he was completely unselfconscious and at ease. *You're imagining things,* I told myself. *He's just another ship-jumping deserter gone native, pure and simple.*

I had another thought, and went below to the steerage. I got out a flat box of twenty stogies, and took them back up to him. Gordon gave me a wide grin and an appreciative sniff to the cigars.

"A long time," he said. He stuck one in his mouth and rolled it to and fro with his lips. "The native tobacco is all right, but there is a knack to rolling a good cigar that is not to be found here."

I tested him further, but he did not betray himself. He stood with the cigar in his teeth, looking about with inquiring politeness until I finally showed him where the lighted smoking lamp was hung. He tipped his head back and puffed luxuriously, and I aimed I'd stroll back to where the girl sat on a mat spread by the tattooed one, who stood at a sort of easy attention so that his bulk shaded her from the sun. I got another look at the great snaky muscles under his coppery hide and was twice grateful that it had not been my ribs that caught that heavy spear butt. He was an odd chaperon, but he certainly appeared efficient.

Thorn was his usual endearing self. He spoke to Gordon with an air that was brusque and condescending at once, but seemingly took his word that the ship would have to go to Wahoo to pick up provision. I paid that part of it little heed. It was enough for me that Gordon said that he and T'hiva would go with us there on the *Sconchin.*

We must, it seemed, have one last bit of unpleasantness. The watering party came back, with Bush in the sternsheets, and a couple of kegs of water aboard. Bush had a report to make. Aymes had slid off into the bush and disappeared.

Thorn, for a wonder, said little. He sent Ed Wolfe and a couple of the hands ashore, and they brought Aymes back; little trouble to finding him, I suppose; the natives were entranced enough with us strangers that they readily told where he was.

It was pretty messy. Anderson, the bos'n, had little love for Aymes and his cocky impudence, and he was strong as a bull. I think no more than a dozen words were said.

Aymes was hustled to the mainmast and his wrists tied with his arms embracing the mast. Thorn stepped a little for'ard of the wheel, and said, "All hands, Mr. Bush."

When they had been routed out and grouped on the foredeck, Thorn said, "Attempted desertion." I don't know whether it was because of the few natives who were witnesses, or what, but he thrust forth his words in little spurts, clipping them off with his teeth. In some ways it was worse than one of his shouting rages.

"Attempted desertion," he said. "It will be entered in the log. Two dozen, bos'n. Carry out punishment."

10

We carried no cat on the *Sconchin,* though I understand they still did aboard Navy vessels. So Anderson had a rope's-end, half-inch manila, new, and tarred stiff as a cane. He braced his feet now and swung, and the rope's-end whined in the air and struck with a meaty thud.

It wasn't pleasant to watch. Aymes' whole body jerked under the blow, and the thick muscles of his back shuddered at the long red welt as a horse ripples his hide to dislodge a biting gadfly. At the second blow, he bucked again, and his head rapped sharply against the mast; no other sound came from him.

The crew watched with a sullen patient fascination. Thorn's mouth was pulled into its rigid downward curve, and the white hooks at the edge of his nostrils showed clearly.

Gordon, who had been at my elbow when Aymes was hustled aboard, watched while they tied Aymes' wrists, and muttered something I got as, "Won't they ever learn?"

Then he turned away, looking out to sea with both hands gripping the rail all through the rest of it. He spoke only once.

That was when T'hiva said something to her spearman. She had been sitting quietly, wonderingly, while the preparations went on. When

that first blow was struck, she flinched, and gasped and looked around at us unbelievingly. Then as the second blow fell, her face went pale and frightened, and she spoke to her tattooed spearman. He stepped forward instantly, without question, the heavy wooden spear coming up across his chest, and then Gordon turned his head a bare inch and said one short word in the native tongue. The spearman stopped, almost reluctantly, I thought, and moved back to his position shading T'hiva. She flicked one quick imploring look at me, and then looked back at her hands, twisted together in her lap. She did not look up again.

It was the eighth or tenth blow, I think, before Aymes broke. As the blow fell, he screamed, *"Oh, God!"* and every muscle of his body snapped into bright relief under his browned hide as he wrenched at the lashings on his wrists, tearing with a terrible animal strength as if he would burst the ropes from sheer pain and fury. He fought soundlessly under the next few blows, a raging writhing against his restraint that stopped as suddenly as it began at the end of the first dozen.

Anderson stepped back then, and a little to the side. He was breathing hard, and his heavily-muscled right arm was shaking. He flicked one quick look at Thorn, wiped his forehead with the back of his left hand, and then laid in again, standing to the right, now, so that he struck back-hand, crossing the previous welts into gory X's that covered Aymes' back from shoulder to belt.

I don't know when Aymes fainted. I think shortly after the second dozen began. At least he made no sound, and he sagged against the mast, embracing it with that obscene hugging of his bound arms, and his only movement was the jolting of the soggy weapon against his body. As I said, it was messy. I hadn't stomach enough to watch it all. . . .

We got underway almost immediately. Thorn retreated to his quarterdeck, and growled at the mates. The hands went into the rigging like men who welcomed the work, and while two of them carried Aymes for'ard and another couple swabbed the deck about the mast, the *Sconchin* hunched the hook loose, and heeled into the tack out of Karaka-koua Bay.

I found it quite pleasant to sit and talk with T'hiva. After a while, I ignored the spear-carrying chaperon as she did. That was the pleasantest time I ever spent on the *Sconchin*.

We came into the harbor at Wahoo on a fair breeze, and Thorn had vanity enough to fly all sail, so that the *Sconchin* was an impressive sight, decked out to her royals. Gordon, I think, paid off a little against Thorn's rather blunt treatment when he strolled aft and said, "Captain, Kamahameha is sovereign of all the Islands. He will rate nineteen guns."

Thorn hadn't been planning on any salute, I think, but he growled grumpily and said sourly, "His barbaric majesty can be happy with six." Then he shouted at Wilkes, who was armorer and gunner both on the *Sconchin*.

We carried ten guns, though there were ports pierced for twenty, and Wilkes came pattering aft with his crews, and they prized in six guns, alternating port and starboard, and loaded them with half-charges and wads, without shot.

The canoes and swimmers came again to meet us, and when we were well into the harbor mouth, Thorn eased off and brought her up slightly so that she lost way as Wilkes got his guns run out and stood waiting.

At Thorn's nod, Wilkes started pacing from port to starboard. He chanted as he paced, to time his shots.

"Oh, the gunner's mate has a sorry rate. *Fire one!*"

He turned on his heel and paced back as the gun roared and spat a flaming wad out across the water.

"Carpenter's drowned and the foremast's sprung. *Fire two!*"

Again the roar, and a shriek of delight from the approaching canoes.

"Cooper's drunk and the water-butt's dry. *Fire three!*"

Balo-oo-oom!

"Sailmaker's blind and the mains'l split. *Fire four!*"

Balo-oo-oom!

"Pumps out of kilter and the caulking gone. *Fire five!*"

Balo-oo-oom!

"If I wasn't the gunner *I* wouldn't be here. *Fire six!*"

A dozen canoes paddled frantically to bat gleefully at the smoldering wad as it spatted into the water, and Wilkes wheeled smartly to face the quarterdeck. At Thorn's nod, he wheeled back and said, "Well done, lad. Swab, stopper and secure."

The *Sconchin* came about on an easier tack and eased forward into the canoes, which parted to let us through. I found T'hiva's hand in mine, where she'd grasped me at the first outrageous bellow of the guns. Even Wilkes' grin didn't bother me when he saw it. I liked it.

11

KAMAHAMEHA WAS an imposing figure, for a native. He had a pleasantly brutal face, with turned-out lips that took none of the strength from his wide mouth, and a pair of the

most piercing eyes I have ever seen. He came aboard from a double canoe, tall and heavy and rather magnificent in a barbaric regality. He wore a uniform of blue and white and gold, and he greeted Thorn with a stiffness that was near arrogance, but which came, I think, from the same source as the childish imperiousness of a youngster decked out in a tinsel crown and play robes of purple. He dressed his part and played it now, until he tired of showing off for strangers, and then he dropped it and was himself.

His wives, of whom all three accompanied him were under no such restrictions. They were hefty women, portly with age and good feeding, but they behaved like girls. They were interested and amused by everything about the ship, but when Kamahameha and Uncle Angus and Thorn and some of the others went below to discuss the victualing of the ship, the queens tossed aside their mantles of *tapa* cloth and went over the side for a cooling swim. Wilkes came by as I leaned on the rail watching, and said with his crooked smile, "Young gentleman, there'll be something to tell at home. The time you saw three queens a-swimming, like three fat naked dolphins. Though, likely, they'll never believe you."

"Probably not," I said, and then Gordon came up and Wilkes moved on.

Gordon seemed to be watching me carefully. His blue eyes moved over me with a certain deliberation, neither friendly nor unfriendly, but frankly probing and weighing.

Then he said abruptly, "It would please me if you would be a guest in my house."

It caught me unaware, and I stammered a little before I could say my thanks. Then in the midst of my confusion, I looked away to see T'hiva looking at me earnestly and smiling, and the sudden incredulous thought that it might be her suggestion struck me. Gordon caught that side glance, and his lips curved wryly, and then I couldn't get my acceptance out fast enough.

Oh, my intentions were dishonorable enough. I was nineteen, with all the driving desires of my age and the further goad of our last months at sea, and the very ease and naturalness with which these girls offered their gifts was certainly no deterrant. So perhaps I should not say the word dishonorable, for to the Islanders there was no such. They saw things in a different light. They laughed more than they wept, and every moment of life was spent exuberantly, prodigally.

They laughed as they worked, these Islanders, fished and hunted and gardened with joy. They danced and sang and worked and made love as exuberantly as so many children, and I cannot say they were wrong. Even their few harsh gods—for most of their gods were kindly—were the product of the few embittered ones, priests who somehow had lost their laughter and who called on the unknowable to bolster that one thing left, the need to see another in fear.

I went ashore with Benjamin Gordon, to the three cool, clean thatched houses that were his home, and they became my home. I met his wife, T'hiva's mother, a plump brown woman with a smile that was shy and welcoming all in one, who touched her cheeks to mine and stepped back to indicate with a slow graceful gesture that this place was mine, and that I was welcome. And T'hiva smiled in a way that left me giddy and breathless.

It sounds rather bald and shameless as I tell it. But it was not so. T'hiva, it seemed, had made her choice, and the great tattooed spearman who had so bluntly enforced the *tabu* against Evans was suddenly busied elsewhere, and he bothered me not at all. But T'hiva needed no guardian.

She was by turns as imperious as any queen and naive as any child. The man who laid a hand on her in force would not have lived out the day, but, and I say it humbly, she chose me, and Gordon did not interfere.

He must have known how it would end. But he did not interfere. The timeless days of the Islands went by, and we spent them heedlessly, but even here in Paradise, time would not be denied. The sands ran through the great glass, and the dreaming delightful days were done, and finally caught up with us.

With the casual normal brutality of men with muskets seeking another man, the dream blurred, and the gears of time crunched back into mesh, and took up their steady inevitable turning.

12

Ed Wolfe mopped his forehead and put his hat back on. "You coming aboard tonight?"

"I'll be there in time," I said irritably.

We said our few words more, and he went away. But he'd let his look swing to T'hiva and back to me, and there was something unreadable in his eyes. Pity, envy, I don't know. I didn't care. I just felt miserable.

I lay back with my eyes closed, T'hiva's—Eva's—hand in mine, and I was miserable. Gordon scraped at his paddle and said nothing, and finally he went away too. And for the first time in my life, I knew true bitterness.

There is no easy answer, when it is here and now, when you are nineteen and in love. That was the bitter part. This was no liberty frolic for me. I was in love, as only one can be in love at nineteen—but I wasn't completely a fool,

either. Eva was all any man might desire, a pagan princess who made any other woman I had ever seen fade into a colorless blur in comparison. She was everything to me a woman can be to a man—and time was grinding us up between its unfeeling remorseless teeth.

But it was bitter. I had all the wild thoughts. Jump ship. Gordon had done it. But there was only one Benjamin Gordon. I had seen other whites who had gone over the side. There were a dozen of them scattered through the Islands. Shiftless, dirty, slack-mouthed men with slattern women and many children, scorned by native and visiting white alike, with no claim to land or authority, tolerated only because of their native relatives who saw to it that they did not starve completely. Gordon was something else again, a man who somehow had become second only to Kamahameha himself, with lands and stock and even *tabu* power given by Kamahameha—and I would be the penniless deserter who sought his daughter.

There was one thought even worse. The day when I would go home. Home to the green MacLaird acres in Pennsylvania. Home to high dim rooms with the dark stark furniture that had graced a MacLaird's halls for generations. Home to the cool, correctly dressed woman who was my mother.

I could see my mother very plainly now, the froth of white at throat and wrists, the sweeping gown so trim and neat across her unbending shoulders, her white hands and her quiet controlled voice as she spoke to me. And at my side would be Eva; Eva subdued and a little awed with the dimness and the quiet, Eva looking into those well-bred intelligent eyes that probed and weighed and balanced.

Oh, it all would be done most gently. Most correctly. But Eva walking through the gates, high and wide enough for a coach and four, surmounted with the twisted iron arch which spelled out the word, *MacLaird;* Eva strolling across the clipped grass and among the hedges laid out as sharply accurate as a carpenter's rule; Eva against the background of the white stables where men in shiny knee-boots and breeches halted their drawling talk, laid off their slapping with a crop against boot-tops, to watch as the new mistress—or rather old mistress's daughter-in-law—walked on the arm of the young squire . . . No. As soon crop the wings of a bird of paradise and toss it in with the fowl of the barnyard.

Honest fowl, solid, domesticated producers of eggs and meat. They would eye this new creature askance, for the moment. But they would not feed with it, nor approach it in friendship. And one day the same thought would come to the fowl flock, and they would turn on this stranger, and kill it, trample it with their broad and proper feet and tear out its blinding plumage with dull and proper beaks.

No. There was no other answer.

The final decision, of course, went by default. The Islanders came drifting with the afternoon, bringing fruits and coconuts and fresh-caught fish and yelling pigs, and taro was scraped for poi by the hogshead. And as the day was swallowed by the quick gulping of tropical night, the fires bloomed along the beach, and the drums and rattles and nose-flutes took up their dancing tempo.

It was a big night. For the rest of the men of the *Sconchin,* I suppose, it was exciting. The ending of one adventure and the beginning of another. For me it was just the last night ashore.

It wasn't simply a party or a feast. It was too big for that. The fires glowed and leaped along a half-mile of beach, and one strolled, or was dragged, from one feast to another, from one dance to another, and for the crewmen, from one girl to another, in the prodigal spending of the last sixpence of liberty time.

Uncle Angus and MacPherson, Stuart, and Rob MacEntire wore their kilts, complete to bonnet and sporran, and MacPherson, who was a fair piper, entranced the Islanders with the outrageous skirling of his pipes. A painter could have caught a picture there; the bold blacks and reds and greens and blues of the plaids, the ribboned bonnets cocked and impudent, the hairy sporrans flipping against their striding thighs, and Alvin MacPherson's face puffed and ruddy with firelight and exertion; the great curving line of fires along the beach, and the hundreds of shining brown faces with their white gleaming smiles, laughing at and with these strangers with their weird dress and music; and the breeze sighed through the palm fronds and carried flower-scent and music and laughter out across the quiet creaming of the sea wash on the beach.

We slipped away, Eva and I; slipped away without disturbing the fun of the others. We followed a narrow trail, one we could have traveled blindfolded, to our secret place. A stream ran here, dashing and foaming and talking of its leaping run from the far mountains, and it was the only way to our secret place.

We swam the wild water—let it carry us with it, rather—until quite suddenly the rush was checked where a great rock sloped into a wide pool. Here lay our room, a bower softly carpeted and decked with flowers, walled and roofed with the high arching limbs and boles of ancient trees, chinked with fragrant flowering vines; our room and our church and our secret place.

How many generations of lovers, I wonder, had found this secret place in the thousands of years of which the Islanders chant in their ancient oral histories? How many had slipped away to be alone with their love or their sadness while the fires leaped and the flutes sang down on the beach? I suppose we both thought of those things, though we said little. Words are useless things, sometimes. We lay unashamed on God's soft carpeting, and heard the quiet talk of restless water, and we saw the great bright tropical stars in their slow wheel across the night sky.

And finally, with a numb instinctive knowledge that it was time, we slid out into the water of the pool, swam slowly out and across until the restless stirring of the stream caught us again, and so left our secret place, stirred out of our lassitude by the need of holding our own with the wild water, until we caught at vines and pulled ourselves out at another trail, far below. Then, hand in hand, we walked down to the beach.

There was little to do at Gordon's houses. I had brought little more ashore than the clothing I wore. I took little more away. An amulet about my neck, hung on a cord plaited of Eva's hair, a single spiral shell polished and rubbed until one could look deep into the polished luster, filled with the rubbed petals of the white flower she had worn in her hair the first time I saw her. A small gift, but precious to me, and as small was my token to her. A massive signet ring that had been my father's, too large for me, and certainly too large for her. She wore it as I did my amulet, on a cord about her neck.

I looked back from the boat. She stood where I had left her, with one hand at her breast, holding the ring, the other hanging at her side where it had fallen when I took my hand from hers. She stood there alone, slim and proud and straight, and then as the boat crew dipped oars for the first long pull, a heavy figure stepped out to take up his station behind her, the great tattooed man with his heavy *koa*-wood spear—her servant and her guard. Of Gordon, I saw no sign. Then suddenly I could not bear to watch her any longer, and I hitched myself around and looked at the *Sconchin* as we pulled steadily out to her anchorage. The sun burst into day as quickly as it had fallen last night, and the dream was done.

13

How can I compare a garden with a pig-sty? It was like that. The *Sconchin* was littered and lumbered with the last-minute clutter of victualing; Chips was cursing his crew into their work of penning live pigs and fowl on deck; melons and coconuts and yams and fruit were heaped about, and the stink of tropical bilge was a militant welcome.

Thorn came striding for'ard as we pulled in alongside, and he gave us one of his best glowers as we scrambled aboard. He eyed us individually and carefully, but he turned and strode back aft without saying anything. Not that I cared. I stepped aboard and started aft toward the steerage. Ed Wolfe saw me and stepped over to ask in a low voice, "Did you see Aymes, ashore?"

"No," I said. "Why?"

"He's skipped. The captain's like a bear with a sore head."

"That," I said sourly, "is just too damned bad." I went on.

I didn't stay below long. The steerage was no place for me. Evans and Rob and Spencer crowded the cubbyhole, busily packing away trophies and momentoes, and boasting loudly about their conquests ashore. I hurled my coat across my rolled hammock and went back on deck.

It took forever, it seemed, to get underway. Thorn paced his quarterdeck with his jerky angry stride, and the mates gradually got some kind of order on deck. But it was high noon before they got the anchor-cable reefed short up-and-down, and a few men into the rigging. Thorn peremptorily roared to clear the decks, and the last of the visitors went over the side.

A single canoe came dancing out from shore —and Ed Wolfe suddenly said a short bitter word and turned to send a quick glance aft. Then the rest of us saw Aymes hunkered down in the bow of the canoe.

Thorn must have seen it too, but he shouted for'ard, "Get some sail on her, Mister Wolfe."

"I think Aymes is coming in, sir," said Wolfe.

"To hell with him, Mister Wolfe. My order was to get sail on her, and that damned smartly, Mister Wolfe."

The *Sconchin* rode up on the cable as the canvas was loosed and sheeted in. The windlass clacked as the deck gang put their backs into it, and then suddenly went *clickety-clack-clack* as the hook broke free and started off the bottom. The *Sconchin* moved out under jib and forecourses.

"Get the mizzens and mains on her," yelled Thorn, and Wolfe sent his orders cracking like a whip. Then the canoe slid in alongside, and Aymes, looking white and frightened, snatched at the accommodation ladder and pulled himself onto the side.

Thorn came pacing for'ard. Even here in this heat, his shirt was buttoned and stocked, his

coat hung damp and thick from his bull shoulders, and his heavy face was brick red. He paced into the waist, staring intently down as Aymes clawed up the joggling, twisting rope ladder, and then as Aymes came head and shoulders above the break in the rail, Thorn took one long pace forward and kicked him square in the face, with every ounce of strength in his meaty thighs.

Aymes turned a slow twisting circle in the air, his unconscious hands still hooked to grasp the ropes. He struck and went under in a sousing splash, slowly turned and came up, and then the rough hull boards caught him and spurned him and thrust him away, so that he seemed to be turning in a slow writhing dance in the clear water. Thorn did not even give him a second glance. He went stalking back to his quarterdeck with a brisk, impatient, "Let's get sail on her, Mister Wolfe. Lively, now."

Behind us, the gaping, open-mouthed Islander who had ferried Aymes out, finally got his wits about him and dove for the little Welshman's body. We saw him pull Aymes in over the side of the canoe like a bundle of soggy wash.

And then the ugly certainty took us by the throat—the sudden certain knowledge that the *Sconchin* was captained not only by a damned fool, but a madman.

The breeze caught her now, and she heeled and answered her rudder. The white beaches lay back and lost their curve, and the *Sconchin* lay to her course for the Columbia.

Steven Wilkes, I think, was the first to react. He was lending a hand with Chips the carpenter and his crew, prizing with a long iron bar at a heavy crate with two pigs in it.

He stood rigid, unbelieving, as Aymes made his long turning fall, and a board of the crate screeched as he let it slide back against the bar. Then with a wordless grunt, he plucked up the bar in his hands as if it were a willow wand, and came charging aft in long leaping strides, and his face was a mask of pure outrage. Thorn was stalking aft, and whatever his mad thoughts were, they took no heed of death bearing down on him from behind. Wilkes grinned widely, not mirthfully, a peeling back of taut lips from clenched teeth, and his hair—uncut for a month—rose and fell in flat chunks against his skull at each reaching leap.

He could have made it. None of us who were near enough to do anything about it seemed able to stir a muscle. Maybe we didn't really want to. All, that is, but Ed Wolfe.

Wolfe made no sound. He could have shouted, I guess, to warn Thorn, but he did not. And Wilkes was no more than four strides from his goal when Wolfe took one sliding step aside, plucked a belaying pin from the rack on the mast, wheeled back, and struck a careful, restrained, glancing blow.

The iron bar clanged on the deck, went sliding into the scuppers, and Wilkes staggered into the rail. Wolfe was on him instantly, bucking his wiry weight against him, and as Wilkes shook his head and started to raise his hands, still dazed but trying, Wolfe hit him across the belly with the pin, doubled him up, and bucked him back still farther.

As quietly as if he were asking someone to pass the salt, he said, "Move him for'ard, a couple of you. Get him below."

A couple of the hands jumped, a half-dozen more moved in as a sort of casual screen, and Wolfe stepped back and dropped the pin in the rack without wasting a move.

The second, Dunphy, had wheeled at the sound of the bar hitting the deck, but he had said nothing. He turned away now, satisfied to see nothing and know nothing, but Bush, running in from the weather rail, took one startled look and turned to hail aft. Wolfe snatched him by the collar and yanked him around.

"Shut your damned mouth," he said.

Bush started to squeal. Wolfe slapped him across the mouth, and said again, still quietly, "Shut up, I tell you." Bush was suddenly quiet, then, and Wolfe went on. "I've had my belly full of you, Bush. You're a sneaky little weasel, and you can't keep your mouth shut. But you won't carry this one to Thorn. Not this time. One word, son, and you'll find how good a swimmer you are. Just one word."

Even a man as stupid as Bush couldn't mistake it. This was that flat unemotional voice of a man who's just as ready to kill you as look at you. Bush got it. He turned white as a sheet and gulped. And he whispered through shaking lips, "Aye, aye, sir." Then he went staggering as Wolfe suddenly let go.

14

Now the *Sconchin* took her nor'east heading and held it, and like a nightmare that won't be done, like an endless panorama that begins again as it ends, we shook down to sea duty. The water went bad. We ate well, for a while, slaughtered a hog once a week and ate most of the fruit before it spoiled. But we were cluttered and lumbered with the extra crates and deck load, and the Islanders that Thorn and the partners had engaged crowded the quarters. The adventuring strain of those Islanders must have been great, to leave their paradise for the *Sconchin,* but a dozen of them had signed on with the ship's crew, and another ten with the Company. Three years, the hitch, for their clothes and grub and a hundred dollars worth of merchandise at the end of it.

It got colder. The sun left us, and the gray wool of clouds hung over us like a threat, and sudden storms lashed the sea to a surging flurry. And then one day the rain was sleet and then snow, and the wind hauled round and pulled us in on a tight tack with the cross chop lunging at us until there was no rest. The spindrift leaped and rode the wind to spatter the standing rigging in a sheath of ice. We had to beat laboriously at a belayed line with a pin for minutes to break it free of its turns. Men lost the use of their fingers, and worked aloft with an elbow hooked about a hold; one hand for the ship and one hand for themselves. There was no fire in the fo'c'sle, no heat of any kind save what a man could generate for himself, huddled in damp clothing in a damp bunk.

Our blood was thin and our clothing was worn. And Thorn, in his kindly way, came near a mutiny again.

Oh, he was tough, that overbearing beast. He strode his quarterdeck in fair weather and foul, toughed it out when there was no true need to do so—the mates being on deck and in charge. But he stood his watches just the same, and nothing touched him, until he found Uncle Angus and Rob MacEntire digging into some of the baled goods 'tween-decks.

He hustled them out of there in a roaring tantrum, and gave Bush a bad five minutes for letting them have the keys, locked the door personally, and kept the keys.

The deputation of partners called on him again, and got a rebuff as brutal as a hand across the face.

"My orders," said Thorn, "enjoin me to deliver the goods and lading of this vessel at the post established on the Columbia. The entire manifest is attached to my orders. All the bales, boxes and crates are numbered and entered. You may do as you please when they are delivered and I am receipted."

"Damn you," howled MacEntire, "we can defend ourselves against this sort of treatment, Captain. We're not going to freeze to death on your whim!"

Thorn said in his cold disagreeable voice, "I'll have no threats, sir. Read the law on piracy and mutiny. And get the hell out of my cabin, sir."

It held them that day. Then Evans was chased out of the galley by Jingles when he huddled by the galley stove, and Evans went boiling back to MacEntire. Uncle Angus fortunately wasn't in on it. He was in his bunk with a fever, but MacEntire rounded up the other partners, and Evans went along, too. Because of Uncle Angus, I stayed clear too, but I was on deck when the delegation went staggering aft, with no dignity at all possible on the icy lurching decks.

Thorn paced his deck, enormous in his billowing oilskins, and Bush, on deck watch at the moment, huddled in the lee of the mizzen mast, though what protection there was there, I don't know.

I didn't hear it, no more than the yelling rage in their voices, but I saw Rob finally fling a hand in a sweeping half circle and then reach under his coat. Thorn's voice roared out, and Bush came around the mast suddenly, with a double-barreled pistol in each hand. The companionway hatch slid back in that same instant, and Ed Wolfe came up waist high with a bell-mouthed gun in his hands, and his voice came across the heaving deck, clear and precise.

"Eighteen buckshot, gentlemen. And a double load of powder. Step softly, gentlemen."

Thorn himself did not reach for a weapon. But as his oilskins gaped open to the wind suddenly, I could see two hooked pistol butts starkly outlined against his belly.

He treated them roughly. They stood there a full five minutes while he rasped them raw and bleeding with his vicious tongue, and they sweated and shivered alternately under the dismal gaping smiles of those gun muzzles.

And when he was done with them he ordered them below like so many deck hands. He turned to watch them as they filed silently below, each handing his arms to Wolfe as they squeezed past in the narrow passage. The door to the goods-room 'tween-decks stayed locked.

I've often thought about Ed Wolfe since. He was a good officer, I think. Stern, and strict in that he would not overlook sloppy or unseamanlike work, but quiet enough and as considerate of his men as was possible under such conditions. But the sea had molded him, too. Had he been captain, I think the *Sconchin* would have been a vastly happier ship. He could navigate, and he had the air of command, and he knew his trade. But he was not the captain, and he believed in his duty as first officer. He backed Thorn without question this time. I've thought about that several times. For it was a queer coin that Thorn paid for loyalty and skill.

15

WHO KNOWS the beginnings of the Columbia? Some say she springs up in the wilds of Canada, some say she heads in the melting ice of the Pole itself. I know she is a mighty river. We saw her in a gray and lowering dawn, disgorging her great flood against us while the wind screamed in the rigging and piled the waves against the resisting surge of the river. Enormous trees furred her rocky jaws, trees such as

we Easterners had never seen, so tall they vaulted their height into the very clouds that hung over the shore.

Somewhere in that wild welter of fighting water was the bar Vancouver and Gray had marked; but the passage—if there could be a passage in the thing—was God alone knew where.

That was where Ed Wolfe collected Thorn's coin.

We stood off and on, even the old sailors keeping an eye to a hand-hold, and Thorn scoured the scene with his glass for a half-hour. Then, as briskly and casually as Sunday boat drill, he shouted for'ard, "Mr. Wolfe, take the cutter and sound for channel."

Wolfe was standing near me, a little aft the mainmast, and he turned now, slowly, to stare unbelievingly at Thorn.

He took a few paces aft and asked, "In this sea, sir?"

Thorn fisted his nose impatiently, and yelled back, pitching his voice in a sort of vicious girlish mockery, "Certainly, in this sea, sir. Great God, man, you're a seaman and an officer. You've got your orders, mister. If it's water you're afraid of, you should have stayed ashore in Boston."

There was no call for it. Not before the whole crew, nor even alone. Ed Wolfe was no coward, and he was a seaman, with a good seaman's judgment. The *Sconchin* was a chip in a millrace in this rip, much less a small-boat.

I don't think I'd have had Wolfe's guts. But then it wasn't I who was called a coward before my men. Nor were the ways of the sea in my bones and blood as they were in Ed Wolfe.

Still he hesitated, standing with his thighs spread and feet planted on the heaving deck, staring at Thorn, the two of them swaying in unison to balance against the tilting and twisting of the *Sconchin* beneath them.

Ed Wolfe's face slowly faded, lost the heat of blood pumping under his weather-burned hide until he was gray as the dirty ice on the rigging. Without taking his eyes off Thorn, he said in a harsh, crying voice, "Boat crew stand-to to launch."

It took ten men twenty minutes to get the empty cutter into the water, and she was half-swamped the instant her bottom hit the water. Three times she crashed into the *Sconchin's* planks before they got her veered back into the dubious shelter of the lee. One instant she stood abreast the rail, threatening to come back aboard half filled as she was, the next, she was wallowing in a trough, about to be sucked under the bilge-keel.

It was Thorn who looked away first. He dropped his eyes, roughed at his beak of a nose with his knuckles, and turned away. Wolfe never moved his burning eyes off the man.

In a curiously flat voice, Wolfe called his crew; Peter Abbot, an old tar with a pigtail tarred and twisted at his nape, hands broken and beaten in his years of work so that they were never straight, but always bent to half-grasp; Marlin Wrytte, a one-eyed man rotten with sickness, skinny and lagging in his movements, but a fair enough hand for all that; Keiki-pui-pui—Fat Child—the least handy Islander on the ship, a cheerful, good-natured chucklehead who couldn't count his own fingers, but who had been born in a small boat.

They fell in at the rail reluctantly. If it had been anyone but Wolfe, I believe they would have refused and taken Thorn's wrath. But for Ed they fell in, and only then did Wolfe take his eyes from Thorn, who was pacing to and fro, lurching rather, for even his sea legs couldn't keep him trimmed on this deck.

Wolfe turned a slow half-circle that swept all our faces. He showed no emotion, save for his pallor, and he looked at me so long I wanted to turn away too. Then he came over.

"My father lives in Boston. Post Road. I'd take it as a favor if you called on him one day," he said.

I mumbled something nonsensical about it wasn't that bad, and his lips quirked in what might have been an attempt at a smile. He put out his hand—I remember it still, as cold and stiff and lifeless as a bit of wood, and then he went over the side.

I think Abbot's leg was broken when he got into the boat. He slipped, and the cutter smashed into the *Sconchin's* planks with his leg between, but the boat leaped so crazily, I couldn't tell whether he was crippled or just off balance when the next surge toppled him inboard. Wolfe rasped, "Cast off," in that instant, and the bow line was let go, and the cutter spun away like a cork.

The next wave brought her back, and she would have crushed herself like a cask on our side had not Wolfe kicked her away with a heave that nearly snapped his heavy steering oar, and then they had a pair of oars out, and perhaps Abbot was bailing; at least he was huddled in the bottom and his shoulders and arms were working.

A ragged wisp of the low clouds scudded across as they topped a heaving mountain of water, and I saw Wolfe's narrow body arched like a bow over the steering oar. They went out of sight like a falling rock, and up again, dim and vague behind the flying scud, and then suddenly they were gone.

Gone complete, like a dream vision that was never really there. We never saw them again; not so much as a frazzled rope's end or a splintered oar.

16

THE LIFE went out of the old *Sconchin,* then. Even Thorn, thick-skinned as he was, must have felt it. Perhaps it did get through that bull-neck hide of his. He stood in one spot on his quarterdeck for half an hour, moving only as he tilted and leaned to keep his balance against and swing of the pounding ship. He kept those dull, granite-chip eyes swinging in a futile arc over the boiling wash out there where the boat had disappeared, and occasionally he absent-mindedly fisted his nose, and his lips would move as if he were talking to himself. Dunphy had to relieve the man at the wheel, and the watches changed without notice from Thorn. He did not even answer when Dunphy went up to ask if he could ease her a little, and when Thorn's broad back gave him no answer, Dunphy shrugged and came for'ard again.

Thorn finally came out of it with a start that twitched his shoulders back square under his oilskins, and he wheeled so suddenly that he caught Dunphy aback as he stepped onto the quarterdeck again.

But Thorn said merely, "Stand her on and off, mister. Let her bate a bit."

Perhaps it bated, but not much. The day wore on, a deadly, dreary day under the hanging threat of cloud, and still the two opposing floods clashed and roared over the bar.

The wind eased off, about four o'clock, and we stood in again. All the light was a dirty gray with night coming on, and the sea swells came in with a slow remorseless heave, oily and irresistible, shouldering against the current until they broke in the turmoil of the bar.

For a while, it seemed that Thorn was going to try it blind, and as we lurched in almost to the teeth of the broken water, the old hands of the crew began a purposeful drifting toward their stations though no order had been given.

Then at the last minute, Thorn brought her to, and yelled for'ard, "Steven Wilkes, take three hands and stand to the port boat. Mister Bush, pick his men."

Wilkes went without demurring. Bush gave him an old hand and two Islanders, and at the last minute another of the Islanders volunteered. They got the boat away without any trouble, stepping into it as it lifted on the long swells.

Wilkes handled her capably, held her headed while the others rowed across the face of the breaking water. His deck hand bailed and cast the lead, and the Islanders laid into the oars tirelessly.

The *Sconchin* stood out and in with them, under short sail, until Wilkes stepped an oar upright on a thwart with a rag flying from the oar, and Thorn brought the *Sconchin* about.

She fought her head, for some reason, and we overshot, and bore back on a long sweep. I suppose I shall never know what Thorn had in that addled head of his. He stood a pace aft the wheel, hands locked behind him and his eyes set straight over the bowsprit. Wilkes saw our course, and fell off to intercept so that he would come alongside just clear of the rip. And Thorn sailed right past him.

It was so damned incredible that it was done before anyone could do anything about it. The small-boat bore in, and rode, waiting for the *Sconchin* to check and heave a line. When she didn't, he set his oarsmen at it, to cut in closer, and swung into line again, heading the bow into the swell. Then he was off our bow and then amidships, and still Thorn stood hulking, shoulders a little forward, hands clasped behind him, staring out over the bow.

I was just starting to turn my head wonderingly, waiting for the word to pick up the boat, when Dunphy vented a vicious blistering curse beside me and shouldered me aside, away from the line coiled on the pin rack. I had to dodge again as he whipped the line and let it go uncoiling out over the heaving water. The coil snapped out yards short of the boat.

I could see Wilkes' face clearly, the astonishment that twisted his mouth into a crooked "O" as he yelled, and the steering oar bent like a fishing rod under his weight as he swung the boat about on the strength of that one fierce sculling stroke. Then the drive of the *Sconchin* snapped the rope trailing aft, and one of the Islanders went over the side of the boat in a clean dive after it, but even his fish skill was not enough to catch it. We pulled away, and Thorn might have been blind, for all the sign he showed, and Wilkes and his boat fell astern into the muggy smudge of falling dark, with Wilkes still standing to his steering oar in stiff unbelief.

17

DUNPHY CURSED again, and ran aft. He was yelling something at Thorn, and I had a moment's wonder, for Dunphy was a stolid man who'd shown no more resentment toward his captain than a pet rabbit for his master. But he ran at Thorn now, and yelled at him, and then we struck; hit bottom so hard that I went flat on my back and sliding into the scuppers.

Through the blindness of shock I heard a spar crack up for'ard somewhere, and I thought, *So now he's wrecked her, and we all drown.* And I heard the squalling, diminishing scream of a man falling—the terrified helpless voice of a man

whose world has been snatched from under him, who hangs in the limbo of empty air and waits for hell to engulf him. And then the sound was gone, cut off between one note and the next; and impossibly, incredibly, the *Sconchin* lifted to a surge of water under her keel, and we were afloat again.

I scrambled to my feet, in the nightmare swaddling of my oilskins, and went sprawling as the *Sconchin* struck again. A lashing parted, and a heavy crate came screeching across the deck at me, and a double block swinging at the end of a line like a pendulum, tore a three-foot gouge in the planking. Men were yelling, up for'ard, and a hurt pig screamed and screamed without letup.

Again the water lifted us, and the *Sconchin* took a half dozen wallowing lunges. It seemed to me she was swinging, or perhaps it was just my swimming head. I'd taken a pretty solid crack against the rail that time. Again I got up, and again she struck, but I had an arm hooked in the shrouds this time, and rode it out, but the crate went screeching and sliding to stop in a splintering crash against the mainmast and spilled the dead pig it had held out onto the deck.

That chunky black carcass fascinated me. The *Sconchin* heeled, and the pig rolled over onto its belly as if it wanted to get up; and then it went somersaulting crazily for'ard as she dipped her prow and took dirty river water waist deep over the fo'c'sle. The pig's carcass came tumbling back aft in the flood as the *Sconchin* recovered, and then it hit the grilled gangway rail and went over the side. And crazy as it sounds, I didn't have an eye or a thought for the ship until that pig was gone.

I cast a quick look aloft. The foretop was sprung at a leaning tilt, and the yard canted crazily and whipped like a banner with one corner caught, where the sail had burst loose. Men clung in unthinking ridiculous attitudes in the rigging, frozen in their fear of being torn loose if she struck again.

And almost instantly she did. I saw one man snapped straight out, in an impossible feat of levitation, clinging with one hand to a shroud line that veed far ahead with his weight. As the *Sconchin* rose to the next surge, he was snapped back into the laddering, and he hung spread-eagled there for a full minute before he could coax himself to let one hand go to let himself down. Visibility was scarcely more than the ship's own length now, as the mouth of the black bag of night closed in behind us.

Ahead was only tumbled water, reaching, gulping water, and the headlands were fading back and out of sight, anonymous as lumps of coal in a bin. Our torn rigging screamed under the lash of the wind, and the old *Sconchin* staggered into the cauldron with two men fighting the wheel and Dunphy half-drowned in the bow, trying to con her in.

Praise God, we did not strike shoal again. We'd lost nigh every rag of sail but the main and mizzen courses, the forecourse having been gutted when the royal spar came down; and it took brave men to drive themselves into the shrouds, to douse what we had left. But the *Sconchin* eased off, finally, into a long fore-and-aft pitch, and Dunphy yelled back that breakers were ahead.

Thorn moved like a jerky puppet. He'd caught something across the head, for he had a welt ridged high across his forehead, and he bled at one ear. Even his roar to let go the anchor was but a feeble imitation of its usual self.

Letting go the anchor was a good trick in itself, in this turmoil. The hands roused out cable beyond the bitts, hove the ring in short to the cathead, and eased it off from the billboard with two men tailed onto the balance-ring line. When they had the hook catted, they let go at the run, hoping to get the iron under her keel before she ran over it, and then let go for bottom as the courses came off her.

She caught and dragged, caught again. Dunphy got her swung with only one cross-foul, a trick he'd never have lived down at another time, and finally got her hove up and riding to.

It wasn't until it was all over that I felt where the hide was gone from my palms complete where I'd been tailed onto a snubbing line. I was so numb that even the rough doctoring of salt water and rum didn't make me wince. I saw Dunphy crossing the deck ahead of me, peering out into the blackness of complete night, and I wondered if he was thinking about Wilkes. I did for a while. Then I sat down on my sea chest in the steerage and toppled over asleep as if I had been pole-axed.

It was dismal enough in daylight; the great brown flood whipped choppy as any sea in its sweeping width, the cross-chop of the opposing sea hammering at the cliffs under whose shelter we swung at anchor; yet we could work her a bit, and see beyond the bowsprit, though fog made the sun merely a light over the eastern half of the world. But we caught a wind, and crippling along under our wrecked rigging, we got the *Sconchin* moved and anchored again in a deep, slow backwater.

Dunphy did the most of it. Thorn came up on deck, and looked slowly and wonderingly around, as if he had never seen us or the ship before. He had a sloppy bandage around his head with his sou'wester jammed over it, and he only grunted when Dunphy asked permission to take a boat ashore.

There was only the one cockleshell left, the starboard yawl, and it was sprung enough to keep a man bailing all the time she was in the water. I was as eager to get a look from the headlands as anyone, and was the second one into the boat. At the last minute, Thorn decided to come too, and he shoved down into the sternsheets with Dunphy.

18

Ashore, we followed an animal trail of sorts, Thorn third in line, striding with his tall stiff arrogance and stopping occasionally to send his gaze in a sweeping survey of the timbered slope. He stepped off the trail once, and I moved up to take his place.

His growling voice said behind me and to the side, "Here, come out of that, man," and I turned on my heel, ready to snap back at his tone—and then I could see he wasn't talking to me.

It was Wilkes; stark naked and huddled against the bole of one of those great fir trees. He had raked the damp needles that carpeted the ground to cover part of his body, and he crouched with his head on his crossed arms. He was racked with a steady shuddering tremor, and Thorn spoke to him three times before he seemed to hear, and then his eyes came up to us, swollen to mere slits, and vacant of all sense.

We got him to his feet, finally, rubbed him roughly and wrapped him in Dunphy's pea coat. He struggled, though, his first sign of life, when we tried to lead him back down the trail.

"No," he mumbled. "Icky, 'ack, 'ere."

We finally made sense of his mumbling, and worked through the ferns and brush down to the beach. We found Icky there, covered with ferns and leaves; Icky being our nickname for Lan-iki-lai, one of the Islanders who had crewed for Wilkes. Farther down the beach was the boat, smashed between two rocks, with the crumpled body of one of the other Islanders in the wreckage. We took Icky and Wilkes back to the ship, and by evening they were coming out of it in good shape.

But Wilkes would not speak to Thorn, or even look at him, and I don't think he ever did speak to him again, except for an "Aye, aye, sir," in acknowledging an order.

Thorn had the vitality of a bull. Next day he was himself, even to shedding his bandage; and he lost no time in squaring things away shipshape—his favorite expression, and one that irked Rob MacEntire to distraction.

We saw our first Indians—a couple of Chinooks who came paddling out in a dugout canoe with carved post-like figures standing three feet high at bow and stern. MacEntire was for having them aboard—they had a few scrubby furs with them—and sounding them out for trade. Thorn put his foot down.

We would, he said, pick our spot, build the post, and get our damned goods off the *Sconchin*, and then we could trade to our damned heart's content; and if I hear any more out of you, sir, I'll heave you over the side myself. . . .

A lovable character, Captain Jacob Thorn.

He had some provocation with Rob MacEntire, though. A smallish man, with a terrier's aggressiveness, Rob had a spitfire temper—and he carried Nestor's proxy. He had been a factor for the Northwest Company, and he was used to ruling his particular roost, and like most little men, he had a touchy disposition. Authority seems to weigh heavier on a little man; perhaps because he must look up to a tall man, even to give him an order; but whatever, Rob MacEntire was well assured of his own importance.

Weighed now with the responsibility of finding a proper site for the first trading post of the Great Western Company, he was as skittish as a new colt. He looked and disapproved, approved and changed his mind, twice had us started at clearing, and then finally settled on a spot called Point George.

It wasn't much to see—a muddy bank that lost itself in ferns and brush and hulking timber, a mean site to clear. But a little harbor lay in the shelter of the point, where the *Sconchin* could anchor within fifty yards of the shore.

Any previous doubts I might have had were doubled now. We were long on plan and short on practical ability. The only proper axemen among us were the dozen *voyageurs* MacEntire had brought along from Canada, and most of these he sent off at once under MacPherson on an expedition up-river to sound out and rouse up the Indians for trading.

So we labored, clerks, partners and all, hacking at our own legs as often as a tree, barking our knuckles and blistering our hands, with Rob MacEntire yapping at our heels like a bossy little terrier. But we got a post building thrown up somehow, a little longer on one side than the other, and with a slight lean to the chimney, but we got it up. It rained every day—the fog rolled in with the night and only faded a bit with the day, until we bleached out like so many of the little pale frogs we frightened out of the damp pockets of dead fern with our chopping and tramping.

I had thought I'd never look back with any regret on the *Sconchin*. But at least the deck had covered the stinking cubbyhole where we clerks had bunked, and Jingles at his worst never took food off the galley stove the way it came out of the smoky fire in the fort. I had my chest ashore and a bunk set up, but it took me only a

minute to make up my mind when Uncle Angus asked if I wanted to make the northern passage with the *Sconchin*. I was back aboard the same night.

The essence of the plan was simple. John Isaac Nestor had worked it out in his New York office. The *Sconchin* would unload the goods for the post, while work went on at her building. Since so much of the season would be lost in the erection of buildings and palisade, the *Sconchin* would proceed north up the sea coast, drumming up trade as she went. In the fall, or late summer, if she had good luck, she would come back to the post, take on the season's trade in furs, with a deck-load of spar timbers for the Islands, and thence to China and back to New York with silks, ivory and spices. No fool, Nestor. He stood to turn a solid 1000% on his money at one year's risk, even after paying his partner's shares.

I say he was no fool. But he had done one foolish thing. He'd put Captain Jacob Thorn aboard the *Sconchin*.

19

We cleared the bar in good shape, going out. The *Sconchin* was foul-bottomed, but her sprung sticks had been rigged into shape, and she wallowed along well enough. We had room to swing a cat by the tail now, with most of the Company crew ashore back at Fort Nestor. A small cat, perhaps, with a short tail, but we positively rattled around in space, it seemed, after that long, packed-and-jammed cruise. Even Jacob Thorn was in an almost jovial mood—for him.

As the *Sconchin* took her first deep bite of sea water and took up her long fore-and-aft reach, Thorn paced across his sacred quarterdeck with his hands clasped behind him, and even nodded civilly as Uncle Angus and I came aft to go below.

Russ Newton and I had the clerk's cubby-hole to ourselves, now, and Uncle Angus had a whole cabin. Dunphy had moved back to Wolfe's cubby, along with his moving up to first mate.

Bush was second, now, and Anderson, the bos'n, was acting third. He still did part of this deck-work as bos'n, though Wilkes nominally held the post. But something had gone out of Steven Wilkes, since we'd hauled him in naked and beaten half to death. He seldom spoke, even passing on his orders to the crew with a grunt and gesture. He would sit for minutes, looking off at nothing, and when his eyes did come inboard they came eventually to Thorn, and followed him, every moment he was above-decks. Icky had stayed behind at the post, and had signed up with the Company hands. He had flatly refused to set foot aboard the *Sconchin* again, and one of the other Islanders had come on in his place. . . .

We had four fine days; fog in the morning until about ten o'clock, when it burned away before the sun, and then warm hours while the *Sconchin* heeled along under a light breeze. I thought once, *This is more like it.* And it was. I suppose I'd had some such thought of the cruise when we left New York.

The scenery was overwhelming. The rugged mountains leaped almost from the sea, coated thick as a bear's back with the great towering trees, brown-black and green-black and misty gray and hazy blue; the undergrowth joyously exploding into bloom, pink and violet and red, and blue vivid as a mallard's midwing. We ate venison traded from the Chinooks, and the last of the pigs from the Islands; the water still tasted like water, and we got our weekly pint of wine.

Beautiful vistas, good food, adventure just around the corner, perhaps; this was the way a man should go adventuring. . . .

Trading was slow. Twice we hove into some little cove and bartered with the squatty, lumpy-muscled, canoe Indians who came out, but we did not sight nearly so many as had been expected. We even had an interpreter, one Cultus John, a half-breed who'd come aboard at Fort Nestor. His English was a weird pidgin that was ninety percent swear words, but he claimed to know almost every dialect of the Coast tribes, and to date he hadn't missed.

But trade was slow. We stood off and on, according to the wind, caught fish, counted up that we'd served almost a year already of our three-year hitch—Russ and I—tried our Chinook on Cultus John and tried to understand his English, and even thought of how the rest of them would be faring now, back there at Fort Nestor in the fog and rain and the brush that had to be pushed back. The days grew longer and the sun warmer, and we got the benefit of its heat, even on the crisp days, until it slid into the curve of the sea, way out China way. Let somebody else fret about the slow trade, the running of the ship!

20

We found Vancouver's Island, with its great strait like a canyon running in a sluggish flood. Cultus John sat on a hatch cover near us and snuffed the air like a bird dog.

"My place borned," he said, pointing vaguely inland.

"Home country, eh?" said Russ idly. He was lying back on the hatch with his hat down over his face. Cultus John turned that phrase over in his mind a moment, trying to make it fit in somewhere in his meager vocabulary. "Huh," he said finally, somehow getting an affirmative sound to it. He could grunt fifty different ways, and each one meant something different.

Russ went on in an idle, teasing tone, "Who's your father, John?"

Cultus John was a small man, with little to show his white admixture, knotty and gnarled and smoked brown as tobacco. He straightened now, and said proudly, "King George, my papa, goddam right."

Russ pushed his hat back and winked at me. "You sure it was King George, John?"

"Goddam right, you bet. Him my mama, *Na-ha*—she say to my papa, *Klaxta-mika? Tili-cumama*—papa—he say back goddam right King George. Huh!"

"Sure, me too," said Russ. He rolled over and pillowed his head on his arms.

"Huh!" said Cultus John scornfully. "You Boston."

Uncle Angus had come by to hear most of this, and he asked, "You know where Injun town, John?"

John pointed with his chin slightly off the starboard bow. "Mebbe Injun town *kim-tah la-montai*—huh—over side mountain. Mebbe. Mebbe no. Mebbe go hunt, dunno me."

"In the bay, you mean."

"Huh. Inna bay. Big *hyas tyee* him live there. Helluva big *tyee*—name Mowich. Make 'em all rub nose in dirt all of 'em," and John made a sweeping circle to the surrounding mountains.

I gathered that this Mowich must be a big chief, to "make 'em all rub nose in dirt all of 'em," which should mean a good-sized village. Uncle Angus got that, too, I suppose, for he got up and headed aft to talk to Thorn.

As casually as that, it was done. A half-breed Indian interpreter whose name was Cultus John—Good-for-Nothing John would be an approximate translation—a half-breed Indian looked at the hills where he had been born, casually tossed the fact into a casual conversation, and the *Sconchin* sailed in a long curve, caught the wind with a new trim to the sails, and moved into the bay, one of hundreds, a sweeping horseshoe of gravelly beach with the mountains cupped protectingly about it; sailed in through the open heel of the horseshoe, furled her sails as she went, to slow at last to a gentle drift that ended as the toggle was knocked loose and the anchor splashed.

The village was occupied. It was a vast disorderly collection of dugout *tolths* and brush huts with a pervading stink of dead fish about it, set a little to the side of the toe of the shoe. And even before the anchor cable was secured at the bitts the dugouts were coming out.

Cultus John pointed out one dugout, a good twenty feet long and with the inevitable post-like carvings standing upright at bow and stern. Five paddlers slid it through the water, one of them steering, and in the bow a knotty little man knelt with a cape of sea-otter fur about his shoulders.

"Mowich," said Cultus John.

Then Thorn's voice brayed out from the quarterdeck, "Get the nettings on her, Mister Dunphy. Look lively, before they're all over us."

Dunphy roused out the hands with the nettings—a sort of large-mesh net of heavy, twisted cording that was angled out from the railings with spreader bars much like a fence is turned out with an offset at the top to discourage climbers.

Bush and Anderson prowled the gaps with a couple of hands to shoo off Indians until the job could be finished, and Thorn and Uncle Angus met Mowich at the gangway where a section of the rail had been removed to let a ladder down the side. Mowich had little to distinguish him as chief.

Like all these canoe Indians, he was knotted with muscle across his shoulders and chest, but short and crooked in the legs, and hardly above shoulder height to an ordinary white man. His canoe steersman turned out to be his son, Eenah—or Beaver. This Eenah topped his father by a good head, and was as muscular as a young bull. Like his father he had a flat stolid face with asymmetrically arranged features and an expression that might have been sullen or merely stupid.

Thorn as usual was gruffly remote. He touched hands with the two Indians—I suppose to let them know that he was the ship's master, and then he left them to Uncle Angus.

21

Uncle Angus was a good trader. He buttered the old chief well, astonished him by speaking in his own tongue as much as possible, and had Russ and me get up a chest of trade goods from below-decks. Uncle Angus made a show of opening the chest, casually flicking out a bolt of red flannel on which to display the rest of the trinkets. He handled the beads and brass wire and trinkets carefully, as befitted precious things, and he made sure the two Indians got a good look at each glittering object as he laid it out on its brilliant red background.

He made a point of selecting knives, testing the edge on his thumbnail, ticking them with a snapped finger until he got two which, in his frowning concentration, he considered fit for his guests. He made a little ceremony of presenting them to Mowich and Eenah, and his showmanship was enough to light a spark of gratified covetousness in their muddy eyes.

Then he explained that we would be willing to trade these magnificent things for any furs the Indians might have to trade.

Mowich responded with a long harangue to the effect that his village had many furs and all prime, too, so many that the *Sconchin* would have trouble in loading them all, and that while he personally was a poor man, he must make *potlatch* to his fine friend who gave him this knife.

Eenah dropped down to the canoe and came back with a bag of buckskin which reeked to high heaven. In this, explained the chief, was the meat of the finest of red salmon caught by himself and dried and pounded and packed by his highest wife, and that it was not only *hyas tyee* food, but a medicine as well, which would cure almost any complaint known to man. He also highly recommended it for impotency; should he, Uncle Angus, so desire, he could try a bit of it and come ashore and put it to the test. And Uncle Angus, knowing I had picked up almost as much of the jargon as he, had the grace to give me a sidewise look and a flustered grin as he politely refused.

But Mowich would not be denied. He had, he informed Uncle Angus, got a *hyu muck-a-muck* underway as the *Sconchin* veered into the bay, and he would be grossly insulted if we did not come ashore to take part in the feast.

So Uncle Angus accepted, and said in a swift aside to me, "You'll come along. Get my frock coat, and see my pistols are in the breast pockets. And bring your own. We've got to scare up a few pelts one way or another." So we went ashore.

It did not take us long to decide we'd not spend the night. Mowich escorted us to his *tolth,* a huge thing in comparison to the rest of the village huts though he had need of the room. It appeared that all his relatives lived with him, and their name was legion. The *tolth* was dug out to a depth of perhaps six feet, and the roof was a gable structure, much as if he had put a house roof over a cellar. We entered through a gap in one gable end and descended a notched pole which took the place of a stairway, into a jammed mass of Indians. A fire smoked sullenly in the center of the room, and its pungent scent was the cleanest odor in the place.

We had come down a littered passage between the other huts, a trail redolent of fish and carrion, which was apparently simply thrown out for the dogs to scavenge. There the sea breeze at least eased the curse. Here in the *tolth,* the only exit for the smell was the gable hole and the smoke orifice, and there was just too much smell to get out.

I couldn't help but contrast these diggings with the clean airy houses of the Islands, where they'd cooked outdoors and religiously and incessantly bathed. These Indians seemed to regard water as simply something in which you caught fish. We got a look at Mowich's Number One wife, and after one quick glance at her claws, Uncle Angus said out of the side of his mouth, "Remind me to heave that salmon pemmican over the side when we get back." I promised.

In their way, they were not bad people, though Mowich in his *tolth* reminded me of Thorn on his quarterdeck. He had a half-dozen slaves whom he addressed largely with grunts and kicks, and when he spoke, the babel of noise was instantly silenced while the lord and master discoursed.

His son Eenah simply sat in a corner and watched, with nothing at all showing on his broad brown face, but every time I looked at him, he seemed to be covertly sizing me up.

An unattached woman promptly seated herself between Uncle Angus and me. I suppose it was her hope to sway us with her charms, for her hair was carefully larded with grease and crusted with clay, and when they served the first course, a great pot of salmon heads, she speared one of the eyes on a sharpened splinter and offered it to me with a coaxing giggle. When both Uncle Angus and I refused as politely as possible, she ate it with gusto. I didn't eat much, nor did I see Uncle Angus gorging himself.

22

IT WAS WELL into the afternoon before we found out why Mowich had been so insistent. The old sinner was no fool. He'd swapped furs before, with the few English ships who'd touched here, and he knew Uncle Angus for what he was, a shrewd trader who knew his business. So he hopefully surrounded us with women, called in the village dancers and singers made *potlatch muck-a-muck* generally, and then slipped off with a load of furs to dicker with Thorn. I suppose it had worked before.

At any rate, when we'd come to the end of our rope and finally got out of the *tolth* and to the beach, we had quite a time finding a canoe willing to take us out to the *Sconchin.* But we finally tempted one with a roll of brass wire, moved as far forward in the craft as possible, and inhaled large gulping lungfuls of sea air.

We were still a few hundred yards off when we discovered the chief's big dugout canoe pulled in at the boarding ladder of the *Sconchin*.

Uncle Angus caught on at once. "That shrewd old sinner!" he said half admiringly. "He'll cheat Thorn out of his back teeth."

Only, it appeared, he hadn't. We could see Thorn, hulking head and shoulders over the dozen or so Indians on deck. Mowich had a fur bundled in one hand, and he was holding it, caressing it lovingly, and turning it to and fro for Thorn's examination. Thorn apparently wasn't having any, for he wheeled away suddenly, and stalked back toward his quarterdeck, that sacred eminence where he could stand aloof and undisturbed. Mowich, of course did not see the inviolate invisible line of authority and he followed, his voice coming to us high-pitched and haggling, as he gestured with the fur at Thorn's heels. Thorn made a savage dismissing gesture, and Mowich stepped up the tempo of his wheedling.

Uncle Angus suddenly snapped over his shoulder to our paddler, *"Mamook hy-ak*—hurry," but it was too late for that.

Thorn stepped onto his quarterdeck, still pursued by Mowich. Abruptly the captain turned on the wheedling voice, snatched the fur out of Mowich's hands, and hurled it in the chief's face.

Mowich raised his voice in a shocked yell, and his hand flicked to his cape. Then Thorn's huge hand clamped on his wrist and twisted effortlessly to send the old chief staggering back. Thorn followed up, got him by the cape and the belt of his leggins, and frog-marched him to the rail. Mowich yelled once, in outraged fury, and Thorn's carrying roar came booming out to us with a "Savage heathen, take your dirty furs and . . ." Thorn balanced the chief at the break in the rail and booted him over the side. Uncle Angus groaned.

Mowich went under in a sousing splash, came up with his sea-otter cape wet and sleek as some ungainly water beast and was pulled into his canoe, where he promptly slapped his paddlers aside and knelt staring back up at Thorn. He raised a hand, stabbed with two stiff fingers at the air between them; and then he snatched himself around in the canoe, almost capsizing it, and screamed at his paddlers. Our two canoes met and passed within fifty feet of the ship, but Mowich huddled wetly in the bow of his craft and did not so much as look at us, even when Uncle Angus called his name.

My uncle was angry. He swarmed up the ladder and stalked aft. Thorn had already put a crew at taking in the nettings. "Well done, sir," Uncle Angus cried sarcastically. "Well done indeed, sir."

Thorn said stolidly, "No savage hazes me on my own deck, Mr. MacLaird. Nor anyone else, for that matter."

Uncle Angus shouted, "I'm sure Mr. Nestor will understand perfectly when you report that you came back to New York with an empty bottom, that you naturally couldn't trade with a bunch of un-Christian savages! Confound you, man will you learn that you are not God Almighty! Or must I call you out man to man and put a ball through your head to make room for a thought? Get it through your head once and for all time, you are a hired hand, hired to run this ship and nothing else—and as God is my witness, I shall call you out at the next case of interference!"

But Thorn always had his one unanswerable retort. "Get off my quarterdeck. I'll have no stinking savage rubbing his stinking furs in my face." Then without even waiting to observe how my uncle took the words, he turned and roared fo'ard, "Mister Dunphy, stand by to break out the hook. Mister Bush, hands aloft, and look lively!"

Dunphy came running aft, with Bush at his heels, and said, "Captain, the ship is not fit for sea. We're pulling the fore-top out of her, and we've got to re-fit. The jury stick is half-green, and it won't plumb."

Thorn glared at Dunphy for a moment, and then probably remembered that the work had been begun on his orders and subsided. "Very well, carry on," he said finally.

Uncle Angus said mildly enough, "I'd recommend you put out, anyway, Captain. Those Indians . . ."

Thorn said softly and savagely, "Mister MacLaird, you blow hot and cold. You inform me that I am a hired hand in charge of this ship, and you prate of calling me out for interference. Now hear this, Mister MacLaird. I am master of this ship. Or must *I* call *you* out to settle this?"

Uncle Angus was a red-headed Scot. I was another. Had it been thrown in my teeth, I think I would have called the turn. But Uncle Angus was also a trader, and he knew that compromise sometimes cannot be avoided. He stared at Thorn for a moment, with the color slowly fading in his face, and then he almost visibly wrenched at his self-control. He bowed, just the slightest inclination of his head, and stalked below.

Dunphy cleared his throat and asked, "Should I put out the nettings again, sir?"

Thorn barked, "You too, mister? God above, to think an armed ship quakes for fear of a few stinking savages! Get on with your work, Mister Dunphy. They'll be back to trade, mark my word, and with their caps in their hands. They understand a firm hand. I've seen 'em before now."

23

And so, it seemed, he had. Canoes came out with the earliest light, the next morning, hesitantly and in small groups, but when they were met cordially enough at the gangway, the Indians started heaving bundles of fur aboard, and more canoes put out from shore.

Thorn said in a sort of grim humor, "They're glad to see that what's'isname Mowich, get his come-uppance. The old thief was planning to skin the trading." Even Uncle Angus had nothing to say against that theory.

This was a real windfall. Russ and I displayed the trade goods and kept a watchful eye out for pilferers while my uncle haggled with the Indians, and the furs piled up in a heap watched over by a couple of deck hands. Uncle Angus shrewdly did not fetch another chest of goods on deck until the first was exhausted, to give the impression that these goods were not only precious but scarce, and though he did not gouge, he bargained shrewdly.

Mowich did not show. Along about ten o'clock in the morning, Eenah came out with a good load of fur, but hung back from the trading for quite a while. Uncle Angus, knowing the man's standing in the village, finally got him up and gave him a generous deal; knives and hatchets and a red coat, which the hefty Indian accepted without change of his sullen expression, but which he put on as soon as he was done with the trading. I went below with a deck hand to rouse out another box of goods, and when I came on deck, I saw Dunphy shooing a couple of canoe-loads away from the other side of the *Sconchin*.

"*Wauk-see eenati,*" he was saying. "Go to the other side. *Wauk-see, wauk-see.*"

But the Indians were in a holiday mood, and grinned and shouted back. One lithe youngster, sixteen or eighteen, stood on the skittery platform of his canoe and leaped upward, caught by his very fingertips, and drew himself up to the rail in one lithe twist.

Thorn bellowed from the aft quarter, "Belay that, there!" and started for'ard where another load was scrambling aboard for'ard of the mainmast. "Mister Bush," yelled Thorn, "take a couple of hands and clear decks there. Boot 'em over the side if they don't go quietly."

Beside me, Dunphy pushed at the lad on the rail and cried, "Get down, there. Come around to the other side. *Wauk-see eenati! Eenati!*"

The lad grinned wider and gobbled something at Dunphy that neither of us understood, but Dunphy finally put real weight on his hands, and the lad tumbled over into the bay. He came up sputtering, but still grinning, and Dunphy grinned back to show there was no hard feeling, and motioned the canoe around to the ladder on the port side. "I knew I should have rigged the nettings," he muttered and then Thorn roared "Damn it, Bush, knock him down with a pin if he won't go! Don't let 'em swamp you, man!"

I looked amidships. Uncle Angus was slowing up the trade deliberately, sitting on a bale of cloth with his back to the mainmast, cracking jokes probably, for he was grinning up at a couple of Indians who stood with their bundles of fur under one arm. Bush, a little farther aft, was in a knot of Indians, yipping at them in his crying voice and making vague threatening gestures with an oak belaying pin. Thorn had lost patience and was stalking 'cross-decks toward him.

Eenah stood at the gangway and tossed his trade goods down to a squaw in his canoe, and then turned back, his new red coat taut across his thick shoulders, ridiculously gaudy above his thick, bare, crooked legs. He looked around sullenly saw Thorn moving in on the knot around Bush, and walked to intercept him. Then suddenly Eenah threw up his head and squalled like a panther—a high screaming note that cut at the nerves like a dull blade, and he ran straight into Thorn, one of his new knives glinting a long streak of light in his fist.

Thorn wheeled at the sound, and moved with the deceptive clumsiness of a bear. His left hand slapped the knife aside, and his balled right fist caught Eenah on the side of the head and up-ended him in a loose sprawl across the deck.

"All hands!" he roared. "Stand-to to repel boarders. Dunphy, secure the cabin aft! Bush!"

24

Uncle Angus never got his feet under him from where he sat. One of the two Indians beside him slid a knife from under his furs and stabbed him through the ribs, and the other snatched him up and yanked him staggering, dropped his bundle, and drove Uncle Angus into the rail with savage chopping thrusts of his own knife.

I don't know how conscious my uncle was; the first blow had been a deep one, and the second Indian, as Uncle Angus backed into the rail, brought up his shoulder in one final ripping heave, and Uncle Angus went over the side. The squaws in the canoes below screamed with excitement and clustered in to chop with their paddles, clustered so thickly that nothing could be seen but a welter of pinkish water.

Bush went down in that first rush too. His thin squalling voice wailed for a short moment, and was suddenly quiet. The clustered canoes in the water suddenly swarmed in on the *Sconchin* and the bucks came streaming aboard in a squirming mass, over the fo'c'sle, over the waist, anywhere they could get a fingerhold. Most of these had bows and arrows.

Dunphy sprinted aft, saw he was blocked by the writhing knot that had Bush in its middle, and side-stepped to snatch a pin from a rack. One buck lashed around, blindly almost, at the sound of his pounding feet, but Dunphy dodged neatly, smashed him across the face with the pin, and hurdled the kicking body. He would have made it, perhaps, but the buck hooked him by the ankle with a sort of reflex grab. Dunphy staggered wildly, and then a half-dozen of them piled on him and bore him down. He never got up.

I was near the rail, just turning away when Eenah vented his screaming signal. The explosive suddenness of the attack froze me for just an instant—that and the horror of my uncle's treatment. I guess I was the only one on deck who was armed; I still had my pistols in my coat —as did Uncle Angus. But he never got to use his, and my first shot only sent his killer sagging over the rail to join him. Then something brought me around to see the youngster, the one Dunphy had pushed back, come swarming up over the rail again, still grinning, but with a wicked fan-head spear in his hands. He lunged as I turned, and only my swing saved me. The five slender barbed heads, fanned like the spread fingers of a hand, snatched me still farther about as they hooked in my coat skirt, and then I caught him across the side of the head with my fired pistol barrel and put him back over the side again, for good this time, I think. Then a squalling semicircle of them were closing in on me, and I tried for the other pistol.

But the short spear still clung to me, hooked by the bone barbs, and the pocket was fouled. I caught the foremost attacker across the arm with the pistol, felt the bone break and heard him cry in pain, and made a despairing leap for the rigging. I caught at the laddering of the mainmast shrouds and snatched myself as high as I could felt the cold fire of a slash on my leg, and made a scrambling rush of it, clinging to the underside of the shrouds until I felt I was high enough to work through to a more normal position. I could feel the sag of another climber below, and blessed the long hours I put in at this. I never made better time to the crosstree.

I took time to look back, then, to see one persistent buck scrambling twelve or fifteen feet below. I hooked an arm in the laddering, tore the dangling fish spear free, with a generous patch of my coat attached, and got it hefted in time to meet him. I feinted at his lashing knife hand, made him miss, and then got him through the heavy muscle between neck and shoulder, kicked my feet free, and let my whole weight fall on the spear haft. He dropped the knife, and grabbed for a handhold, his muddy eyes widening in sudden fear and then my weight tore him loose and he leaned out and back and turned completely over in his fall. The projecting spear haft caught in the laddering, checked him, then levered him out again, and he broke across the rail below as limp as a dangling rope.

Steve Wilkes was aloft in the sprung foretop, prizing with a short iron bar while a hand drove shims. Wilkes must have thought of the aft arms chest at once, for he swung down from his perch and slid down a backstay, riding a trolley bight of rope's-end, carrying his iron bar with him. He was a veritable engine of destruction as he bulled his way down the deck, smashing his own gangway with the bloody bar like the grim reaper's scythe. I saw his slide with half my attention, and went on up to the royal crossjack, jammed my empty pistol under my belt, and went hand over hand across a stay to the mizzenmast. I slid down to the driver gaff and paused a moment to orient myself.

The poor devils in the rigging never had a chance. The bowmen for'ard picked them off the lines like so many sitting birds. I saw one of the Islanders crippling out on the fore tops'l yard, with no place to go, but driven by the terrible urgency of a dying body. He was literally pincushioned, but still he kept scrambling until he came suddenly to the yard end and there he clung, dazed and despairing until a mortal shot hit him, loosened his hands, and he made the long silent fall to the deck where the flashing knifes tore senselessly at his already dead body.

But the main body of the dog-fight ranged aft. For Captain Jacob Thorn was still on his feet. Like a great bear baited by hounds, he hulked among the crooked little brown men, and he roared his vengeful fury and tore them apart with his unquenchable rage. He was armed with only his gully, a seaman's clasp knife with a blade no more than three inches long, but in his huge hands it was a terrible weapon, hooked a little forward like a claw, and driven by his brutal weight.

25

THAT WAS Jacob Thorn's moment of magnificence. For there was no fear in the man; nothing but outraged anger and a fighting heart. I spotted Eenah on the outskirts of the dog-fight, conspicuous in his new red coat, prowling like a

stalking cat with the ten-inch blade of the knife my uncle had given him, glittering in the light. Thorn leaped at them when they fell back before him, scored a great sweeping slash with his puny blade, and then he crossed with one of his maul fists and I heard the meaty smack even above the screaming uproar below. Then he was shoved back to the mast by their eager thrusting bodies, and his great bull roar sounded out again. Eenah was still trying to get at him, and he waved his glittering new knife high as he tried to shove into the dog-fight. I snatched off my coat, threw it across the driver gaff haul, and slid, choking the wadded coat in my fists as a trolley. A couple of them spotted me as I hit the deck, and I had to double back, a pistol in each hand, one of them already fired.

Steve Wilkes burst through at that instant, raging like a beast, his club—the iron bar—matted with blood and hair, and then I got a clear sight on Eenah, settled the silver bead of the sight on the strip of brown hide between the lapels of the red coat, and pulled off the shot.

The half-ounce ball walked him back on limber legs to the rail, where he seemed to brace himself for a moment, before he slid down and fell over; and certainly there was little civilized feeling in the exulting thrill I got from that, small payment as it was for Uncle Angus. But they were closing in on me then, and I stopped one blade on my right-hand pistol and broke the arm that held it with the other.

Wilkes, not six feet away, vented a screaming yell, and leaped again, and another buck went down under the killing smash of the bar. Wilkes dove past me into the companionway at the same instant that Russ Newton, with a gaping slash grinning obscenely from cheek to chin, stepped up on the ladder and fired a bell-mouthed shotgun down the deck. An arrow went *zzhut!* through the cottony billow of smoke, and Russ toppled back down the hatchway. I wheeled and made my own dive then, and something clubbed me across the back and I went in a helpless sprawl down the short ladder and smashed into the lower deck. Someone else fell over me from behind, and then Steve Wilkes stamped on my hand in his heedless charge back up the ladder. He had a double fowling piece in each hand, and I heard them bellow so close together that I wondered how he'd had time to shoulder them.

From inside I heard glass crash as someone in the cabin smashed one of the deadeyes where the cabin overhead thrust a couple of feet above-deck, and then the steady bellowing of muskets fired in a confined space.

Some of them must have made it, I thought, and then I guess I fainted.

I came out of it into an eye-smarting caustic fog that rasped in my throat and it took me moments to orient myself to the cabin, filled as it was with choking powder smoke. In the haze, someone was cursing in a bitter crying voice and firing like a clock ticking, as fast as he could drop one musket and snatch up another. Then Steve Wilkes' voice called, "Belay that. They're breaking. On deck, all hands, and lay it to 'em!"

I tried to heave myself up, and fell over on my braced arms in dumb wonder. I couldn't make my legs work. The man at the port fired one last shot, snatched up another piece, and they clattered past me, and seemed not to hear me when I called. Again I tried. But my body was dead and unresponsive from the waist downwards. Then the fear of being alone hit me, and I rolled over with my belly to the floor and dragged myself by my arms alone. Russ Newton lay at the foot of the ladder, staring at me with wide-open dead eyes, his head propped up in a parody of alertness against the bulkhead, a broken arrow shaft jutting stiffly from his upper chest. I saw the pistol jammed in his waistband and took it, dragged myself over and across him, cursed him shamefully in my hurt and fear, for being in my way, and clawed up the ladder with only my hands to do the work of hoisting my heavy body.

There were four of them, Wilkes and three of the hands, at the shoreward rail, firing at the water overside, and Wilkes spun about suddenly and yelled, "Let's get a gun run in and loaded. Give 'em a whiff of grape to cool 'em."

The others paid him no heed. One leaned on the rail and endlessly cocked and snapped an empty musket, sliding farther and farther down on the rail until his sagging knees gave out and he fell to the deck and rolled over on his back.

Wilkes got one gun's breech lashings loosed, but the other two men were all thumbs, and one of them heaved with a bar so smartly that he jammed a wheel almost over the other's foot, and Wilkes cursed them both with a deadly vicious snarl until he started coughing and nearly collapsed. The gun did not get loaded. I lay on my belly on the deck and wept in my futile hurt and helplessness, the unfired pistol clenched in one raw and shaking hand. Wilkes pulled himself up out of his humped coughing position and came slouching tiredly toward me.

He had not escaped unscathed in his long dash down the deck. His shirt gaped open from neck to belt, and one sleeve was a rag swinging from the shoulder. Two prim-lipped little mouths gaped and closed in his belly as he walked; two narrow little mouths that showed where the blades had slid in narrow and deep, and they drooled a little as his belly muscles moved.

His eyes were red and staring and a ring of black made a clownish grimace of his mouth where he had licked his lips clean.

I wasn't sure he really saw me, but he stopped a pace ahead of me and stared down, swaying a little to the gentle rocking of the *Sconchin.* I had to crane my head at a stiff angle to see his face.

Then he cried bitterly, "D'ye see, young gentleman, what one damned fool can do?" And his hand made a short indicating sweep of the deck behind him. Then he stumbled past me, and I heard him thudding below on the companionway ladder.

I looked. Then I wished I had not looked, and I buried my face in my crossed arms and shuddered.

The silence of death itself hung over the *Sconchin.* Somewhere in the rigging, a yard creaked on its bails, and the soft talking of water against her sides were only sound.

No abbatoir was ever bloodier. Men—or they had been men before they became hacked meat—lay in clumps and heaps, red man and white alike and undistinguishable from my deckworm's view. The bodies were fairly ricked and stacked about the mainmast where Thorn had made his stand, piled up until I couldn't tell which of the hacked bodies was his. Over against the rail was the splotch of brilliance that was Eenah in the red coat my uncle had given him, and someone hung from the foremast shrouds with one leg tucked over and under the laddering, swinging by that one leg, a pincushion of arrows, dangling like a spiky pendulum to the easy quiet roll of the *Sconchin.*

I was one of the last six men alive on the ship.

26

I COULDN'T make my legs move; that was the worst part. The pain wasn't too bad—it was that dead and crawling numbness of helplessness that nearly destroyed me. Wilkes came stumbling slowly back up the ladder his corded belly sucking in and out in a fruitless retching. He had a couple of powder flasks and a bell-mouthed fowling piece, and he charged it and the muskets on deck, sitting with his back to the cabin. I was no more than a dozen feet away, but I was overwhelmed by my loneliness, and I dragged myself with clawing hands and gouging elbows close enough to reach out and touch him before I stopped. He was breathing shallowly, and the sick, blood-drained whiteness under his burned hide made him remote and unfamiliar. The man who'd kept snapping his empty musket lay huddled by the rail. He'd bled to death in his last minutes of battle.

The other two hands, from old habit, went numbly for'ard, carefully skirting the lumpish bundles of the dead, completely apathetic and unbelieving. Even when they found two more hands in the fo'c'sle, barricaded in where they'd held the fo'c'sle with nothing but a couple of boathooks—even then the numb apathy hung over the ship.

Wilkes finished his task, and laid the guns aside. He let his head back against the cabin, and breathed through his mouth. His belly wounds gaped and closed with the working of his muscular belly, and I finally said, "Man, you ought to bandage those."

"Aye," he said without interest. Then his eyes came open and he looked at me. "Are ye bad hit, young gentleman?"

"Don't know," I grunted truthfully. "Something hit me in the back and I can't work my legs." Strangely enough it came out calmly. Somehow there was something strengthening in hearing Wilkes' voice. I said, "There's a pair of clean white shirts in my chest below, if you can make it. You could bind your wounds with them."

"Perhaps," he said with that vast indifference. Then he moved carefully, like a very old and tired man, and knelt beside me. "Steady all," he said, and I felt him pulling the tails of my shirt out of my belt and heard the ripping of my undershirt as he pulled it apart between his fingers. There was a pressure that made a ball of sickness in my stomach, and then nothing but the numbness.

"That'll take tools," he said, and then his face came around into my line of vision. "Which is your chest, young gentleman?"

For a moment, I couldn't even remember, and then I said, "For'ard bulkhead," and I heard him thumping slowly away and down the ladder again.

I suppose he'd raided elsewhere, for he came back with a flask of brandy and a leather pouch of tools and a bundle of cloth under his arm, and again he dropped down beside me.

"Old Thorny's private stock," he said, and took the cork between his teeth. "Try it," he said, and thrust the flask at me. I couldn't drink, sprawled on my belly as I was, but I got a few drops through my teeth before it gagged me.

Wilkes took it back and started to drink. I said, "You shouldn't—not with that belly."

"Too late for that," he retorted, and downed half the bottle. He gasped and sagged down resting his knuckles on the deck, and his head fell forward. He rested thus for a long minute, and then his lips tightened and he heaved himself back to sit on his heels.

"Not so deep as a well nor so wide as a church door," he quoted, *"but 'tis enough; 'twill serve."*

"Where'd you pick that up?" I asked, in a little wonder.

He grinned crookedly, for a moment the old mocking sardonic Wilkes. "Does it surprise you that a stupid armorer can read?" he asked. "D'ye think Will Shakespeare wrote just for you folk with the ruffled shirts and the silk drawers? Lie easy now. You've snapped the arrow shaft in you tumbling about, and it'll take pinchers to get at that head."

Again that surging ball of sickness in my belly as metal touched metal in my back, and then a sudden certainty that he was tearing me in two as he put a pull on the pinchers. I am no hero. I yapped like a kicked dog while he tore me in two and pulled the halves apart. Then he dropped the bloody tool and the thing between its jaws on the deck by my head.

"Your backbone stopped it," he said. "Else 'twould have pinned you to the bulkhead." His hand went out of sight again, and I heard the slosh of the bottle as he upended it, felt the wetness splashing on my back, and I burned red and green and blue, like signal rockets through the fog, and then he was snarling, "Suck up your belly, young gentleman, so I can slide this rag under." Then the bindings tightened on me like a vise, and the bright wash of pain began to fade away. I sprawled on the deck, warm with the late sun, limp as a wet rag.

27

WILKES SAT with his back again braced against the cabin, his legs spread on the deck and the last of the brandy in the bottle between them. He had one of my white shirts wound into a flat pad and tied about his belly by the sleeves, and he slumped there and stared at me.

I thought of my mother. She'd packed those shirts, my very best, had them washed and ironed and then she had carefully folded the crisp white lawn in crinkling tissue and put them just so in my new sea chest. I wondered what she'd think of me, now, and with a great maudlin gulp of self-pity, I wondered who'd tell her about her son—*what* they'd tell her about me. And Steve Wilkes sat slumping with my best white shirt hiding the holes in his belly and stared at me.

Perhaps he wasn't really seeing me. I suppose I was simply what his eyes fell upon while he thought. For he said finally, " 'Twill be a trick, to slip her cable and run her out of here with only four hands and we two cripples."

I hadn't thought about it. I hadn't thought about anything. But there it was. We couldn't stay here. We couldn't even hold the *Sconchin* long, not if the Indians came in the dark, nor for that matter could we properly sail her, not with four able-bodied hands. I supposed, dimly, I could navigate her, after a fashion—but a man had to sleep, and a two-man watch couldn't handle her, not clawing off and on along the coast rocks.

In the end, the decision was taken out of our hands. The four fo'c'sle hands came aft along the *Sconchin's* rocking deck, and one of them said to Wilkes, "Step over here, would you, mate? We'd best talk about this."

Wilkes eyed the man and said tonelessly, "Say it here. We're in this kettle together."

The man cut an uneasy eye at me, then, but the rest of them were carefully looking elsewhere. Then he blurted out, "There's nothing to it but take the boat and cut for it, mate. Out of the bay and down the beach. But we'll have to pull together."

Wilkes said sardonically, "And what about our friends ashore? They'll pass us through, like that?"

"In the dark they'll never see us. There's no other way. Now step over here, mate, and let's talk on it."

Steven Wilkes looked at me and back to the spokesman. "It's the lad, eh?" he inquired quietly.

The man flushed through his pallor of shock. "Dammit," he growled irritably, "we've got to use judgment. He can't walk ner sit, and if a fever come on him he'll cry out and call the savages down on us. The milk's spilt, man, we've to think of ourselves."

Wilkes said suddenly, "No. All or none. Speak for yourself, not for me."

The man said with something that was almost relief, "You're saying it yourself. We'll not bide to be slaughtered like sheep. Come or stay, but don't raise a hand against us. We've talked it out."

"Go ahead," said Wilkes dryly. "And good luck to you. And may ye sleep well with your memories."

The man flushed brick red, then paled again. " 'Twas none of our fault, nor our doing. Ye got your rating from old Thorny, and it adled your head. And the pup, here, he's one of the gentlemen with their 'here, bucko, scamper out,' and 'fetch this, me hearty, and make it smart,' and 'touch yer forelock, Jack, and foller me in—an' I'll get you all slaughtered by the red devils.' We owe him naught and you less, so come if you will, but shut your blatherin' if you won't!"

I knew the man. I'd worked in the rigging with him off the Horn, pulled the same sheet with him and balanced on the same foot-line. But he was a stranger, for he'd come down stiff and frozen; we'd come down, side by side—but he went for'ard and I aft; and now he'd leave me die while he saved his own hide.

But Wilkes said steadily, "Go along your

own way, man. We'll muddle through the best we can."

I was a coward. A better man might have told Wilkes to get out while he could. I tried. But I couldn't get the words through my teeth. Have you ever tried to cross a room without your legs? Have you ever dragged a hulking weight that used to be your body with the dragging of your elbows and your hands where there was no grip? I was helpless as a crawling worm, and I was scared, and I couldn't even hoist myself to look over the rail to see when the Indians might come for me. I hadn't the guts to tell him to go.

The four hands took the boat. They pulled it around under the stern and lowered their bags and casks and guns and shot and powder, while the dusk pulled its curtain around the *Sconchin.* They hunkered a little apart and gobbled a meal of cheese and biscuit and pilfered wine as full night came on. And furtively, almost shamefully, they went aft without a good-by and slid down to the boat, cursing each other in their shamed anger. When they were gone, Steve Wilkes slumped on the deck, a dim black hulk in the night, and I was glad I didn't have to look at him.

We heard the fading, careful sousing of their oars, and when that was gone, we heard the slow suck and gurgle of water on the *Sconchin's* hull planks. Then I saw the dim hulk that was Wilkes twitch alertly, and heard the flat echoing slap of a shot. Then there was a ragged volley, and a distant screaming of hurt, and the gobbling yelling of the Indians. Then Wilkes' black shape huddled back immobile, and his harsh whisper came, perhaps for himself alone, "Poor damned devils."

After that I heard him mutter a time or two, and once he grunted, the deep pain-filled grunt of a man too tough or too proud to cry out against his pain. I heard the brandy bottle gurgle. Then his voice came out of the dark, clear and quiet.

"Lad."

I grunted. A streak of pure fire was running down the backs of my dead thighs, and I was afraid to unclench my teeth.

"Lad, if ye had it to do again, what would you have done, back there at the Islands, when that girl said good-by on the beach?"

28

It was like a dam bursting. I'd not thought of Eva, I'd pushed every wispy thought of her back from my brain as fast as they rolled up. But now they came flooding, a queer rippling surge of the memories I'd shoved aside so long; her smile, her clean loving radiance, the flower fragrance that was always hers. The little shell amulet she had given me was hard and slick in my fingers. I recalled the bad memories too, the silly futile shame I'd felt when I'd set her up against the background of home—against the cool correctness and eternal rightness of my mother, and the trim proper acres that were home. I'd weighed and balanced, and like the pompous prig I was, I'd given Eva short weight. I was a fool. And like a fool, I'd made my choice.

I left MacLaird Acres a boy. A silly, resentful booby of a boy. It wasn't the lure of far adventure, entirely. That had been a streak of pure luck, a chance to cut myself loose from the apron strings and show myself to be a man. But I hadn't wanted to be a man. When Peter Field came a-courting my widowed mother, at first, I'd resented it. My tight little boy's world, where my mother and I lived joyously, was being intruded upon.

When she'd let him come again, I was shocked, bewildered, and afraid—vaguely. I could not see her as a woman lonely and unfulfilled. She was my mother, and my source of affection, and now a stranger came to steal her from me.

Oh, I was old enough to know better. I hadn't really reasoned it out. I'd known I was too old to be a child, but it had been a childish motive that sent me on this expedition. I suppose, somewhere in the back of my head, was the thought that I would come home bronzed and rich from my travels, grown up and companion enough for my mother, rich enough and wise enough to oversee the MacLaird acres and take the labor from her hands—and we'd live happily ever after, I suppose. Oh, there'd be a girl someday, a vague, lavender-scented outline without a face who would be my wife and who would live with us behind the great gate marked MacLaird.

But I wasn't a man then, nor was I man with Eva, nor was I a man now.

But for the first time, I thought like a man, and I spoke like a man, and when Wilkes sent his question out of the darkness, I said, "God help me, man, I'd have stayed. If I had to catch fish off the reef and live in a loin cloth, I'd have stayed!"

Then Wilkes demanded soberly out of the darkness, "Why must a man die before he can use his senses?" He coughed again, and I heard him stirring.

"Lad," he said, "you're young. No man can teach another what he will not learn. But there's some understanding in you. I mind the time you brought two thirsty men a drink of water. I mind a time you risked swinging on a rope to save other men's lives. With time, there's a chance for you yet. Just remember

now, how you were paid for a drink of water you gave a thirsty man."

Truly, I thought the man mad and raving. There was little sense to the words. But he was moving around in the darkness, scuffing across the deck, and his intermittent cough faded out below decks. He came back, after a bit, and I heard him chopping, for'ard, heard the soft *pung!* of taut rope parting before his knife. Then rope creaked, and something scraped and screeched across the deck, and something splashed, but quietly, and I heard rope running through a block.

I lay there and wondered. It was a moonless night, and a few stars pushed their feeble light through the high mist that threaded out across the sky. Wilkes still worked, moving with the slow tired sounds of an old man. The tide changed, and water murmured under the *Sconchin* as the cable shifted on the bitts and she swung to the new angle of inflowing sea. Wilkes came dragging himself to me in a soft whisper of movement, and hunkered down beside me, hulking high and black against the dim sky light.

His breath was foul from the inner bleeding of his wounds, and the sound of his hand rubbing tiredly across the stubble of his jaws was a ticking rasp.

"You get your chance, lad. I don't know what good it will do. I'm putting you over the side, in a minute, onto the hatch cover I slung down. The tide'll take you in. Then it's in the hands of your Maker. Call it payment, if you like. For no more than a drink of water. I want no promises, but I'll have hope. If it's just one man with sense—just one man who sees what the likes of Thorn couldn't see—one man who'll lead other men instead of driving them—God knows, we need him bad . . ." He broke into a coughing fit then, rested his knuckles on the deck, while his head sank down to his chest, and then he roused himself.

"No more time," he muttered. Then he fumbled under me and shoved a bight of line under my arms. "This'll hurt like hell," he said, "but you'll get your chance."

He took the bight of line and dragged me like a side of beef, grunting and groaning with the effort, to the gap in the railing. He let me down as gently as he could, and fell crouching beside me, gulping air like a foundered horse. I guess that was when it first occurred to me that the man was dying, that he was lugging me about on the last flicker of life within him.

But he was tough, mentally and physically. He choked for air as he slowly died, but some pathetic need of company within him made him talk.

"Queer," he gasped, "how . . . things shake down. I mind when Thorny sailed past us . . . in the sounding yawl . . . remember? I told myself . . . I'd live. I'd live to the day . . . when I'd shove that bastard over the side . . . some night when the lookout was for'ard . . . I'd bash him and heave him over . . . and I'd lean on the rail and watch him drift aft . . . and hope he came alive to see the ship . . . pulling off and him adrift . . .

"And did ye see him fight? Like a great bull . . . pitted wi' the dogs . . . Injuns swarmin' on him like bees . . . and him smashing right and left like a wild beast . . . and he never cried out in fear . . . *damn him, why couldn't he die afraid like the rest of us?*" He was broodingly silent a moment, and then he roused himself.

"Time, lad. Over the side. Luck, lad, luck."

His hand held mine, curiously hot and dry, and horny as a hoof. Then I bit into my lip as the line tightened under my arms and the blocks squeaked as Wilkes hoisted me out dangling like a rag doll.

That was a fearful thing, hanging on that twisting rope and dropping into the pit of blackness. Then my feet struck the hatch cover like two blocks of wood. I tried to hold my knees, but they didn't belong to me and I had no control over them. I toppled over like a marionette, one leg dangling in the water between the raft and the ship, and then the rope came down in slack loops, faking itself down sloppily across my body. Wilkes called down softly, "Luck . . . son." Then my raft edged out and my leg got one rough rasp against the *Sconchin's* planks as he cut me adrift.

She slid by me like a ghost in the night, almost as if it were the ship moving instead of I. I had fallen on my back, and the pain was pretty bad. I fainted.

29

THE NEXT thing that I recall was the sound of the wash of making tide on the pebbly beach.

I grounded easily enough, but I got a soaking and a pounding before the sea was done with me. Partly with the lifting surge of the water, and partly by my own frenzied clawing, I got onto my belly and crawled. But the water was a perverse devil. One surge lifted me and carried me faster than I could crawl; the next would curl around me and drag me back, with my clawed fingers dragging their separate grooves in the unresisting shelf of beach. Twice it nearly drowned me with sousing surges that my sluggish body would not lift to; and then, as if tired of the whole thing, it cast me up and let me drag myself away.

Perhaps I slept, perhaps I fainted. Anyway, the sun dazzle woke me up. The scene, taken of itself, was beautiful.

The *Sconchin* rode at anchor in the softly rippled bay, and none but a sailor would have seen something awry in her rigging. She lay there silent and peaceful, with no life stirring but the sea birds wheeling about her mastheads. The Indian village lay beyond her, little gabled roofs staggered haphazardly up the slope, the smoke curling up pale and blue in the sunlight.

A few canoes danced out on the sunstruck water, moving like hesitant water bugs, circling the ship at a cautious distance. Still no life showed. One bold bug skittered up to the anchor cable, and an Indian swung himself up like a monkey, to crouch on the fore-peak and scan the deck suspiciously. Then he leaped to his feet and hallooed, and the other canoes came in.

I could see them from my hidden nest in the brush, little skittish figures dancing about on the deck, snatching and crowing at this enormous wealth that lay about free for the taking—and a flood of canoes came threshing out from the village, driven by greedy hands on the paddles. They settled like a swarm of bees all over the old *Sconchin,* and their staccato whooping rode high and clear across the bay.

I thought of Steve Wilkes, and wondered—hoped rather—had he died before they found him?

Then the *Sconchin* was gone.

Between one heartbeat and another, she was gone. The masts leaned apart and the deck bulged up between them. Her sides split fore-and-aft in a great belching cloud of red and black, and then a great cloud reared where the *Sconchin* had been, and twisting black things soared up like shells. I saw a long rope sailing through the air, twisting and writhing like a flying serpent, and then the wind smashed at me with a soft, paralyzing fist, and the outrageous bellow of the explosion nearly burst my ears.

Then the horrible rain began. Things fell out of the sky—splintered things, solid things, writhing things that lashed at the water in their last agony; spars and cordage and planks and rags and seared and blackened flesh—and the *Sconchin* was gone.

In that one unbearable flash of light I saw many things. Steve Wilkes crouching in the powder-room below decks, gasping and waiting and listening to the padding of feet overhead and the jubilant yells of suddenly rich savages; Steve Wilkes hanging on to life all that long lonely night, waiting for his time, waiting to finish this with his slow-match and a broached powder keg, to give that one worthless crippled lad out yonder the diversion that would give him freedom from pursuit.

I saw it very clearly, and I put my face in my bloody shaking claws and said a very humble prayer for the soul of a ship's armorer, Steven Wilkes.

I crawled that first day—a mile or two or three—I don't know. Over my shoulder was the waterproof bag Steve Wilkes had slung to my rope; my pistols, hardtack and chunks of dried beef, powder and ball, a bottle of wine. I slept in damp underbrush that night, a little, for my legs twitched and jumped and screamed their pain at me. The next day I could scramble on my hands and knees; and the third day I could walk, an old man's totter, aided with two sticks, but I could take as many as ten steps at a time.

I was resting when I heard the sound, out in the ferns and brush, and I got out a pistol and cocked it. I could not run; I was not sure I could even shoot; but I was still alive enough to want to live. When Cultus John stepped out of the brush at the sound of the pistol cocking, I was too far beaten to be even much surprised.

He stared at me as a man at a ghost, and he cringed a little before my feverish staring eyes and the threat of the pistol muzzle that followed him as he moved.

"No shoot John," he said.

I said numbly, "You alone?"

"Damright. Alone. No shoot John."

"Take me to the River? To Fort Nestor?"

He had to puzzle that one out. But when I repeated it, he caught on and nodded emphatically. "Damright. Go Cultus John." He squatted before me when I lowered the pistol, and said, "Ship—boom!" He threw his hands up wildly. "Hell-an-gone. Boom!" I nodded.

Then he swiveled his head and pointed back toward the bay with his chin. *"Cultus tilikum,"* he said. "Bad people. Bad, bad, *cultus.* We go, huh?"

We went. And Steve Wilkes was further vindicated. For I could not have demanded this man's help or held him to it. But Cultus John, a half-breed who never knew his father, led me back through half a thousand miles of wilderness, starved and gorged with me, half-carried me once when my legs gave out again; Cultus John, Good-for-nothing John, saw me through the wilderness, back to Fort Nestor.

30

THEY WOULDN'T believe me at first. They scourged me with incredulous questions, went away and came back to ask them again. Somehow, I didn't care.

Rob MacEntire finally came around and tried to tell me what the plans called for now. I told him I didn't care. I was going to leave

as soon as I could. He told me I was engaged to the Company, and I couldn't. I laughed at him.

I was filled with a vast impatience, and I did not quibble when I claimed my uncle's trunks and baggage, at the fort, and MacEntire would not let me have them until I signed over to the Company both my own and my uncle's shares, and a waiver of claim.

I was Uncle Angus' sole heir; the will was among his papers in the trunk. There were numerous papers there which I bundled up, along with a few mementoes and some clothing. Then I took up my watch on the headlands.

I touched off the smudge I'd laid, when I spotted the sail, and Cultus John haggled a canoe and paddlers from the Chinooks. I knelt in the bow as the ship came slatting down on us, and hailed, "Owyhee bound?"

And the sweet words came bawled across, "Aye. Will ye come aboard?"

She was a whaler, out of Nantucket, and she stank to high heaven. I wouldn't have swapped for a load of sandalwood. I scrambled up a ladder, and my chest was swayed up with a tackle, while Cultus John sat in the skittish canoe and waved tirelessly. Then I remembered that one last thing I had to do, and I slid down the ladder again until he could reach up to meet my hand, and I gave him one of my father's pistols, one of the pair all chased with silver and inlaid with pearl. The last I saw of him was his glowing face as he clutched the weapon that he'd coveted all those long miles through the wilderness.

The *Emma G.,* the ship was, and her captain, Harry Graybeal, was kind to me. But all I remember of him is a face like a pickled pine knot with a fringe of gray whiskers stiff as wire. I can't even recall for sure whether I thanked him when I tumbled down into that first boat ashore at Wai-titi.

The canoes came out to meet us, full of the happy, laughing people, and I swore impatiently and silently at my boat crew when they slowed their oars to shout and wave at their welcomers.

It was a lifetime to the beach, and I stumbled ashore through thigh-deep surf, staggered and splashed and lurched ashore, searching for the face—her face. I saw *Ke'qua-o-kalani,* and *Pou-pou* and *Na-wali-wali,* and half a hundred others, but I saw no T'hiva. Then I saw Gordon strolling down toward the beach, and I pushed through them, rudely, not answering their delighted greetings, until I stood before him, and demanded, "Where is she?"

He looked at me as he had looked once before—neither friendly nor unfriendly, but calculatingly, and he said finally, "She's gone."

I don't know what sort of wildness came on me then. I reached out and put my hands roughly on his shoulders, and demanded, "Where? Where is she?"

He set me back a pace with one effortless push of his hand. "Don't lay your hands on me like that, young bucko."

"Where?" I said through my teeth.

He kept that watchful calculating look on me. "You are late in changing your mind," he said quietly. "She wept for you, and I wonder if you are worth it. Probably not. Anyway, she's gone."

"Where? One of the other Islands? Where?"

Still he regarded me stolidly. "I don't want to see her weep again," he said. Then he turned and walked away from me.

The bottom fell out of my world. For a moment I wanted to kill him; I wanted to beat it out of him, tear it out of him—and the complete hopelessness of that came to me instantly.

I pushed through the eager happy people who surrounded me. I was tired suddenly, like a clock run down to its last tick, and I walked about stupidly, numbly, half blind and wholly miserable. I wandered past Gordon's houses; even his wife was not there. *He saw to that,* I thought dully.

A couple of men squatted under the breadfruits playing *konane,* the Island draughts game. One of them lifted a tattooed face and grinned a greeting.

And suddenly the sun shone again, and I was alive, and I was running, heedless of the heat and heedless of the staring people—for the tattooed checker-player was *Alapai-nui,* The Big Liar.

I left the trail in a flat running dive and the water took me away, and in my impatience I tried to swim faster even than its wild tossing.

I suppose I frightened her. She was asleep, lying on the green carpet that grew above the long sloping rock, in our secret place, and I came up all dripping and breathless to stand over her as she opened her eyes. She did not move at first. Her eyes were on me steadily, wide and black and unbelieving, and she flinched as I put out a dripping hesitant hand to her. Then she cried out softly and wonderingly, and we met in an embrace like two waves in the lagoon, laughing and crying. When I tried to pull back she clung the tighter, and with my shoulders wet from my swim, I could not tell whether she wept or not.

She murmured the word several times before I understood it. *"Amama,"* she murmured. *"Amama."* It is a good word, in the Islands or anywhere else. "It is ended," it means.

I kissed her then, long, and lingeringly, and sweetly. I had come home.

—By Verne Athanas

BLUEBOOK'S AUGUST CONTEST MOVIE: ON THE WATERFRONT

By PAUL FARON

What would YOU do? ...

. . . if you had to choose between the girl you love and loyalty to your brother? Answering this question may win you $10.

Marlon Brando comes up against that problem in *On the Waterfront (Columbia)* when he falls in love with Eva Marie Saint *(above)*. She's combing the Hoboken waterfront in an effort to find the men who murdered her brother. She dares Father Barry *(Karl Malden)* to help her. "Was there ever a saint who hid in the Church?" she asks sarcastically.

Answering her challenge, the priest *(top left)* pitches in to clean up the corrupt longshoremen's union. That bold example, combined with love for Eva, impels Brando to confess that unintentionally he had a part in her brother's death. Then Brando has to decide whether to testify before the Crime Commission. He doesn't want to rat on his buddies or put the finger on his own brother who has been one of the right-hand men of the waterfront boss.

At the hearing, however, Brando tells the truth. As he leaves, Lee Cobb, the boss, thunders out, "You're a walkin' dead man! You've just dug your own grave, dead man—go fall in it!"

The next day when Brando reports for the shape-up, everyone is called to work except him. Defiant, he goads the boss into fighting *(below left)* but the boss' goons jump in and beat up the boy mercilessly.

In an intensely dramatic ending Brando, groggy, staggering, and holding his battered ribs, leads the longshoremen back to work after one of them who's been pushed around all his life knocks the boss into the dirty river. Father Barry and Eva look on—knowing that Brando has helped break the system and that honest men will be safe.

On the Waterfront provides one answer to the question: What would you do if you had to choose between the girl you love and loyalty to your brother? Your own answer may win a cash prize. Write it in 25 words or less on a postcard and mail it before August 31, 1954 to Paul Faron, BLUEBOOK, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. The most interesting answer wins $10.

Winner of May Contest: M. C. Terry, Cincinnati, Ohio